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AUGUST, 1908

FIFTEEN CENTS

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

EDITED BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

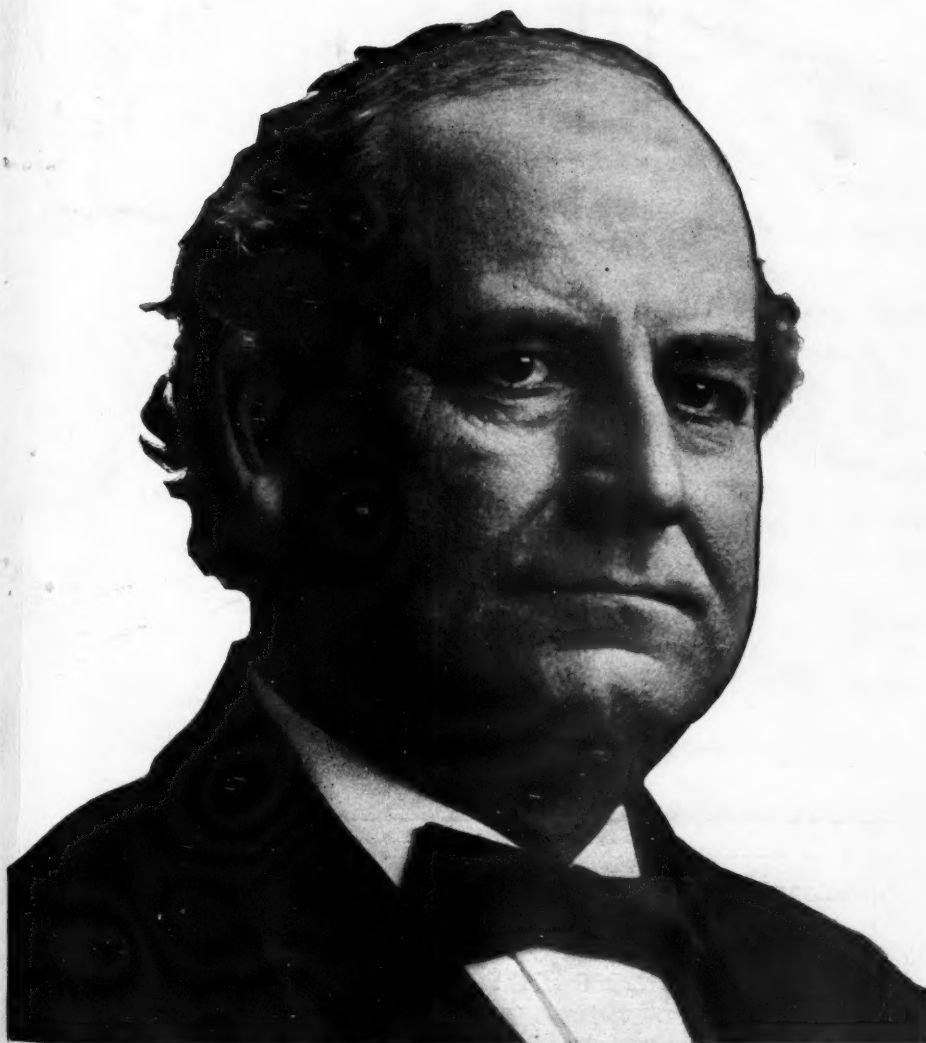


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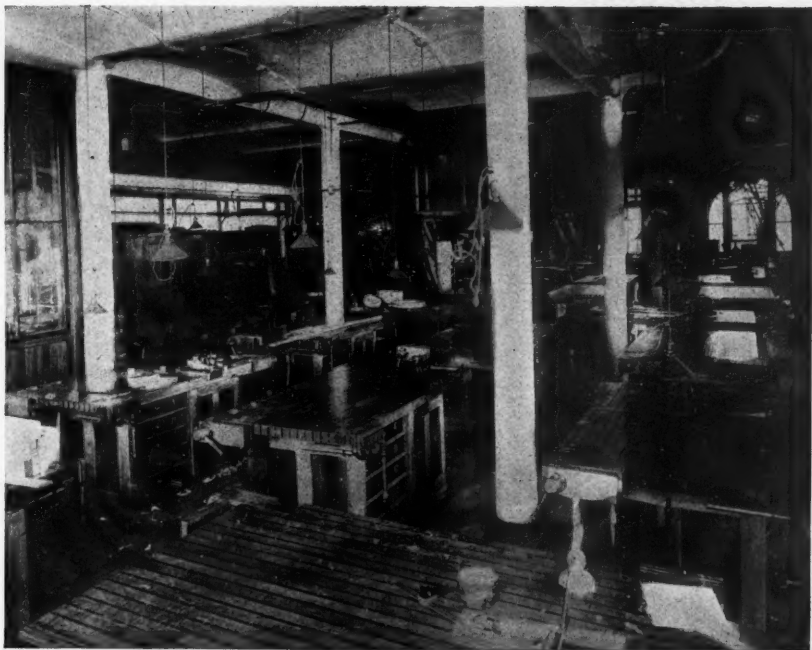
WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

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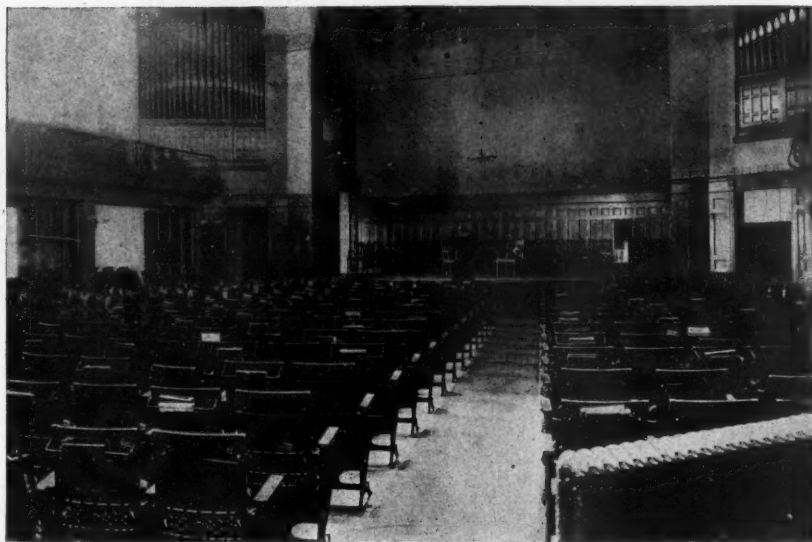
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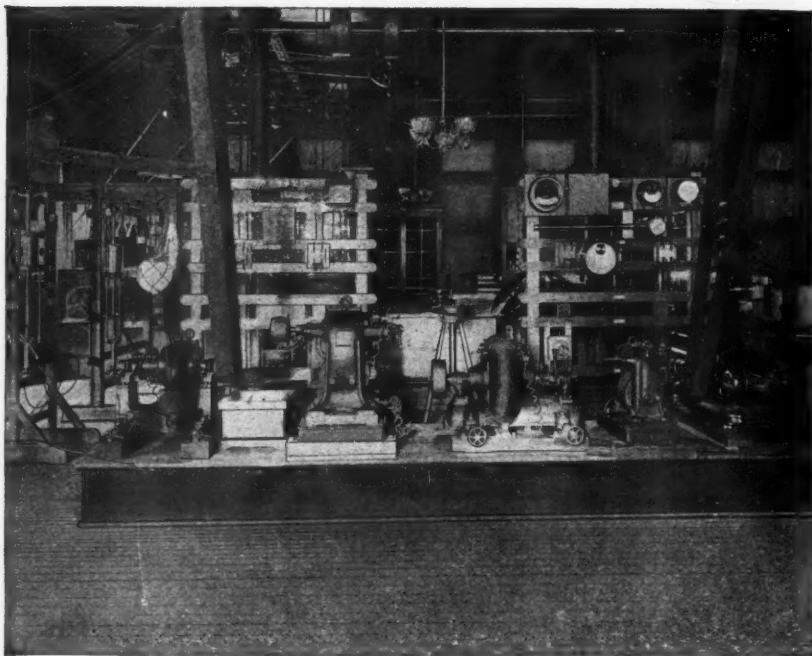
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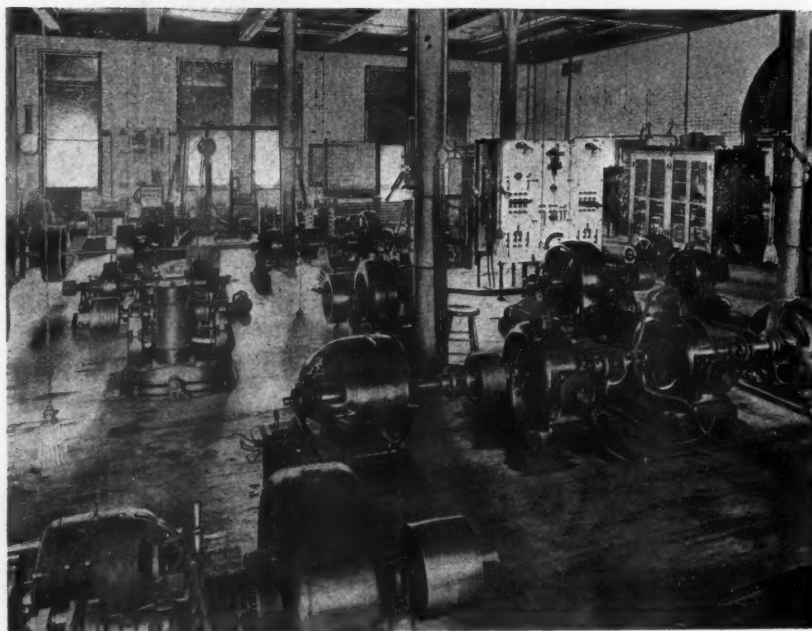


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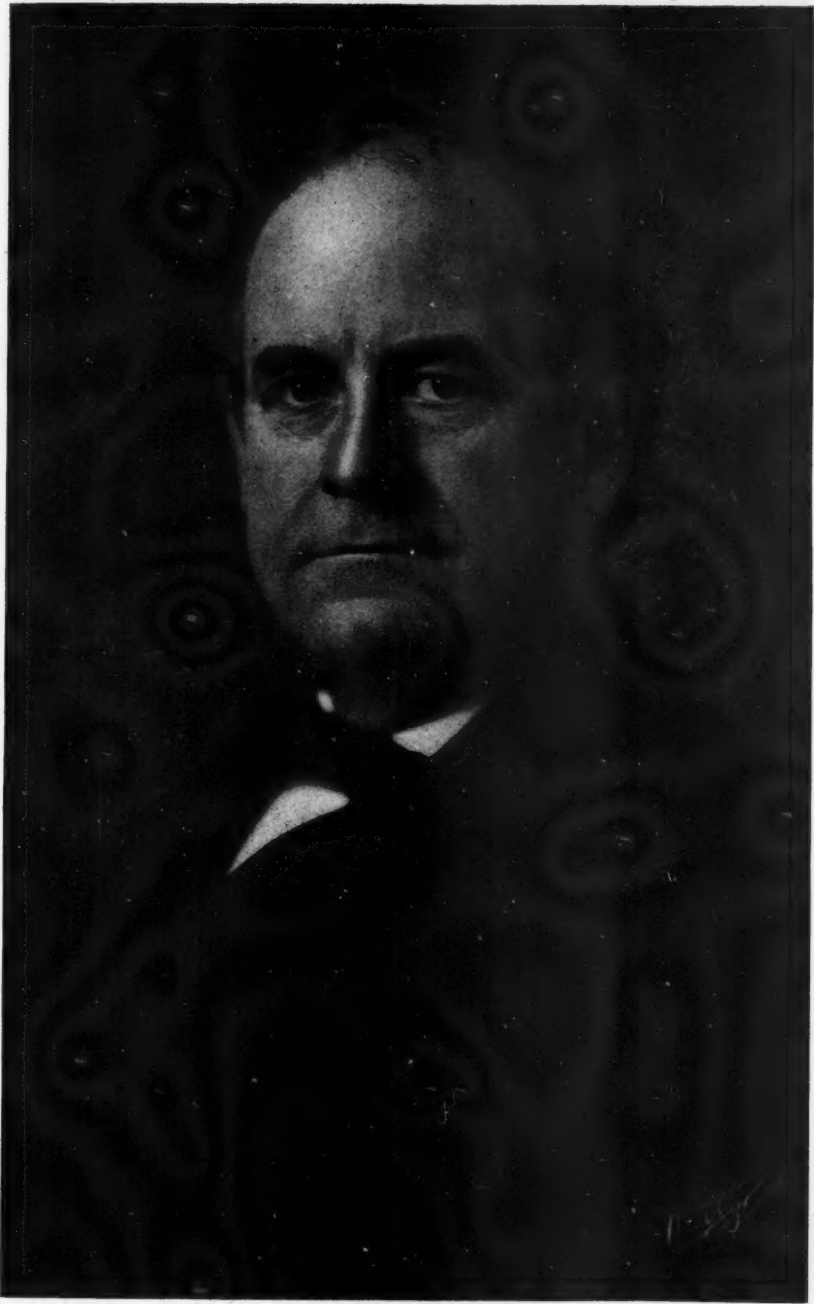


ELECTRICAL LABORATORY



DYNAMO LABORATORY

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WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN



JOHN WORTH KERN

Giving the Grand Salute at Denver as he saw the Vice-Presidential Nomination on the Democratic Ticket coming his way. He is a happy Hoosier and wears whickers

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXVIII

AUGUST, 1908

NUMBER FIVE



Affairs at Washington *By Joe Mitchell Chapple*

ALBEIT the chief executive of the nation has removed to Oyster Bay for the summer, and the members of the diplomatic corps are disporting themselves gaily at the various fashionable seaside resorts; while three hundred and eighty-seven public-spirited congressmen are scattered abroad throughout their several districts, making hay and looking over their political enclosures, and the judiciary has betaken itself to the mountains—seeking summer rest and quiet—yet life and work at Washington go merrily on. Postmaster General Von L. Meyer and Secretary Cortelyou, of the Treasury Department, were the last to leave for summer diversion, and now in every department there is the usual listlessness of warm weather; despite all this there may still be felt that undercurrent of movement and interest—the stillness of the waters that presages the coming political shake-up which is as accurately foretold as the premonitory earthquake vibration is by a seismograph.

Now that the conventions of the two great political parties have been held, storm-signals may be looked for at any moment, and the

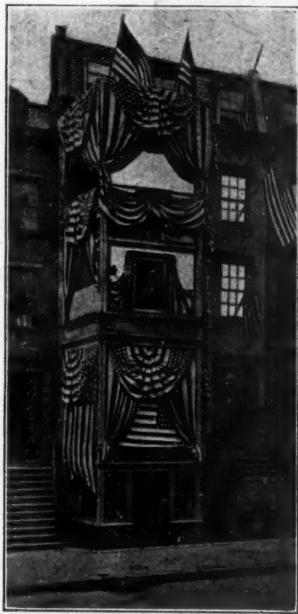
Washington wires are kept hot carrying the latest indices of public sentiment and expert judgment on the eagerly-discussed question: "Who will be the next inmate of the White House?" The storm centres of the campaign will be Chicago and New York, where the real headquarters of party management and political wariness may be found, while Wash-

ington is the show window of completed product of political campaigns.

The absolute last word of authority was spoken at Chicago—and the same decree was issued from the farm at Fairview, Nebraska. Political and governmental work is conducted on much the same lines as large commercial operations—where great power is placed in the hands of a few leaders and a governing board, rather than in the hands of single individuals, with an authority as absolute as was that of Emperor Napoleon.

* * *

A SPLENDID type of the aggressive young American lawyer of today is William E. Borah, United States Senator from Idaho. Illinois born, educated in the common schools, graduated at the Kansas State University, he



BIRTHPLACE OF PRESIDENT
ROOSEVELT, NEW YORK CITY

is the type of young man who has grown up and gone West. He is one of the young senators who has already made a record. You cannot look at that smooth-faced young man with his leonine locks without knowing that he would make a brilliant address. He has already made a career as a lawyer, and practiced law exclusively until elected to the Senate, and his professional reputation is one in which the new state of Idaho takes a great deal of pride. His forceful conduct of the

and is regarded as of acute political significance. If Speaker Cannon calls upon Secretary Taft, as he works away in his dismantled home, preparing to leave for Hot Springs—there is some political significance. Does Frank Hitchcock, or anyone else, call at the deserted home of the Secretary on K Street—there is a political significance in the visit. Does Mr. Bryan pass on one side of the avenue and chances to wave his hand to Judge Gray, does he even glance diagonally across the corner, instantly the wires quiver with thrilling political sensation, and a new coalition is announced. Were John A. Johnson and William R. Hearst to be seen getting into the same carriage or automobile, that simple act would be looked upon as of special importance in these days, when every motion of each actor on the political stage is regarded as fraught with mysterious political meaning, or as Joe Pippy would say "a sinister and ulterior motive."

* * *



Photo by Harris & Ewing

CONGRESSMAN W. I. SMITH OF IOWA

Heywood case, and in fact, of every case he undertakes, has won for him the high regard of his colleagues in the Senate as well as the esteem and confidence of his constituents, for he truly represents the alert and aggressive spirit of the Inter-Rocky-Mountain states. Self-reliant and independent, he has always stood first for his convictions and his constituents, even when it may have conflicted with partisan news and discipline.

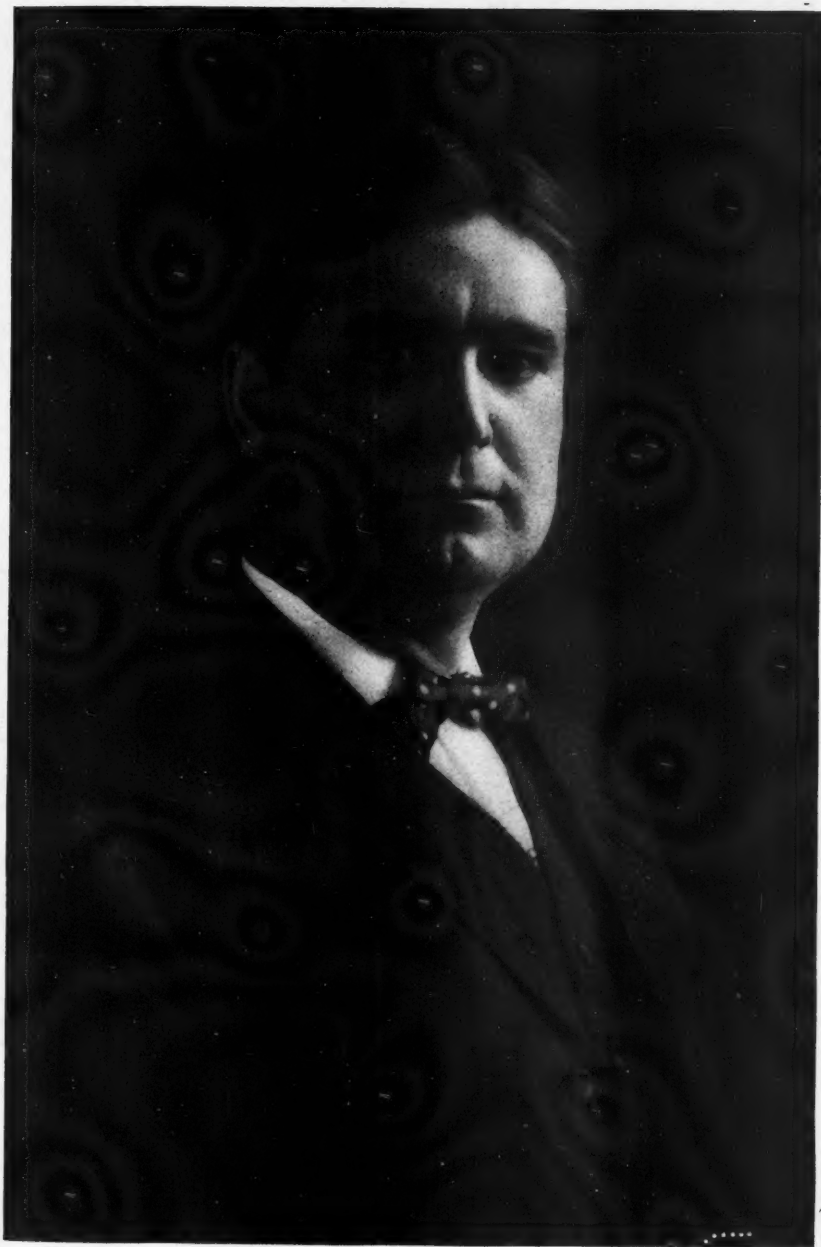
* * *

EVERY now and then some prominent visitor flutters into Washington, and his entry occasions more or less comment

One visitor remarked, one very hot day while speeding up the avenue in an automobile "seeing Washington," that the government seems to run right on just as smoothly without the president and congress as when they are all there and hard at work. In the busy whirl of a congressional session the evidence of a systematic, effective, governing hand is difficult to discern, but it is always there. By degrees all the gold lace, tinsel and red tape are being laid aside and all government service is becoming more and more impersonal—the result of careful organization on the "card index" plan. The tendency toward concentration and consolidation is felt alike in business, political and governmental matters, and there is a continual effort to eliminate all useless competitive machinery and friction. The great consolidating policy in political strategy was never so apparent as in the dominant influence of matters political in 1908.

* * *

MODEST to the last degree, but a forceful, masterly man in the highest sense is Judge Walter I. Smith of Council Bluffs, Iowa, and owing to his judicial turn of mind he deliberates over every question with open-mindedness. His friends have for years felt that he measures just right for a senatorship, but his innate modesty has not permitted his



SENATOR WILLIAM E. BORAH OF IDAHO

A. A. A.
A. A. A.
A. A. A.
A. A. A.

looking with favor upon an aggressive campaign for that position. In his services as member of the Committee on Appropriations, none have given more thorough and painstaking investigation to every proposed measure than Judge Smith, for, conscientious to the last degree, he has felt that every penny of Uncle Sam's money was to be guarded even more strictly than his own personal bank account. His public career has indicated the splendid confidence reposed in him by his



J. U. HIGINBOTHAM
Author of "Three Weeks in Europe"

constituents, and all who know him. A keen debater, a genial, and lovable man is he, and what more can be said of any man? He is one of those rare men to whom you would go for counsel and advice, and he has an inexhaustible fund of good, old-fashioned common sense. Indeed, as a member of Congress he has taken front rank as one of the strong men of the House.

* * *

THERE is a charm about the two books of travel from the pen of John U. Higinbotham, "Three Weeks in Europe" and "Three Weeks in Holland and Belgium."

There is something in them that is definitely refreshing and distinctive. The author makes no pretense at literary flights, but gives the story in that colloquial, chatty, charming way of a tourist on his first trip. The two volumes are handsomely bound and liberally illustrated, and while in no sense a guide book, they would be greatly appreciated by anyone contemplating a trip abroad.

Another charm of the work is that it also presents an irresistible interest for those who have made the trips described by Mr. Higinbotham. It awakens the glow of reminiscences, it brings back scenes and associations which, after all, is the greatest pleasure of traveling—in thinking it all over after you get home.

The work is especially readable, and the simple, direct narrative never loses its charm from page to page.

* * *

EVERY year one is more and more firmly convinced that Washington is "the City Beautiful of the Republic," especially when the fact is brought out by the United States weather bureau that the temperature at the capital in June ranged much hotter than in Cuba for the same month. The "oldest inhabitants" begin to sit up and realize that their climate is really more than semi-tropical—it is worthy of the tropical zone itself. The records of early summer indicate that the thermometer has been cavorting about higher numbers than in any previous year.

* * *

FOR some years past Congressman Robert G. Cousins has held the head of the table on the Committee of Foreign Affairs. His decision to retire from public life is not only keenly regretted by his constituents in Iowa, but by his colleagues and all who have been associated with him in his congressional career. A great orator and strong man in every way, the public life of Mr. Cousins has been one of great and singular brilliancy. During the past session he has had charge of the work of considering appropriation for the general improvement of the consular service, and the consuls throughout the world will have reason to remember with gratitude the forceful work of Congressman Cousins in the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House.

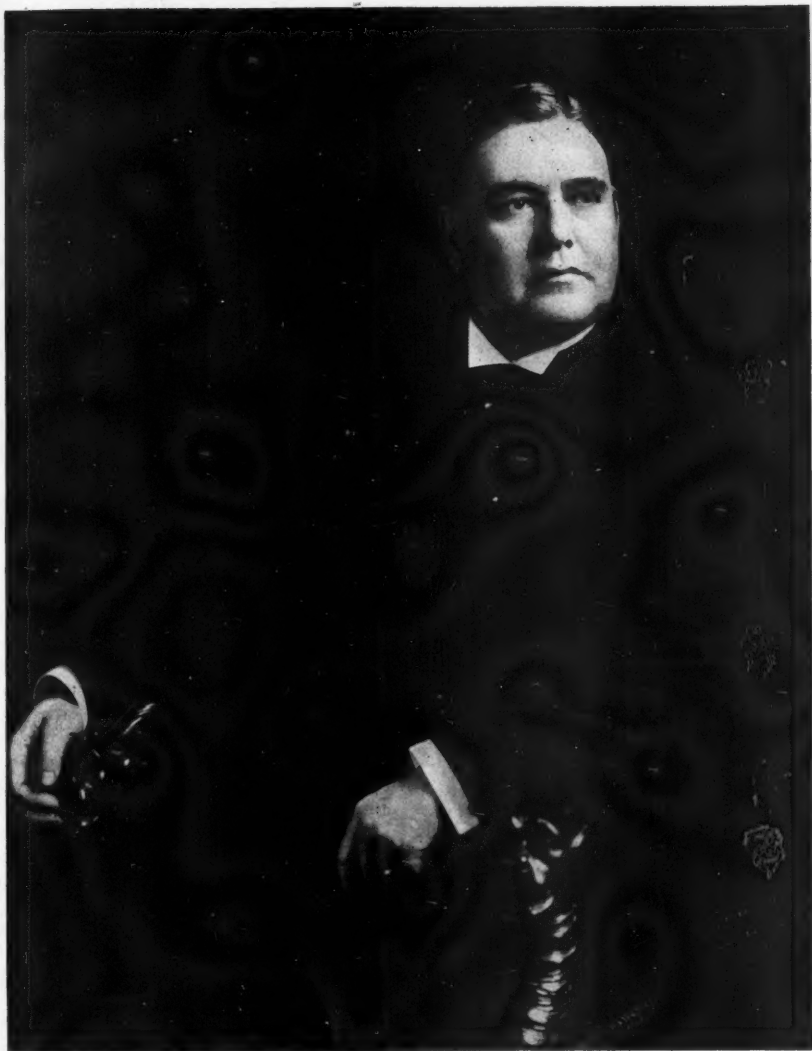


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ROBERT G. COUSINS

I shall never forget the day when this peerless young orator made his first speech on the floor in Congress. He thrilled the auditors as they have never been thrilled since. He is one of the few representatives who have made brilliant speeches that illuminate the "Record" and history itself. He has devoted the best part of his life to the public service, and

feels that now is the time to give his entire attention to his own personal affairs. It has long been felt by his friends that he would signally honor a senatorship from the Hawkeye State, but even a prospect of that high position has not allured him from the purpose to round out his splendid public career as a citizen—a plain citizen to the ballot born.

THOUSANDS of bills pour in on every side at each session of Congress, and among them are a few measures that look well into the future. Congressman John H. Small, of North Carolina, has not only given attention to the local interests of his constituents and to general legislation, but his greatest public service has consisted in directing public attention to the improvement of the waterways of the country. Beginning in 1899, when he first entered Congress, he began to concentrate much of his time upon this sub-



Photo by Clinckinst, Wash.

JOHN H. SMALL
Member of Congress from North Carolina

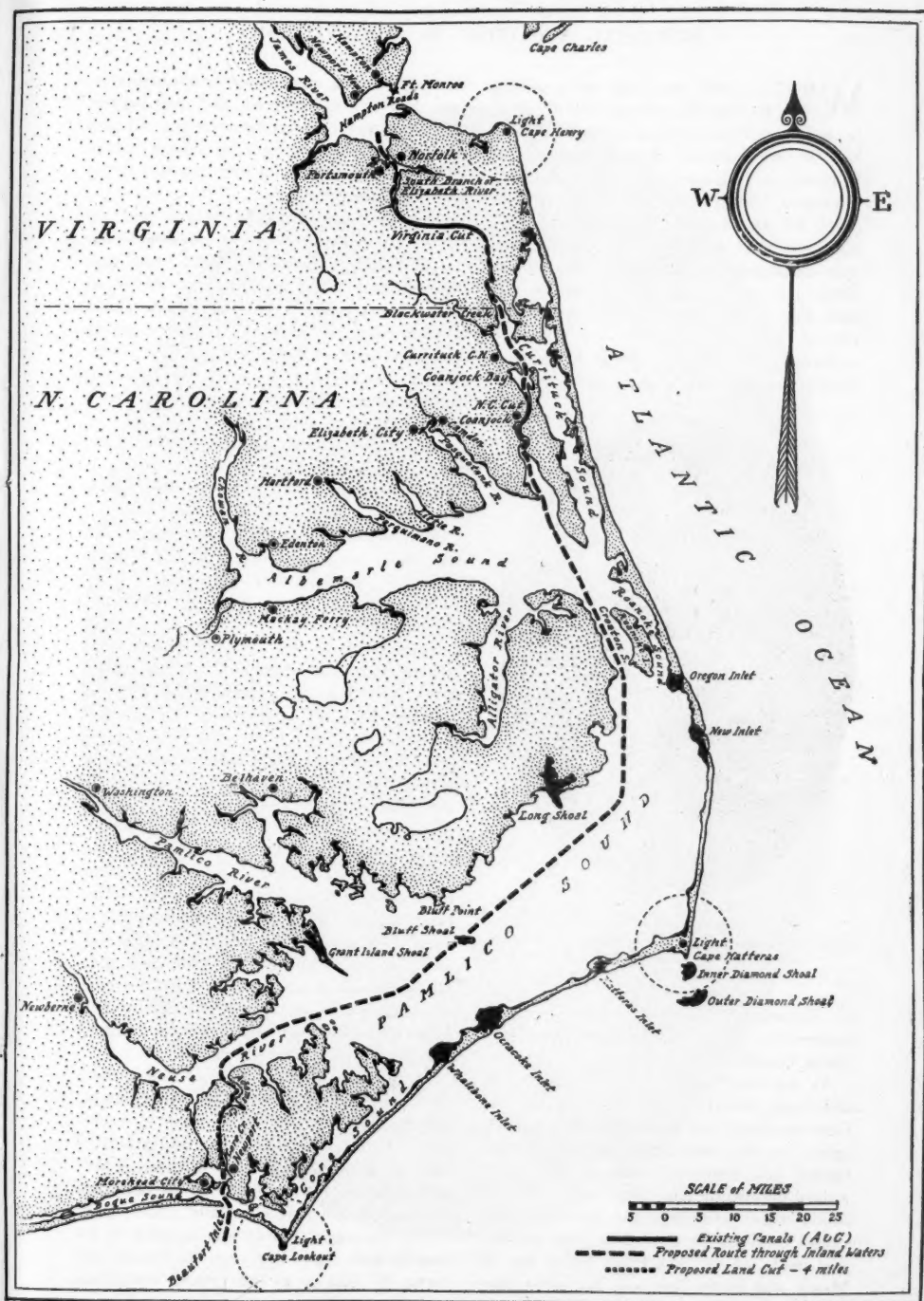
ject. He made occasional talks in the House of Representatives; he appeared before committees; he visited the seaboard cities between Baltimore and Jacksonville; he furnished material to the press and contributed to the magazines.

He contended that no substantial progress could be made in the improvement of our waterways which did not embrace the entire country and contemplate the waterways of all sections. Naturally, most of his attention was directed to the constructing and improving of the chain of waterways from Boston to Florida. But there is one particular link in that chain which he considered of paramount

importance. That was the link extending from Chesapeake Bay on the North, and thence southwardly through the sounds and rivers of Eastern North Carolina, and entering the ocean again at Beaufort Inlet, North Carolina. This protected route will avoid the dangers of Cape Hatteras and Cape Lookout, probably the most dangerous points on our Atlantic Coast, and will also remove the present barriers which restrict the water traffic of Eastern North Carolina. Those persons who have made a coastwise trip will never forget rounding Cape Hatteras, and will welcome a route avoiding Diamond Shoals and Cape Lookout. The most dangerous point along the coast is Cape Hatteras, and is retarding the coastwise traffic from North to South. The removal of this danger would give a great impetus to coastwise trade, and accelerate this class of traffic, for a large volume of bulky merchandise would then seek this route. Navigation south of Beaufort Inlet is comparatively safe.

This project, known as the Norfolk-Beaufort Inlet Waterway, has received the enthusiastic endorsement of a large number of commercial organizations between Baltimore and Jacksonville. A special board of United States army engineers estimated that the traffic which would be favorably affected each year by this waterway amounted to one million and one hundred thousand tons, and that the annual savings from its construction would amount to at least \$600,000. It is proper to say that the commercial organizations referred to estimated that the amount of traffic and the annual savings would be very much larger.

The first link in the chain of waterways along the Atlantic seaboard is the proposed canal across Cape Cod. The second is a canal across the state of New Jersey, connecting Raritan Bay and Delaware River. The third is a canal connecting Delaware River with Chesapeake Bay, and a recent commission recommended the purchase and enlargement of the present canal by the United States. The next link is the Norfolk-Beaufort Inlet Waterway. The next is the extension from Beaufort Inlet to Winyah Bay on the coast of South Carolina. From this latter point there is a natural route to Jacksonville, Florida, which only requires deepening. The ultimate purpose is to complete the link through Florida to Key West.



WHAT a thrill one feels when visiting for the first time some city of which he has formed picturesque notions! Somehow in my boyhood days I fancied that Wilmington, Delaware, was one of the most interesting cities along the whole Atlantic coast, for it was then indelibly impressed upon my mind as a place where gunpowder was manufactured, likewise iron steamboats and railway passenger coaches. In later years I have liked to associate the city with a sterling personality, one who pre-eminently represents the integrity and substantial business interests of the city, and



ALICE MAY YOUSE
Of Baltimore, Maryland, Author of the Famous Selection.
"Jesus, Lover of My Soul," Which Appears
in the Book "Heart Throbs"

for that matter, the whole sturdy little commonwealth. That man is none other than Judge George Gray.

As my train swept into Wilmington one afternoon, recently, I saw on every hand the busy car-shops, iron works and ship-building yards; but they were larger than my youthful fancies had conceived them to be. As I walked up historic King Street with its round, cobble-stone pavements, the sidewalks were almost continuously shaded by wide awnings that reminded me that I was below the old Mason and Dixon line, and my mind went back to ante-bellum times. Parallel with

King Street run more modern thoroughfares, not thus awning-bordered, and they suggest an interesting contrast between the old and the new. Then a passing shower broke clear and bright, adding fresh beauties to the views on every hand.

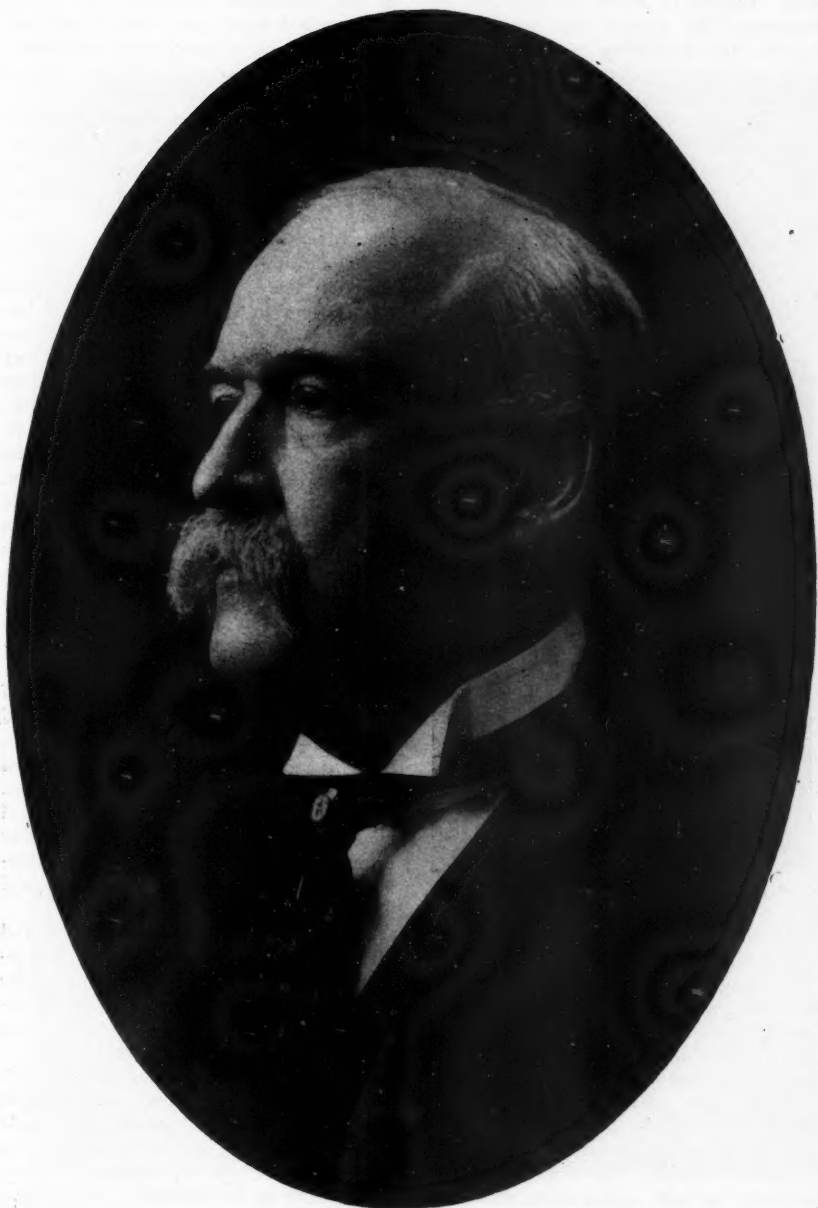
Driving along Park Boulevard and up Broome Street we crossed Brandywine Creek rushing noisily over its rocky bed and fancied they were repeating the stories of Revolutionary days. On the hillside above Brandywine is the old cemetery where sleep the heroes who fell fighting with Washington. Brandywine is one of the prominent names hereabouts, and I pronounced it with some hesitation until I found there was no associating it with anything intoxicating. In fact, I believe the city's water supply is taken from the creek some distance above the city.

Wilmington is built on three slopes of a hill, the summit of which is 240 feet above tidewater level, and the Delaware River offers an extensive view from the commanding situations.

Perched above the city, with front walls of masonry, and surrounded by a quaint iron fence, I found a stately old home of southern style of architecture. The front door was massive, and bore an antique brass knocker with which I produced such a reverberating alarm within the house that it sent the shivers through me. The maid who answered my knock seemed, however, to be accustomed to this noisy appeal for admission, and quickly ushered me into the library where I was kindly greeted by Judge Gray himself, for whom I have long felt a great personal admiration. Tall, graceful, and dignified, with beautiful dark eyes, grey mustache, and a full musical voice, his winsome manner at once placed me at ease, and I saw in reality my ideal of what a cultured and courteous gentleman should be.

As he begins to converse, you find in each and every sentence a well-wrought thought, and finished conclusion couched in exemplary diction, and never any indications of bias or partisanship. One of those broad, well-balanced personalities, he at once impresses you as a just, a fair and a noble man.

The thorough student was revealed in all that he said, aptly applying the lessons and events of history to the present conditions and issues. His memory seemed like a



JUDGE GEORGE GRAY

great reservoir of almost inexhaustible information. No wonder that when grave matters are demanding arbitration, both local and international, the contending parties turn with unusual confidence to Judge Gray to decide their cases. His services to the nation at the Treaty of Paris, to the people in the great anthracite coal strike and on several other occasions, have become notable in our diplomatic history. In the United States Senate his career marked him as one of the ablest men of the country. Although allied with the Democratic party, President McKinley selected him as a special friend



Photo by Parker, Wash.

W. H. RYAN
Congressman from the 35th New York District

and confidant. He is one of those steady men of poise, whose mind is clear of the froth and panic. You would feel like trusting to his ability and judgment in every conceivable difficulty.

In the three brief hours of our trip to Washington together, I think I never heard from the lips of any one man at one time more profound wisdom. His discourse flowed so freely, and with such a charm that it was impossible to even make mental notes. His modest and dignified indifference to political preferment was impressive, and I must accede to his personal request in not dwelling

on the enthusiastic unanimity with which his name is honored and revered in his own native state as a presidential possibility. He has a quiet office in the Federal building at Wilmington, although the Circuit Court of Appeals convenes in Philadelphia; but in his office he seemed to enjoy perfect contentment, where the atmosphere of philosophy and calm judicial research prevail in sharp contrast to the hurly-burly environment of nearly every public man of today; so that a visitor to his office comes to realize how it is that Judge Gray thinks, reflects and matures to such advantage. His observations on the various questions of the day, including the most recent events, had none of the crassness of impulsive, immature conclusion. He noticed especially the growing tendency towards Socialism, calling attention to the fact; and having read over the Oklahoma edition of the National Magazine, he reviewed the tremendous strides made in that one section of the country which he considered as almost miraculous; "yet after all," he said, "along the whole lines we advance slowly but surely. While we push ahead in certain directions, there must be a general estimate and reckoning made before the net improvements may be determined." The excitement and exhilaration of the times did not seem to fluster him, and yet he was noticeably impressed by the virile spirit and energy of Americans which has made our national growth indeed admirable. His genial and sympathetic appreciation of young men, and their feverish energy, was balanced by his love for the sturdy old-fashioned tenets,—frugality, temperance, and honesty.

As we left the train in Washington, and walked down the station platform, he returned some distance to pay his tip to the porter. This indicates something of the unswerving character and courtesy of the man in the consideration of small amenities.

His remarks impressed me with the fact that the greatest threatening menace to the country at this time is Socialism. He spoke with deep regret of the fad being taken up by some wealthy men and women, who have their wealth as an inheritance, of adopting Socialism and scattering the firebrands by academic discussions in much the same way as was once the custom in the Salons of Paris preceeding the French Revolution.



Photo by Clinedinst, Washington.

MADAME BLAMPRA
Wife of the Military Attache of the French Embassy

Such an attitude on the part of the rich cannot but fail to be understood, and adds fuel to smoldering passion, instead of ameliorating the wrongs against which they are directed.

Judge Gray personifies one's ideal of the courtly graces of our old-time cavalier, combined with the profundity of an astute philosopher and statesman. One instinctively feels in his presence that here is a man, well-poised, honest, candid, and direct; in fact, complete in all that goes to make him worthy

has been regarded as sacred, but today many of the older and more distinguished members of the official family do not enjoy the "privilege of the blue ticket." The happy possessor of a "blue ticket" may drive his family carriage down Executive Avenue into the grounds on the Potomac side of the White House. Yet "blue tickets" have been withheld from many of the older official families who have enjoyed this privilege in years past.

During the Roosevelt administration the



BEDROOM IN SENATOR FORAKER'S WASHINGTON HOME

of the utmost confidence and esteem of his fellow-countrymen.

* * *

CIRCLING the White House and facing the Potomac is one of the most delightful walks in Washington. Although President Roosevelt is looked upon as the most democratic president that has been in the White House for some years past, there has been a great deal of local feeling over his abrogation of certain social traditions. Originally the right of precedence and seniority

grounds have been kept entirely closed to visitors, something that has never been known before; and today to walk around the circular driveway in front of the White House, one of the rarest beauty-spots of Washington, is not often enjoyed by the casual visitor. This has always been a popular promenade for department chiefs and clerks on summer mornings. A splendid view of the White House grounds and the Mall with the Washington Monument in the distance is given. It has been felt that this location will be very desirable for a great monument.



Copyright Clineinst, Washington

MRS. W. B. LAMAR
Wife of Congressman Lamar of Florida

IN an office adjacent to that of the Secretary sits in modest might of almost absolute authority the Comptroller of the Treasury, Hon. Robert J. Tracewell. The great power and importance of this office is little realized. His authority is absolute, and his decisions can only be changed and modified by removal. The opinions of cabinet officers are respectfully considered, but they can never prevail against the decisions of the Comptroller of the Treasury, in the expenditure of Uncle Sam's money. This office is



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R. J. TRACEWELL
Comptroller of the Treasury

often confused with that of the Comptroller of the Currency, who, in fact, has little to do with the currency but is director-general of the national banks.

In 1894 the offices of the first and the second comptrollers of the treasury were consolidated, and the double-audit system was abolished, and now the office of comptroller has assumed "appellate jurisdiction" over all the accounts and claims of the government except for the Post Office Department. Advance decisions are given out by the comptroller to heads of departments and disbursing offices concerning the use of appropri-

tions. The decisions of the comptroller from year to year have become an important factor in federal jurisprudence. Over eighty advance decisions are given out every month, besides passing upon an average of over two hundred appeals made from the auditors of the various departments.

The office was brought into unenviable prominence by the Oxnard case, when the payment of sugar bounties was questioned. Mr. R. B. Bowler, then comptroller, decided that the sugar bounty was unconstitutional, but he afterwards sent the question to the Court of Claims, which decided that the bounty was constitutional. In the matter of office-holding, one state often seems to retain possession of some particular office in the government service with an everlasting grip. You can never think of the appointment of a librarian of Congress unless he comes from Massachusetts or New England. To conceive of a collector of internal revenue, whose home address was not previously Kentucky or West Virginia or some other state where the "moonshiners" do business, would be quite impossible.

A large number of old soldiers' claims, arising from the Civil War, are passed upon by this office, where they may claim back-pay during their service or extra allowance for rations not settled for by the quartermaster. In fact there are sixteen different kinds of claims of this character presented.

The comptroller institutes all the suits of the government against defaulting officers and contractors except those arising in the Post Office Department, and superintends all the litigation growing out of the various departments. Many delicate points are brought up for decision, a recent one being the permission for accepting the statue of Pocahontas by the government. The government cannot legally accept a donation, and the decision in this case was an interesting adjustment.

One can scarcely realize that in this modest office on the Pennsylvania Avenue side of the grim old Treasury Building, whose four walls are lined with row on row of leather-covered law books, sits the man who absolutely puts down the financial thumb of Uncle Sam on irregular payments, etc. Mr. Tracewell was appointed Comptroller of the Treasury by President McKinley in 1897, and has held office longer than any comptroller, with

one exception, viz: John Anderson of Tennessee, who held the office from 1815 to 1836. His office is, in a way, a sort of legal factory, ready on short notice to make advance decisions, to meet pressing needs and payments in the various departments.

Robert J. Tracewell is a typical lawyer; one of those lawyers who fairly breathe judicial and legal verbiage in commenting on the weather or the coming of the circus. He sits at one side of a flat desk with an assistant at the other side, delving deep into the legal labyrinths of departmental law. A force of attorneys are kept busy looking up law points to fit each particular case. The dispatch with which the work of this office has been handled is indeed a credit to Mr. Tracewell and his efficient corps of law dispensers.

* * *

AS veterans returned from the war are always interested in news from "the front," so those who have visited the Canal Zone are eager to hear all news items, and few reports have been of more interest than that of Colonel Gorgas on the sanitary condition of the Isthmus; it is indeed an eloquent tribute to medical and sanitary science of modern times. It occurs to me that if each health official in every city of the United States could read the monthly reports from the Canal Zone, present city conditions would be much changed. The reforms in the Canal Zone show just what can be done by vigilance and hard work for the health of the people.

The simple recital of the details of the completion of the sewer system in the old native village at Empire, giving facts from the inception of the work to its completion, proves that no effort has been spared to secure the conquest of the swampy areas and the extermination of the mosquito; with these ends in view, there is a rigid system of inspection of watersheds and all water, and the sources of drinking water are carefully

kept free from all contamination. All garbage in these districts is cremated, and they hope soon to have more furnaces in operation.

Very little fresh milk is used on the Zone; in its stead preserved and condensed milk in various forms is used, and it is said that these substitutes have effectively solved



MRS. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

the vexed question of milk supply and "tainted milk." It looks as though some similar method will have to be utilized to solve the same question for the cities at home.

* * *

A STORY which was once told in the Senate cloak-room is repeated now and then by one of the distinguished solons. It concerned the days of the anti-rent war in

New York City which grew out of a controversy between the patroons Schuylers and Van Rensselaers, the old original Dutch land holders, who had the grant of the land and who rented it out to tenants at a nominal sum, in some cases as low as five chickens or two pigs, but they held absolute titles to the land, and in this way the landlords maintained a social prestige which was very onerous to the American idea. This was the last death struggle of the old feudal question. The contest for rights between burghers and their tenants was an interesting chapter in his-

blow said Deponent to Hell, which Deponent verily believes he would have done."

This grave statement of facts is now a matter of record in New York State, and those relating the story always reach a climax when the conclusion of said sheriff is declared as to the place he would have been blown if he had proceeded farther in carrying out the legal requirements of the Substitute Service Bill.

* * *

DURING the dull summer months some of the most interesting work is transacted at Washington, although it is done afar from the glare of publicity. Thus at the State Department the diplomatic reports and dispatches are gathered into portfolios, as they come in from the consuls general and consular agents representing the United States abroad. Most of these reports make very entertaining reading. In one, for instance, it is stated that as late as 1868 labor unions were forbidden in Germany, although now there are five different unions and subunions. Another report demonstrates that the Rio Janeiro exports to the United States are increasing while the imports into that country are not keeping up the pace; information of which is interestingly set forth by George E. Anderson, Consul General in Brazil.

This activity in the practical work of the consulates cannot be ascribed as of yore to the eagerness of astute appointees, who were anxious to fortify themselves against all comers. Things are different now, and whatever change occurs in the administration, each consul now completes his term of service. No campaign of former years has awakened more interest than that now in progress, but it is not so keenly watched by the political soldiers of fortune as in the past, when a hungry horde of office seekers were intriguing for every appointment.

* * *

SOME idea of the personnel of the representatives of South American republics may be gained from the somewhat humiliating fact that a western young lady visiting Washington was heard to remark, with a mournful shake of her head:

"It seems to me that all the handsome men in Washington come from the republics to the south of us—why don't our men look like that?"



HON. ROBERT LAMAR
Member of Congress from Missouri

tory. This controversy resulted in one special law, passed by the legislature, providing that service by the sheriff could be legal if notice was posted on the door of the premises. The records show that one sheriff made a rather significant report after having started to post a notice. The report was as follows:

"The Deponent says that in the aforesaid suit, he went to the house of the Defendant, and, not finding him, he was about to post a notice on Defendant's door, as provided by law, when said Defendant raised a window and pulled a gun, saying that if Deponent did not clear out, he, said Defendant, would



PROF. LOWE AND WIFE, AND THEIR CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN

ONE MAN'S LIFE

By GEORGE WHARTON JAMES

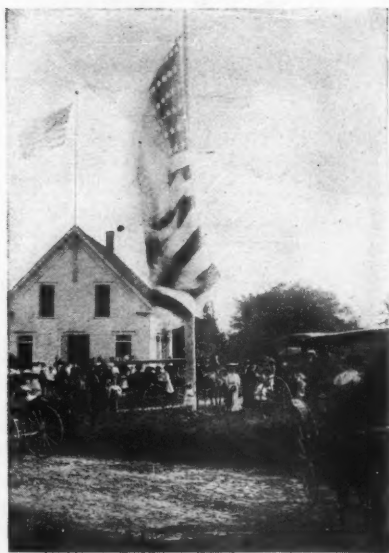
Author of "Wonders of the Colorado Desert"

WHEN a man has lived a useful and honored life and has attained his seventy-fifth birthday; when his whole life has been devoted to the good of his fellow-men; when his achievements have brought them comfort, joy, ease, and content; when he has resolutely refused to allow rich corporations to monopolize them for their own further enrichment, but has steadfastly given of their great benefits to the mass of the people, he is surely a man that the world should delight to honor. And what time more fitting than when he has reached the third quarter-century milestone in his life's journey? It might be more appropriate to celebrate a man's hundredth birthday, and while we sincerely hope Professor T. S. C. Lowe will live to be a hundred years old, it is better to celebrate while we know he is alive, than run the risk of waiting, and let his hundredth birthday find him dead.

It is part of my creed that I believe in building the chief monument you intend to build for a man while he is alive. Let him have the joy and pleasure of knowing what you think of him *while he is alive*, as when he is dead he won't care very much whether we think well or ill of him.

It is given to but few men to do as much for their fellows in so many ways as has fallen to the lot of Professor T. S. C. Lowe, now of Pasadena, California. Born on the 20th of August, seventy-five years ago, at the little town of Jefferson Mills, New Hampshire, he endured a greater share of hardships than most poor suffered in those early days. He was one of several children, and his father, owing to untoward circumstances over which he had no control was compelled to leave the brave and stout-hearted mother to bring up the little flock. With a love as wise as it was tender she did all she knew

how to keep the wolf from the door and to train her children in virtue and honest labor. But the struggle was too hard to be maintained alone, so, after many bitter tears on her part, it was decided that Thaddeus must be "bound out" to a nearby farmer. Thaddeus, a sturdy, thoughtful, fearless youngster, zealously anxious to relieve his mother of any extra burden, made light of her fears and anxieties and refused to see any great hardship in having to leave home and go out to work for a neighbor. But he rested too much in the expectation



RAISING OF THE GREAT UNITED STATES FLAG
AT THE LOWE BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION

that others would treat him with the same gentle and kindly consideration that his noble mother had accorded him. It was a rude awakening to the high-strung lad to find that honest work was not all that some men required of their "hands." Abuse and rudeness must be expected and quietly suffered, for kindness and sympathetic friendliness was opposed, in the minds of such men, to good discipline and to a preservation of the proper distance that should exist between "master" and "servant." But such ideas were as poison to the clear brain of the democratic young Thaddeus. He punctured the claims of caste as readily as he was uli-

mately to puncture the old-fashioned claims of certain scientists, for one early morning, after talking the matter over with his bosom friend, Nathan Perkins, afterwards recognized as one of New Hampshire's distinguished and noble sons, he started away from his native village, his whole worldly possessions wrapped up in a handkerchief, and his whole fortune of eleven cents hidden deep in his jeans pocket.

His whole fortune, did I say? What a foolish idea that a man's or boy's fortune can ever be outside of himself. That which a man is, not what he has of material things, constitutes his fortune, and this barefooted lad, who, in plain, vulgar parlance, was "running away from service," had a fortune in himself that was to make him, in my mind, one of the most useful men to the world that his generation has produced. For he had robust, rugged health, based upon a sturdy heredity; he had a clear and active brain, fearless as Caesar, daring to question and able to resolve his questionings; high ambition, not simply to live to acquire money for his own selfish ends, but to be a benefactor to his race; high integrity, and the moral fibre that goes to the making of a great soul.

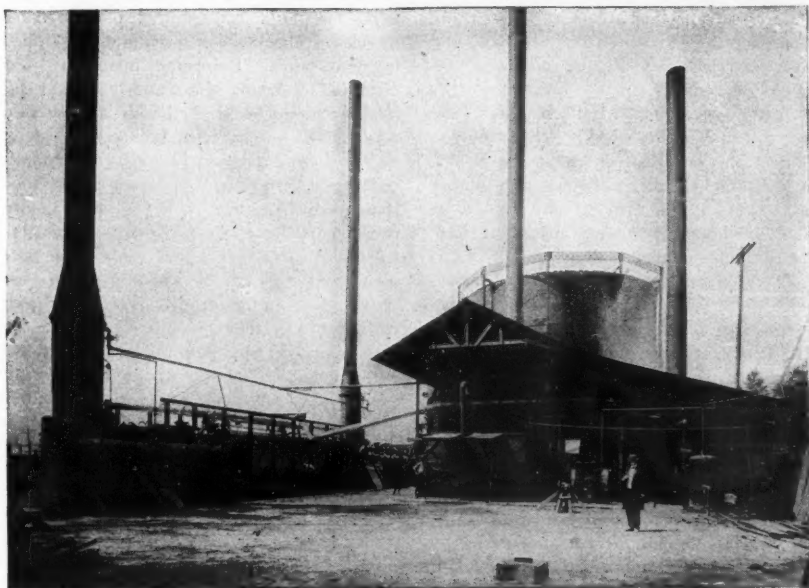
To recount all his early struggles, failures and triumphs is here impossible. His early history reads like a romance, and is full of instructive lessons to the growing youth of our land. Step by step, in the face of great obstacles, he worked his way upward and onward. Nothing daunted him. Ever alert, ever willing to do any good and honest work, he was not content to do things as others did them, and early revealed that inventive genius that has since been turned to such good use for the benefit of mankind. Every available moment outside of the time required for his duties was expended in study and soon his knowledge of herbs, of chemistry and anatomy, and a practical surgery learned from his wise old grandmother, was called upon by the simple-hearted neighbors and he gained quite a reputation as a healer of disease and a mender of broken bones.

Before his twentieth year he had saved enough to gratify his desire for seeing more of the world than ordinarily falls to the lot of a poor lad; and for his wedding trip—he married young—he journeyed from Zanesville, Ohio, down the Muskingham and

Ohio rivers, into the Mississippi and to New Orleans, Louisiana, giving lectures on the way and incidentally studying the country and people of the South.

When he returned to New England it was to resume his studies of chemistry with greater fervor than before, and in connection with this study he soon saw an opportunity to gratify a desire that was one of the earliest emotions of his young and active mind. Even as a young child the wonderful move-

chemist he learned the properties of gas and saw how the balloon could be best constructed and filled, and, no sooner was his vivid imagination stirred by what seemed to him practical visions of himself ascending into the upper atmosphere and studying the conditions he found there than he proceeded to the construction of a balloon. Soon he was making regular ascensions. Then the failure of the Atlantic Cable gave him another inspiration. Why not use the balloon to cross



PART OF THE PLANT OF THE LOWE GAS COMPANY

ments of the clouds, and the changes of the weather had ever interested him. Born right in the heart of the White Mountains, Mt. Washington and all the presidential range being in sight from his mother's door, he watched the floating clouds of both winter and summer, saw them at times sail away, at another, hang on like banners to the mountain summits, then again, discharge their contents as hail, sleet, snow or rain, while at still other times they were dissipated into impalpable mist by the fury of the summer sun, and he came to the conclusion that there were wonderful secrets of the upper air that he would like to penetrate, that would doubtless explain these wonderful, though common and everyday phenomena. As a

the Atlantic and thus give to merchants and others the news they so urgently needed. Distinguished men in Philadelphia whom he had interested, including such men as George W. Childs and Professor John C. Cresson, suggested that he apply to Professor Joseph Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution, for aid in furthering this laudable and practical project, and in a number of interviews the distinguished savant made himself fully cognizant of young Lowe's far reaching ideas. He saw that here was a mind different from the ordinary, and found great delight in drawing him out. He discovered that the young aeronaut had already learned some things of the upper atmosphere, and that he believed there existed a steady upper air

current that invariably moved eastward no matter how diverse, opposite or complex the wind movements of the earth's surface might be.

"Prove to me the existence of that eastward current, without risking your life on the Atlantic ocean," said Professor Henry, "and I'll find you the means of crossing the Atlantic in your balloon."

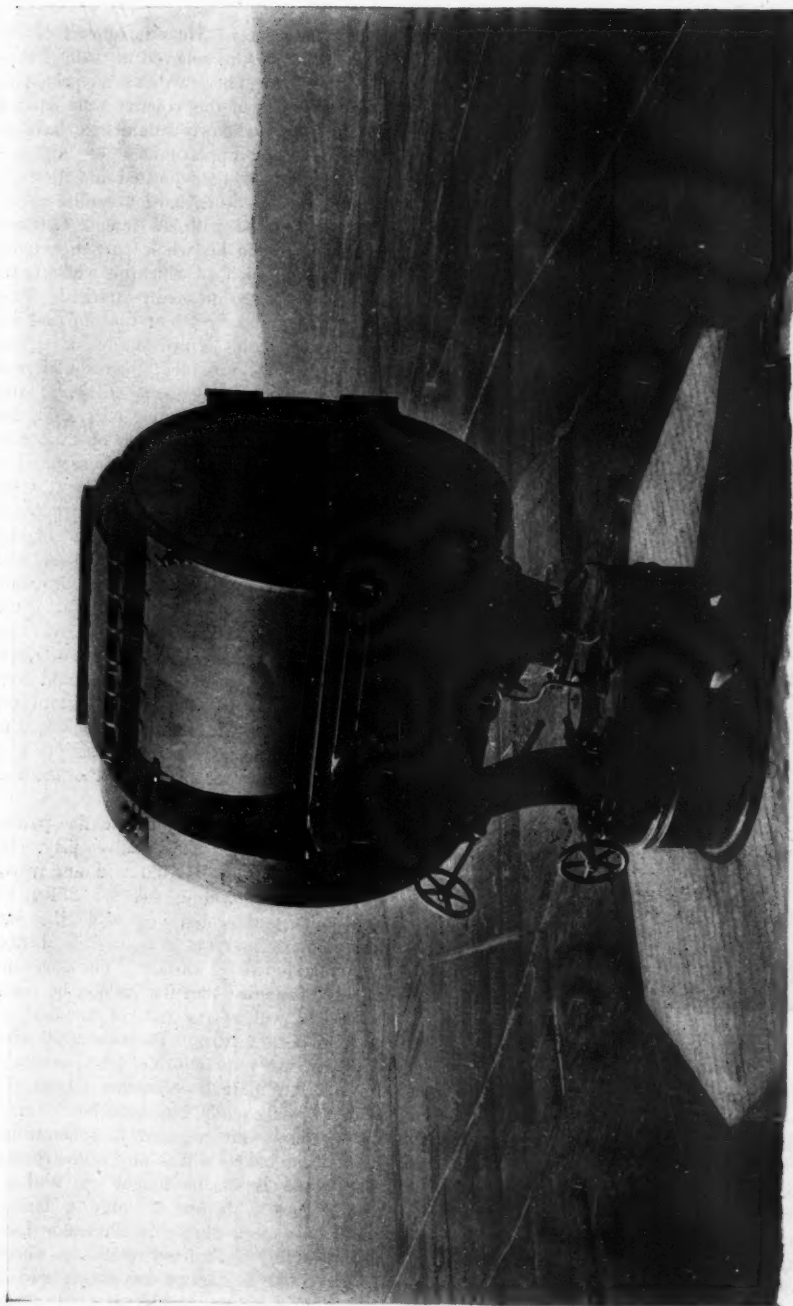
"How shall I do it to satisfy you," queried the urgent young student.

"Go a thousand miles inland, wait until all the earth currents are blowing *westward*. Then make an ascent in a small balloon, and travel *eastward* and I'll be satisfied," responded the savant.

Young Lowe didn't wait an hour. He went to Cincinnati as quickly as he could go, taking with him a balloon of the size needed for the experiment. The telegraph service was placed at his disposal and reports of wind conditions regularly made to him. The balloon was filled with gas and anchored ready to make the ascent at a moment's notice. Day after day passed. One evening he was at a banquet given in his honor by Mr. Potter, the owner of the *Cincinnati Commercial*, and at which Murat Halsted, the distinguished editor, and many of Cincinnati's notable men, were present, when the welcome news was brought that the wind currents were all blowing *westward*. Without waiting to change his society clothes for those more appropriate for a balloon ascent, and still wearing his silk hat, he hurried down to the balloon, accompanied by his fellow banqueteers, Mr. Halsted bringing down with him a large demijohn filled with hot coffee. At Mr. Potter's request Mr. Halsted wrote a brief notice of the ascension and Professor Lowe waited until three o'clock in the morning to allow the pressmen to insert this notice in the *Commercial* and run off two or three hundred copies which he could carry away in the balloon. It was fortunate for him that this was done, as a few hours later, it saved him from being shot as a Federal spy, as I will soon relate.

In the meantime when the Cincinnati people read their morning papers they were amused by the statement that "Professor Lowe's balloon, which had ascended to prove the existence of a perpetual current blowing to the east, when last seen was rapidly traveling *westward*."

But the darkness of the early morning didn't allow the newspaper men to see long enough. While the balloon did travel very rapidly to the west when it first ascended it was not long before it reached the eastward current and then Professor Lowe made the historic trip for which he will ever be remembered. When he struck the Alleghany Mountains he bounded over a mile into the upper air, and then, striking the current between this range and the Blue Ridge he was drawn slightly to the south and descended at noon on the coast of South Carolina, having traveled a distance of seven hundred miles in nine hours. Returning inland a little distance, by means of a westerly current, he landed among some of the "Clay Eaters," who, as the war had just broken out, vowed he was a spy from Fort Pickens. It required both nerve and persuasive power to convince those people of their error, but they finally consented to take him to Unionville, twenty-five miles away, which was the nearest railway point. When the wagon came it was drawn by six mules, and on Professor Lowe enquiring why they brought six animals for so small a load, they said that when they saw the balloon (in its inflated condition) they thought it would require at least that number of animals to draw so ponderous a thing. They were wonderfully surprised to see it in its collapsed condition. Seated on the balloon (to ease the jolting of the rough roads) with his silk "tile" upon his head, Professor Lowe began to laugh at his own comical appearance, but laughter soon ceased when a dozen or more men, each armed with a revolver and Winchester rifle, grimly and silently surrounded the wagon. He saw he was still regarded as a spy and that any suspicious movement would mean instant death. On his arrival at Unionville, however, he fell among friends. One of them, seeing the newspapers which Professor Lowe finally handed to him, explained. "This settles it all right. This paper is still damp from the press. It's a strange story. Seven hundred miles in nine hours, but we're compelled to believe it." Accordingly the "spy" was released and sent on his way to Columbia. Here he was again arrested, and jailed, and would have had an awkward time had it not been for the friendly interference of the president and professors of the college who were acquainted with the purely scientific



LARGEST SEARCHLIGHT IN THE WORLD, ECHO MOUNTAIN, MT. LOWE

Photo by C. C. Pierce & Co.,
Los Angeles.

nature of Professor Lowe's work and that it had absolutely nothing to do with the war.

His adventures, however, at this time were thrilling and exciting enough to stir the blood of the most sluggish, and they undoubtedly turned his active brain into the very direction for which the southern men had arrested him. For it was now that his dominant genius began to assert itself. He was but twenty-



GRANITE GATE, ALPINE EXTENSION
MT. LOWE RAILROAD

eight years old, yet while the fires of hatred were being fanned by the wild utterances of men who did not realize the horrors of such a fratricidal war, he, with a soul full of zeal for the preservation of the Union, began to exercise his intellect to the utmost to formulate a plan whereby his knowledge of ballooning might be made of service to his beloved country. For he was a patriot, in the larger, truer sense, from his birth, was Thaddeus. Every fibre of his being thrilled with the joy

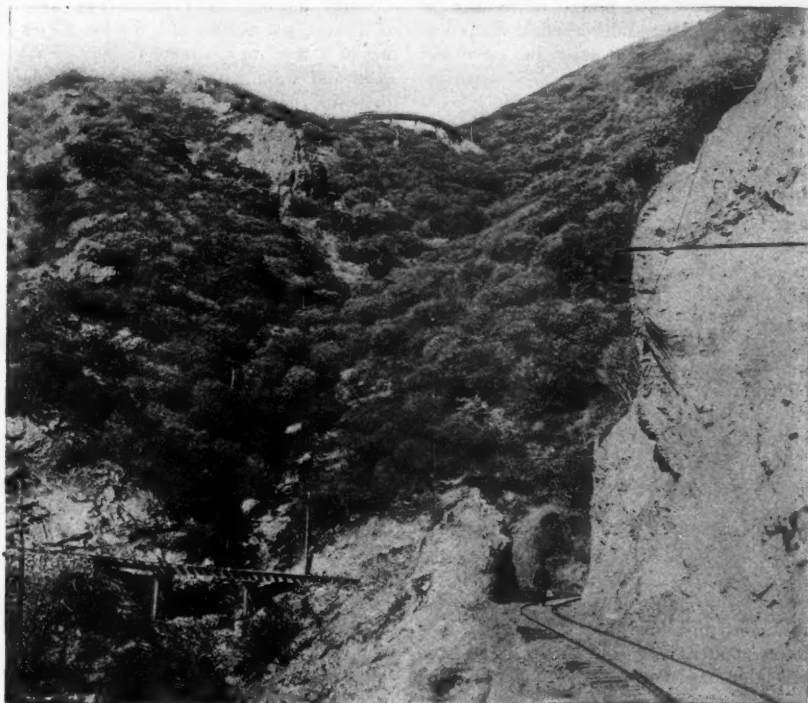
of true democracy. He was himself of the common people; he believed in them if they had a fair chance; he saw that if the principles of the founders of this country were carried out the poor and lowly would here have as large and good opportunities for improvement as the high, the educated and the rich, if they chose to work hard to utilize them, hence he burned with an intense, zealous earnestness to do his whole part in helping preserve the Union, to which his whole heart and mind were so devotedly attached. Professor Henry and President Lincoln sent for him as soon as his return to Cincinnati was known, and the upshot of their conferences was that this young man, self-taught and self-reliant was given power to organize the first Balloon Corps for military operations in the field that the world had ever seen. For months he operated for the different commanding generals under the direct auspices of President Lincoln, making daily and nightly ascents, witnessing many skirmishes and battles and giving most valuable information as to the movements of the enemy that could not possibly have been gained from any other source. He invented and set into successful operation methods by which he could telegraph from his balloon to the tent of the commanding general in the field below, thus giving accurate and detailed description of events actually transpiring at the moment the news were received.

His chemical studies and inventive powers also came into most valuable play. He soon realized that the old and antiquated methods of generating gas for filling his balloon were absolutely impossible, if it was to become a practical and feasible instrument of aid in active warfare. The exigencies of war demanded that the balloon be transferable at will to any part of the field, or even to distant parts. To transfer it, filled with gas, was impracticable, yet to empty it, transfer it and then regenerate the gas for refilling was equally impracticable. For so many hours were required to generate gas by the old methods that any ordinary conflict would begin, be fought out and the armies moved, before so large a balloon could have been filled. So Professor Lowe invented and constructed retorts on wheels, which could be drawn anywhere, and by means of which the making of sufficient gas was the work of but a few minutes. Thus

he was able to make ascensions almost at will and in many and diverse parts of the scene of operations. At all hours of the day and night he was ready. Many a time the movements of the enemy were detected by this novel and vigilant watcher, and the Confederate generals made desperate efforts both to destroy the balloon and either kill or capture the balloonist. Consequently

of sand ballast would send him up higher, and in either case the changed position would put him out of range of the enemy's guns.

He operated thus, working day and night at the behest of the commanding generals, until the overwork, the hardships of the field and the malaria combined to produce a condition of ill health, which drove him



GREAT CIRCULAR BRIDGE, ALPINE EXTENSION, MT. LOWE RAILROAD

Professor Lowe was given extraordinary powers by his commanding officers, and he and his balloon also became objects of great interest to the enemy. Time and again their sharpshooters, both of the infantry and artillery directed their fire upon him, but while they were getting his range he went on coolly making his observations, knowing that he was perfectly safe for some time, and then, that the mere pulling of a string would release the gas valve, allow a little gas to escape and allow him to descend a little, or, that the throwing out of a bag

home and well nigh killed him. Even to this day, in spite of his well spent and abstemious life, he still suffers from physical ailments fastened upon him during that time. With that keen foresight, however, which is one of his most marked characteristics, he had prepared for just such an event by carefully training his subordinates to carry on his work. This they did to the best of their capacity, so that, while Professor Lowe lay on his bed of pain and affliction, his mind was at ease with the assurance that the plans he had so carefully formulated were

being carried out with a reasonable measure of success.

Before he had recovered his health the war was brought to a successful close. He immediately turned his inventive genius to work, and built and equipped a floating refrigerator, the first steamship in the history of the world designed for the purpose, and it made several trips from Galveston, Texas, to New York, loaded with Texas beef, etc. This was the origin of the refrigerator in actual commerce, and the benefit to the people of this invention can never be estimated. By it meats and fruits and other perishable food products are now transported from one part of the world to another, either by land or sea, without injury or detriment. The surplus cattle of Texas are converted into beef and shipped wherever needed, the strawberries of Georgia are sent to the North, and the oranges of Florida and California to every town and hamlet in the country as well as to ports all over the civilized globe.

And yet this invention was, at the time of Professor Lowe's presentation of it to the world, so far in advance of people's knowledge of its value, that he personally not only derived no benefit from it, but actually suffered most heavy financial loss.

It was equally so with his valuable invention for the making of artificial ice. He set in operation several of these machines, on the same principle that they are now working, viz., the compression of ammonia, etc., and thus made it possible for the housewife in her small refrigerator, as well as the chefs of the most luxurious hotels, to keep milk sweet, butter hard and fresh, meats and vegetables cool and pure no matter how hot the weather might be. Is there any measuring the benefit this invention has been to the human race, yet, I feel that the world should know that owing to its being in advance of its time, when Professor Lowe figured up his profits and losses on the giving of this product of his genius to the world, he was \$87,000 (eighty-seven thousand dollars) in debt, independent of his long months of time and exhaustive labor, and this debt was subsequently paid by him out of the profits of one of his later inventions.

It is this invention to which I must now turn my attention. Disappointed and chagrined at his experiences in trying to bring the commercial and home world to a realiza-

tion of the benefit of his refrigerator and ice inventions he vowed he would never again invent things ahead of his times, so he turned his attention to the improvement of present methods of gas supply. In this field he is the recognized master of the world. His varied inventions for the making of gas alone entitle him to the undying gratitude of his fellow men. For not only has it lightened the labor of millions of the toiling women of earth; not only has it reduced the heating of a room, the making of a fire for the cooking of a meal to the mere turning of a gas cock and striking a match, but it has been done in such a way that, while immense fortunes have been made by thousands of men as the result of investments in the invention, it has brought down the prices of this useful and necessary commodity so that the poorest of the poor can now practically have light and heat sufficient for all purposes. Let me illustrate this by a concrete example. Before Professor Lowe's invention was known in the city of Los Angeles, California, the citizens who could afford to use gas (which was but a small proportion) were paying seven dollars (\$7.00) per 1,000 cubic feet for it. He put in one of his plants for the gas company, which enabled them to reduce the price to \$4.00 per 1,000. Later, when a conflict arose between the company and himself, he obtained a franchise, set up his own plant, and sold gas to the community for \$2.00 per 1,000 feet, thus reducing the price \$5.00 per 1,000 in a short space of time. Now, after another conflict, the price is reduced again more than half, for gas is supplied to Los Angeles by both companies at seventy-five cents or eighty cents per 1,000, and if his new methods were set in operation universally the price to the consumer could be still further reduced.

Gas today of a fine quality for both illuminating and fuel purposes is now sold throughout the civilized world at from eighty cents to \$1.00 per 1,000 feet. Millions are thus benefited by the invention that made such a low price possible.

Allured by the "glorious climate of California" Professor Lowe now settled down in the beautiful home city of Pasadena, but his restless energy soon compelled him to another enterprise which has endeared him to hundreds of thousands of tourists and travelers as well as to the nature lovers of his own

state. In sight of the magnificent home that he had built on Orange Grove Avenue are the beautiful peaks of the Sierra Madre range of mountains, reaching from 5,000 to 11,000 feet in snow-clad majesty from the foot-hills to the clear blue of the southern California sky. Save for a few steep and almost impracticable trails all these glorious heights were inaccessible to the majority of people. Knowing their sublime beauty and remembering the enjoyment of the thousands who yearly ride up the railway of his native

novel structure, which combined hotel, dancing pavilion, offices, banquet hall, etc., and then made a mile or more of the canyon accessible by means of plank walks and stairways, leading to fernbeds, moss grottos and several exquisite and charming waterfalls.

The next desired elevation was 2,000 feet above, on the summit of a mount to which the name of Echo Mountain had been given. How to reach it was the question. The engineers said impossible, unless Professor



PAVILION AND ELECTRIC ROAD, RUBIO CANYON

Mount Washington he resolved to scale, with a railway, the most salient of the higher peaks near Pasadena. With characteristic energy his surveyors were sent into the field. Three different parties reported it impossible by any ordinary or known method of engineering—except at prohibitive expense—to build a railway to the peaks he had chosen. But to Professor Lowe as to Napoleon the word “impossible” is unknown. He determined the impossible. He took one of the surveys that reached from Altadena into the heart of the most picturesque canyon of the range and graded and built the railway to a natural amphitheatre, where he completely bridged the canyon, erected a

Lowe was willing to spend a fortune in cutting out a winding shelf to and fro on the steep slopes. But this determined and clear-sighted man taking the problem into his own hands did the same as did the great Alexander of Russia, when, dissatisfied with the engineers' survey, he took a ruler and drew a straight line on the map from St. Petersburg to Moscow, and exclaimed: “There is the route of my railway. Now proceed to build it.” Professor Lowe instructed his engineers to grade an incline up the almost perpendicular slope from Rubio Pavilion to the top of Echo Mountain. They knew nothing of his plans, but simply obeyed orders. When the grade was completed he

ordered ties laid, wide enough for three rails, except midway up the incline where a wider track would be required for a short distance. While the grading had been going on he had planned a three railed track, upon which two balanced cars should ride, one ascending, the other, descending, with an automatic and fixed turnout in the center, and this was now put in place. A perfect hoisting machine had been designed, which, as it revolved, gripped the inch and a half steel wire cable to which the two cars were built, and thus the great cable incline became an assured fact and for fourteen years it has been operated, without the stoppage of a single day and without accident or injury to any person whatsoever.

Still interested in his meteorological researches Professor Lowe now secured and placed upon Echo Mountain the largest Search Light in the world, intending to use it for purposes of study of cloud movements and wind currents, and then, a few hundred feet higher up, built, and thoroughly equipped the Lowe Astronomical Observatory, which he placed under the charge of the eminent astronomer, Dr. Lewis Swift, who has discovered and recorded more nebulae than any other astronomer since the Herschels.

To give to thousands the enjoyment of the expansive view from Echo Mountain he built two fine hotels, the Chalet, and Echo Mountain House, and here guests were entertained and privileged to gaze upon one of the most beautiful and varied scenes in the world, including the orange, lemon and other orchards of the San Gabriel Valley, with the score of towns and villages that dot its surface, the mountains, foothills, further valleys, seabeach, islands and placid-faced ocean.

Now his genius determined to reach greater heights, and the Alpine Division of the Mt. Lowe railway was cut out of the solid granite mountain sides, equipped and set in operation. This division opened up to public enjoyment the great canyons of the Sierra Madre and reached an elevation of 5,000 feet on the shoulders of the mountain that the officers of the Geological Survey decided should be honored by naming it Mount Lowe. Here, another large, picturesque and well-equipped hotel, Alpine Tavern, was erected, in the heart of a forest of pines, spruces and sycamores.

From this point it was Professor Lowe's

intention to extend the railway about three more miles, to the summit of Mount Lowe, 6,100 feet above sea-level, where another hotel, built of the solid granite of which the mountain itself is composed, would have been erected, also an establishment made of an institution for the furtherance of pure and commercial science, parts of which would have been another astronomical observatory, with the largest telescope which could be made, and a chemical laboratory equipped fully for every department of analytical and experimental work. Then, over the deep and mile wide canyon separating Mount Lowe from the San Gabriel (or Observatory) peak a swinging cable railway was planned. Timid and doubtful people could not realize that such a railway is both practical and safe. From suggestions and plans furnished by Professor Lowe several of such aerial railways are now in successful operation. Perhaps the most wonderful of them all is in California, plying over the great canyon of the American River, which passengers on the Central Pacific Railway will remember as the abyss they gaze into as the trains round Cape Horn. Here, cars loaded with logs, weighing scores of tons are hourly swung across the canyon, where trains are made up and the logs drawn to the saw-mill. The empty cars are returned by the same method.

These latter plans, however, were arrested by the financial panic of 1893, at which time Professor Lowe relinquished control of the railway.

Since then he has devoted himself without intermission to the perfecting of his last and greatest invention, now successfully installed in a working plant and more than fulfilling his most sanguine expectations. By means of this plant he takes the heavy crude petroleum and refines them for practical uses. Thirty-five per cent of the crude oil is thus made to pay the original cost of the whole amount and the working expenses of the refining process. The residue is now made to yield an amount of asphaltum which more than again pays the original cost of the whole amount of oil. In the processes of refining large amounts of tar and lamp-black are extracted, and these have hitherto been regarded as almost worthless. By this new process a mixture of these worthless by-products is converted in nineteen hours, to the most hard, solid and perfect metallurgical

coke known. Here then is one plant performing three successive operations with the same crude product (in different stages of manipulation) each one of which pays the whole cost of the operations and of the original product, viz, refining the oil, the making of asphaltum, and the production of coke. But in these various processes another product of great moment has been generated in vast quantity. To produce the results aforementioned a terrific heat has had to be created and maintained. At this great temperature not only are the gases in the oil decomposed, but also the gases of the water that is injected into the ovens. These gases are collected, forced through a washer which retains the heavy carbons, known as lamp-black, and through the scrubber, which removes the tar. They are then condensed and purified and thus become the purest and best of illuminating and fuel gas ready for distribution through mains and pipes to the various consumers of a large or small city. The gas is thus practically a free gift to the operators of the plant.

But this is only a part of the story. In all coke-oven systems and other similar plans, where immense heat must be secured and maintained, it has been found impossible hitherto to prevent a large loss of heat through the flues and chimneys necessary for the draft, without which the heat could not be obtained. By an ingenious, practical and thoroughly well tested system Professor Lowe has now arrested this loss of heat, and turns it to good account by generating steam which operates large engines, produces electric power, runs an ice-making and also a refrigerating plant, and also gives to the operators a large amount of steam and electric power for sale.

By means, therefore, of this plant a large or small city can make its own hard fuel (Lowe anthracite coke), asphaltum, ice, refrigeration, and gas, and supply all the steam and electric power needed, and the whole thing be run under one management, under one roof and at one expense.

Hence in looking over this One Man's Life we find he has invented and given to the world the following beneficial and useful inventions and institutions.

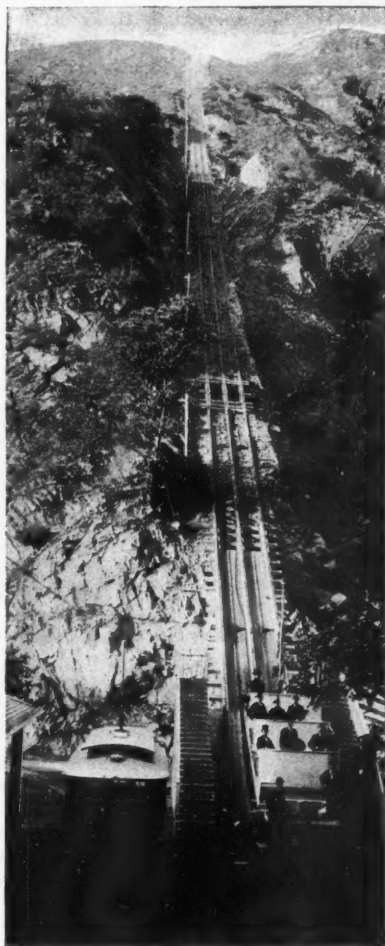
1. The use of balloons during war for observations upon the movements of the enemy.

2. Artificial refrigeration of steamships, and railway cars for the transportation of perishable food products.

3. Artificial Ice.

4. Cheaper and better illuminating gas.

5. The Mount Lowe Railway.



THE GREAT INCLINE RAILWAY

6. The Lowe observatory.

7. His latest invention which reduces the cost of illuminating and fuel gas to the minimum.

Is it any wonder then, that, in his native village of Jefferson Mills (now Riverton,

New Hampshire) his seventy-fifth birthday was made the occasion of a wonderful demonstration in his honor. The selectmen and citizens of the town extended invitations to the whole country side, and on the twentieth of August, 1907, a salute of seventy-five guns was fired from a battery of guns under the control of the veterans of Lancaster and neighboring cities. Soon automobiles, tally-hos, carriages, wagons, buggies, hay-wagons, broughams, hacks and conveyances of every style and description began to arrive, and at the appointed hour Governor Jordan of New Hampshire, who presided, addressed the vast concourse of people, who had assembled outside the building which now occupies the site of Professor Lowe's birthplace. He spoke of the noted members of the Lowe family and gave an interesting series of reminiscences. A double quartette of the finest singers of the county was present and they sang several appropriate songs, while the orchestra of the noted Waumbek Hotel, played various selections. A poem, composed for the occasion, in honor of Professor Lowe, by Mr. Richard B. Eastman, a composer of more than local fame, was sung by the crowd, and when a great flag, 20 x 30 feet sent by Professor Lowe, was presented to the town, and raised upon the newly erected flagpole, the enthusiasm was immense. It

was heightened when the present writer gave an address outlining the chief inventions of the man the assemblage had gathered to honor and came to a fitting climax when the Rev. W. A. Loyne, in a telling and eloquent speech, at the request of the trustees, formally dedicated the union chapel as the Lowe Memorial Union Chapel, dedicated to the benefit of humanity and the glory of God. Liberal refreshments were served to the many thousands who were assembled and thus New Hampshire royally honored its distinguished native son.

Though seventy-five years of age Professor Lowe is still hale and hearty. He lives in Pasadena, California, and is one of the most honored as well as one of the most active and energetic citizens of the Golden State. His noble and cultured wife, who as a scientist, is almost as well known as her husband, has borne him thirteen sons and daughters, nine of whom are still living. He is many times a grand-parent and his sons and grandsons are markedly men of affairs.

In concluding this necessarily short and cursory sketch I cannot refrain from stating that if I were asked to point out the chief characteristic of Professor Lowe's life I should unhesitatingly state it to be his intense love for humanity and his desire to be of benefit and blessing to them.

NECROMANCY

THE ancient beauty still with earth abides;
 The magic of the gods is here; the hours
 Are clothed with high and supernatural powers,
 And mystery in the common daylight hides;
 Blithe romance on the wind forever rides,
 And glory mantles like bright cloak the showers;
 The breath of passion breathes from out the flowers;
 Music and majesty upon the tides
 Sit throned as God by God! For joy is young
 However old the world, and lovers rove
 Their happy eyes to wonder freshly born
 Like Adam and like Eve the dews among,
 When purpling in the primal airs of love
 The Eden rose caught first the light of morn!

Edward Wilbur Mason

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT IN BRONZE

By R. S. N. SARTZ

THE great State of North Dakota has its allotted share of the pluck generally accredited to the Northwest. The extensive wheat fields have enriched the pockets of the inhabitants and left them ample time to cultivate higher interests.

North Dakota is proud of once having had President Roosevelt as a citizen and is prone to compete with his native state, New York, in claiming him as its adopted son. The people of North Dakota would have been glad to have had him in the presidential office for a third term, but the President, although appreciating the compliment, did not seem to be willing to go back on his word in order to please his former fellow-citizens. The latter, however, nothing daunted, have been looking for other ways and means to honor their most beloved and prominent son, and they have lately decided upon immortalizing him in bronze on the campus of the Agricultural College at Fargo. That means they have decided to raise him a perpetual monument in the shape of an equestrian statue of himself, modelled by one of the famous sculptors of the world, the great Norwegian Gustav Vigeland.

A Roosevelt Monument Association, with Senator W. C. Hansbrough as president, Professor Worst of the Agricultural College as vice-president, and Dr. H. O. Fjelde, of Abercrombie, N. D., as secretary and treasurer, has been organized and the work of collecting contributions is going on. That the necessary funds will be forthcoming is a

matter of course and, the statue having been contracted for, the latter will materialize within a very short time. The sketch is already finished by the sculptor, and a photograph of the same will be found on this page.

The fact that the association has thought it proper to go as far as Norway for the sculptor needs explanation, although the name of the artist alone will be sufficient explanation to all connoisseurs.

Gustav Vigeland was born in Mandal, Norway, in 1872. From early childhood his vocation was laid down for him; he needed very little teaching and has, in fact, received very little, except in regard to the pure mechanical part of his art. He has had his own studio since he was twenty years of age and has to-day, at the age of thirty-five years, more than 200 great sculptural works to his credit. It has been said of Vigeland that he is a poet as well as a sculptor, and nothing could be more truly said. In his famous "Man and



THE ROOSEVELT EQUESTRIAN STATUE
As sketched by Gustav Vigeland, the celebrated Norwegian Sculptor

Woman" series he has given the story of a life from the cradle to the grave,—a story, that can be appreciated and understood by everybody and which has been admired by all lovers of art. His "opus magnum," however, is the so-called "Fountain," one of the sculptural wonders of the world, purchased by the city of Christiania, the capital of his native country, and will be placed in the most conspicuous spot in that city, the park in front of the House of Parliament, where it will be an object of admiration



BUST OF EDWARD GRIEG
By Vigeland



BUST OF HENRIK IBSEN
By Vigeland

to. all visitors. My pen is too poor to give an adequate description of it, but those who have had the privilege of viewing the work praise it very highly.

The fame which Gutav Vigeland has gained as a producer of fiction in bronze and marble is only excelled by that obtained by his portrait busts and statues. The museums of Europe contain many notable specimens of the skill of Vigeland, who, though already famous for what he has produced as a sculptor of eminence, has yet many years of usefulness before him that should place him in the front rank of his chosen career. He has immortalized royal persons and the greatest men in the

realm of art and literature of the time and he will, without the slightest doubt, do justice to the work entrusted to him by the citizens of North Dakota.

This, his first introduction to the American public, will undoubtedly bring mutual satisfaction. He has made his sketch from photographs, but will study the President in person before laying the finishing hand on his work. Vigeland is a great admirer of the President, and the admiration will, no doubt, be mutual before long. The statue, when finished, could appropriately be provided with the following inscription: "A statue of one great man, modelled by another great man." The



BUST OF BJORNSTJERNE BJORNSON
By Vigeland

powers that he may not adopt such an inscription, but the thousands who will view and admire the statue will be inspired by such a thought, whether they want to or not.

The sculptor has not modelled the rough rider or the soldier. He has given us the thinker, the statesman, the strong, commanding man, halting his neighing horse while viewing with great satisfaction that land of the future, the great State of North Dakota. He has caught the happy idea to model President Roosevelt as he will live in the memory of his countrymen. The sculptor has proved the wise

selection of the association for this great work, and its further success is assured.



GUSTAV VIGELAND
The Famous Norwegian Sculptor

It is no common custom to immortalize living persons in bronze. As far as the knowledge of the writer goes the German Emperor is the only person having been honored in that way. The statue to Emperor William was raised by subjects; the one of Roosevelt will be by fellow-citizens. But there is not and shall not be anything common about the State of North Dakota's tribute to its most prominent citizen. President Roosevelt is no common man, or even president; Gustav Vigeland is no common sculptor, and, last, but not least, North Dakota is no common state, and her people prefer to honor a living great man to waiting until after his death.

REALITY

I SIGH for blossoms in a wondrous mass;
Golden and pink and blue as central seas;
But my starved soul down dropping to its knees
Makes banquet of the daisies in the grass!
I dream of nightingales whose sweet trespass
Of darkness is with pain-born melodies,
But even as I dream, adown the breeze
I hear the evening-navelled echoes glass,
The lark's glad song! O blest Reality,
What time I wildly yearn for place and power,
Or strive to struggle from truth's keeping free,
Be thou, O angel, at my side that hour:
Enrich me with thy wealth of poverty;
Make life magnificent without fame's dower!

Edward Wilbur Mason



*"My eyes sought Pontiloga where she was tossing a ball with a little brave of
six sturdy summers."*

— See page 499



A KEEPER OF THE DOOR

(CONTINUED)

By GRACE KELLOGG

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CHAPTER XIII.

"*I'M not afraid of my husband, I'll choose what man I wish,*" shrilled the old Wood Dove, the fatter wife of Tokacon.

*"I'm not afraid of my husband,
I'll choose what man I wish."*

"Bravo! Bravo!" I cried admiringly, breaking in upon the exultant strain. "But isn't that rather hard on my brother Tokacon?"

"Huh!" grunted the Wood Dove. She was not given to replies necessitating greater intellectual effort than this. The song, indeed, flowed easily from her heavy lips—but she had doubtless rehearsed it often.

"I'm not afraid of my husband, I'll choose what man I wish," carolled Oneeta in blithe mockery.

"Does my cousin join in the marriage-feast tonight? There are more women than men!" she called mischievously to me.

"No, my cousin, Sagehjowa prefers maids to widows," I replied laughing. It amused me to see how my people stared when I laughed. Their laughter comes in wild bursts and peals and gusts. They laugh not easily or lightly as I learned among the white-faced people to do.

"My cousin waits for the courting-dance then?" hinted Oneeta.

My eyes sought Pontilogh where she was tossing a wooden ball with a little brave of six sturdy summers. The motion brought into play the girlish muscles; her eager laugh rang out now and again, and now and again she tossed back her black mane with the fine abandon of a young colt.

"Yes," I said, more slowly, "Sagehjowa waits."

"Tonight they change husbands in fact," volunteered Oneeta, "after two nights of dancing and singing about it. The women say that Tokacon rages because the fat old Dove is going to leave him, for her two acres are the best of the corn-land, and his heart cleaves to them. And he fears greatly lest she choose Big Elk, who having two rich wives already, will then be richer than Tokacon."

"Would the Female Flying Pigeon like to be one of two or three wives?" I asked, rather curiously.

"Wah! Oneeta would care not—if she were the youngest and best-beloved," replied the girl lightly.

"But if Oneeta's husband should get him a younger or prettier wife—which of course he could not—what then?"

"Huh! Oneeta would choose another man at the next marriage feast—

*'I'm not afraid of my husband,
I'll choose what man I wish.'*

"Come away! Come away! They will trap Sagehjowa into the dance before he knows!"

As a matter of fact, the squaws, in motley array, were thronging about the fire; the squash-gourds filled with pebbles were rattling their flurried summons; women were laughing shrilly and calling one another to hasten; discarded husbands were flocking together outside the charmed circle.

I saw one old hag, bald and almost toothless, the great granddam of a lively brood,

hobble out from the husband's wigwam and join her squeaking exclamations to the hubbub.

*"I'm not afraid of my husband,
I'll choose what man I wish!"*

At last the song was raised and the dancers stepped and toed together.

Higher and shriller went the song, louder and swifter. Bare feet beat the ground faster and faster. Screams and sobs mingled with the song. Faster and faster beat the tom-tom. The wildest abandon reigned. Excitement mad, hysterical, governed the frenzied troop.

Then the men took hold of hands in a long line and wended their way about the circle, weaving in and out among the women.

Alas for Tokacon! The Female Wood Dove laid fat hold upon the complacent Big Elk as he passed her. The poor old great-grandmother who had been scarce able to keep a-hopping from one foot to the other, seized upon an unhappy youth of nineteen who wriggled frantically, but in vain.

Monkaushka, the trembling Earth, was well toward the front, sending his greasy smile fore and aft, ogling one buxom widow after another in his most attractive manner. Now and then I heard a subdued titter as he passed, all unconscious of exciting anything but the most violent desire in the gentle heart of the titterer.

Suddenly a hush fell. Only Monkaushka maintained a seductive cooing and gurgling in his fat throat. He was approaching the Female Hard Hand, and everybody but Monkaushka was aware of it, and also of the fact that the Female Hard Hand was watching her unconscious spouse with a glittering eye.

Then Monkaushka saw her. He stopped in afright. He dropped an amative gurgle midway up his throat. He turned yellow. He sidled on a step in abject fear. He paused in deadly terror. He gathered his fat self together and attempted a dash.

A swift darting out of two brawny arms, a terrified squeal, a shrill burst of applauding laughter from the crowd and the Hard Hand, slinging her weakly protesting spouse over her shoulder, darted off home in grim triumph.

*"I'm not afraid of my husband,
I'll choose what man I wish."*

The dance went on.

I was leaning against a tree, and smiling

away to myself when a hand touched my arm. I turned quickly and beheld in the shadow the form of Iron Bull.

"Well?" I said.

"My brother, there is something strange. Come."

I slipped quietly out of the light, and followed Iron Bull.

We crossed the fringe of trees and came out upon the steep bank of the Muskingum. Cautiously we crept down to the water's edge. Iron Bull took my hand and laid it upon something which was lying half in and half out of the water.

"Huh," said I softly, "who?"

Iron Bull did not answer—perhaps could not. He lifted the body and began the ascent of the bank again, I following.

The dance was still progressing merrily when we reached the double line of lodges. We entered my lodge by the river door, and laying the body down on the skins that covered the bark floor, kindled a fire of split wood.

Then by its first struggling light we bent over the thing.

It was the prophet. His frame seemed shrunken together; his face was distorted by an uncanny smile. In his head close beside the untouched scalp-lock was a tomahawk.

I looked down upon the poor twisted body and my face grew terrible.

"Who?" I said hoarsely. "A holy prophet, old and feeble and helpless—who has done this foul deed?"

Iron Bull was bending over the tomahawk.

"Erie," he said briefly, pulling out the weapon and handing it to me.

"Um," said I, "Erie—perhaps. Perhaps not." I looked him full in the eyes. "Why was the scalp not taken?"

"How should Wosketomp know the mind of the Erie dog?" he replied, meeting my eyes squarely with his lying gaze. "Let the Half-King—"

"Sagehjowa"—I corrected sternly.

"Sagehjowa"—the name came hard. "Let Sagehjowa call a council at once for vengeance on the Erie dogs—lest perchance they be watching outside in the darkness ready to attack us when sleep ends the feast."

"Sagehjowa fears not the Eries," I retorted bluntly, "there are more enemies within than without. Let the feast go on. Sagehjowa will watch tonight."

The dancers were beginning to grow weary and drop down in their places.

I went swiftly till I found Neomonni, The Cloud out of which the rain comes. If I must share my watch I preferred to share it with those in whom I had confidence, for I felt that treachery was never far from my scalp-lock.

"Neomonni," I called softly, bending down and touching him.

"Cousin?" he replied, not taking his eyes from the dancers.

"There is fear of the Eries. Sagehjowa watches. Will Neomonni share the watch with Sagehjowa?"

"Uh," he grunted, but I was satisfied.

I then sought out Pokoota, who was dancing most agilely.

"It grieves Sagehjowa to take Pokoota from his new wife," I said to him, "but there is suspicion of the Eries. Sagehjowa must keep watch tonight. Will Pokoota share?"

"Death," returned Pokoota laconically, never ceasing the agile flinging of his body.

One other I wanted. It was Waupeka. He was lying in the door of his lodge with his face in his hands. I touched him gently, and instantly he was attentive, without moving.

"There is fear of the Eries. Sagehjowa watches."

"Waupeka also," said he briefly, and my heart was glad.

Iron Bull had remained apart, but I knew his evil eyes had followed me all about. Now he approached, and addressed me in a low tone:

"Wosketomp too will watch."

"Sagehjowa has chosen his watchers. Iron Bull will sleep tonight in his lodge. He need fear nothing. His doors will be well watched," I assured him with significant emphasis.

A scowl of hatred contracted his brows, but he slunk away without answering. I smiled, but ended by frowning.

The dancers were dropping out rapidly now. Scarcely half a dozen leaping figures now remained, and the shrill chant had broken to hoarse guttural cries.

"All away! All away!" cried one of the squaws, jumping up and running off with her partner. Instantly every squaw sprang to her feet, seized her new husband by the hand and bounded off with him to his lodge. In the flicker of an eyelash there was to be seen only the deserted firelight playing on

darkened lodges and brooding trees, where had been leaping figures and glistening limbs.

"Strange," remarked I to Waupeka.

"Uh?" repeated Waupeka, deferentially.

"Why should the squaws delight to change men?"

"Not all the squaws change. Many change not once in all their lives. Waupeka's mother and father have lived together since she was a maid and he a young man as Waupeka. Waupeka's grandsire and grandmother dwelt together in peace through half a hundred summers and winters. Many others have done this also."

"Waupeka speaks truth. But the others? Those who change not once or twice, for reason, but every year as the festival comes around. Do they expect each time a better husband than they cast off? No sooner are they used to living with one man than they take another and have to learn all over again."

"But it is change," replied Waupeka.

"Waupeka speaks truth," I laughed, "it is change."

A pause followed.

I folded my arms. I felt the smile drop from me like an idle mask. My brows drew together.

The hours passed. Still I sat, arms folded, brows frowning.

XIV.

Dawn came, and sun-up, and the hour of council, and still I had not thought it out.

There was little doubt in my mind, in spite of the Erie tomahawk, that Wosketomp, Iron Bull, had done this thing. Yet how to convince my people of this? What words even to put such a serious accusation in? Should I say "Believe that Iron Bull has done this thing; why? Because he seemed disappointed that Manetohcoa did not name him Sachem; and it was he who found the body."

And against this we had had an Erie attack scarcely more than two fortnights ago, and an Erie hatchet in the Prophet's scalp tonight!

Motives for Iron Bull to slay the Prophet? Manetohcoa did not name him Sachem;—but Waupeka and Tokacon might as well be charged for all that motive. Motive for the Eries? Perchance the Prophet stumbled upon one lying in ambush on the river-bank.

Apparent motive for my accusing Iron Bull if I did so? Fear, and a desire to rid myself of a jealous and disappointed rival for the Sachemship.

It would be worse than folly to accuse Iron Bull under these circumstances. Indeed, I found my own convictions weakening, and began to wonder if indeed my instinctive distrust of the man had not led me to suspect him groundlessly. Yet—

The council was assembled about the fire, and I had not yet decided what I should say—or indeed what stand I should take.

I set the matter briefly before the council. The Eries seemed to be provoking hostilities. They had tried to surprise the town a week ago, and now it seemed possible that it was they who had murdered a medicine-man of the Senecas. It was for the Keepers of the Door to decide what steps should be taken toward vengeance, or at least, reprisal.

One brave after another rose and spoke—some one way, some another. The old men seemed more generally for peace, the young men for war. Waupeka had spoken, and Tokacon, a few words—both for war.

The assembly listened with entire gravity. It was impossible to estimate how public feeling was running. Three or four of the graver matrons—Singing-Bird, the sister of Tokacon, and Swift-foot, his aunt, and Female Much-Talker—added their word of eminent good sense if little eloquence. Iron Bull was saving his weight for the final push to the balances, I felt. And I was right. After all who seemed intending to speak had delivered themselves, Iron Bull rose.

"My brothers, a shameful crime has been done. Private vengeance for the death of our great medicine-man is not sufficient: it must be the whole guilty nation which atones. Shall we fear to meet the spears of the Eries? Shall we loiter by the council-fire while foes at our very lodge-doors plot our destruction? Up bravest! Let us not shame our scalping-knives! Hasten! Burn! Kill! Slaughter the dogs and tear down their filthy kennels! Let blood extinguish their lodge-fires, and the strung scalps of the out-blotted nation swing and blacken in our wigwams!"

The young men's eyes kindled, and there came muttered cries of,

"*Paliton! Paliton! War! War!*"

Another and another sprang to his feet with hot words.

Then the Old Ogista rose.

Every murmur fell. Every eye was attentive upon him, the old man with the furrowed brow and powerful, thoughtful eye.

"My sons," he began, "I have been young and now am old. No longer do I delight in war for war's sake. Few among you can remember the days when Ogista was war-chief. Ogista is war-chief no longer. Yet he remembers. He remembers the glories of war. But he remembers also the sad things of war. He remembers the graves opened at the home-coming of the warriors. He remembers the wailing of women and the crying of little children. He knows that the shedding of innocent blood is not good in the sight of Hawenneyu. Let us demand vengeance of the Eries for our Prophet, but let us maintain peace, that our wives may till the fields in surety and our children grow up to manhood in happiness and plenty."

There was some slow nodding of heads among the older men, and two or three of the younger ones rose and spoke in much the same strain. It seemed as if the day were won for Peace. We had reckoned without Pontilogah. Into the midst of us she sprang, her young form quivering with mingled timidity and crude pride at her audacity, her eyes blazing with scorn, her voice ringing out in splendid defiance.

"Yea, verily, Oh, bravest! Make peace with the Erie dogs! Give them of our kettles to lick! Give them the bones of the slaughtered Prophet to gnaw and bury in their caches! Stroke them that they may stretch their brute mouths in brute-laugh at you! Be women like the Delawares! Be squawmen—Braid your scalp-locks with beads and take the paint from your faces! Go out and till the fields of the Eries! Aye, be their squaws! Let the other four Nations find they have set women to keep the door of the Long-House—!"

In an instant I was on my feet. I know not what I said. The words poured forth fast, torrent-wise, carried her words away on their impetuous flood, and then gradually grew smoother and quieter till at last we might speak of Peace, and I saw the day was won.

Quickly then I went on to propose my plan. The great event of the year among us is the great ball-game. A whole nation flocks to see it. The young men train for

it from their babyhood, and he who can make the first goal, may have his choice of the maidens. Let now the Eries be challenged to a ball-game, and our difficulties be settled in bloodless battle.

The novelty of the idea tickled the fancy of many whom the consideration of peace had little weight with.

There was a long silence, but it was pregnant with assent. Iron Bull sat scowling darkly, Tokacon's eyes were cold with displeasure, and Waupeka was visibly disgusted, as became a gallant warrior.

I watched their faces keenly.

Minutes passed.

There was no change in Iron Bull's expression nor in Waupeka's; but Tokacon's eyes had narrowed craftily.

More time passed.

Suddenly Iron Bull's angry gaze roving over the assembly met Tokacon's fixed upon him, waiting for the encounter. An odd glance flashed from Tokacon to Iron Bull, and was answered wonderingly.

Tokacon rose and spoke for peace.

Iron Bull at once followed suit. He had erred in his zealous love for the reputation of the Senecas, but now he could see the wisdom of our sire's words. For peace, he.

The war-wishers heard this two-fold defection in consternation. Waupeka held out gallantly for war, but it was of no use. Tokacon's action had been a graceful yielding to the inevitable.

I doubted the completeness of the yielding.

XV.

I came from the council glowing with triumph, treading on air. I had drunk deep of the wine of mastery.

Then it was that I met Pontilogah face to face and she turned aside to let me pass. There was a tired little droop to her pretty shoulders. I grew suddenly pitiful with the feeling that somehow I had called to aid a ponderous machinery, and crushed some proud fragile thing. I turned and looked after her. There was so little of her usual proud self-sufficiency in the listless step with which she had passed me. I longed to take the weary, weary child in my arms—woo her gently as a strong man should—woo her hotly as a lover should, and not alone with words—woo her reverently, as one must woo the woman whom one loves.

"Cousin, you yet exist! Monkaushka is proud to claim the eloquent Sachem as his friend," came an oily voice at my elbow.

I turned, not overmuch pleased at the interruption, and answered gravely:

"Sagehjowa is Monkaushka's friend truly, as he is the friend of all his people."

Somewhat abashed, the old hypocrite continued: "Monkaushka has set out tobacco and melons on his mat in baskets marvelously woven by the Female Hard Hand for Sagehjowa."

I knew that if it had been the war-party who had won, it would have been Tokacon for whom the baskets would have been marvelously woven by the Female Hard Hand, yet I accepted the invitation with grave courtesy.

In truth the baskets were marvelously woven, and the melons were ripe and firm and cool, and we sat upon the mat in the bright noonday, and I thought of Pontilogah with the defiance of defeat in her eyes as it had been when she passed me, and the little droop of the shoulders. Then my vision ran back and I saw her as she had looked at the council when I caught up her speech and hurried it on to my own end: at first flaming with her own fire of indignation; then called out of herself by my words; mastered and carried away. I had seen her without seeing her—sitting leaned slightly forward, hanging on my words; her skin flushed to loveliness, her eyes shining like stars, her lips parted by the quick warm breath. And after that,—the realization of defeat; the shame, the broken pride, the defiance, and the weariness.

Still Monkaushka's bland voice flowed on: "Yes, she was a fine woman; a fine woman. There was none finer among the Chippeways. Monkaushka knew at once when he set eyes upon her that this was the partner of his joy and sorrow. Therefore he went boldly up to her and pointed the two first fingers of his hands at her, and she followed so quick that he could hardly keep ahead of her.

"Yes, my cousin, she followed Monkaushka straight away from the Chippeways to his lodge in the Long-House. Thus hath she lived twenty years with Monkaushka always faithful—faithful—always faithful—and she has born Monkaushka many children."

"Yet Monkaushka is not faithful to his wife," I remarked.

"No," he sighed, "Sagehjowa speaks truth. Monkaushka deeply regrets his errors—and yet—the women, my cousin knows, the women tempt. And when all has been said, it is in truth Hard Hand's fault."

"Indeed?" said I, raising my eyebrows and smiling; "How so?"

"Hard Hand has not been willing that Monkaushka should have another wife." He seemed lost for a moment in reminiscences. A fat smile creased the corners of his mouth. "One time, many winters ago, a very beautiful captive maid of the Hurons loved Monkaushka. Therefore he took her to his lodge, and directed Hard Hand to spread a mat for her. But Hard Hand picked the maiden up and carried her and threw her into the river; Hard Hand has ducked so many children that when she is displeased—" he looked at me uneasily, possibly wondering how long my memory was—"and, of course," he swelled with heroism, "of course, Monkaushka jumped in after the maiden and rescued her."

That lie must have taken many winters of practice.

"Then did Hard Hand spread a mat for the maiden?"

"No. Monkaushka and the maiden went off to the woods. No one might give Hard Hand meat or fish while Monkaushka was gone. If she would not obey her husband she must starve. It is the Iroquois way.

"After a week Monkaushka thought Hard Hand must be hungry. So he led his new bride to the town and entered his wigwam and said very grandly: 'Wife, you yet exist. Spread a mat for Monkaushka's new and best-loved wife.' She spread the mat. She was very hungry.

"Two—three days passed. Then there was a feast, and that night Monkaushka slept heavily. In the morning his new wife was lying dead upon the mat with a hatchet in her skull."

He stared at me dramatically.

"Hard Hand is a fine woman," he added in comment. "A fine brave woman, and faithful—but jealous, very jealous."

"Hard Hand is jealous?" echoed Waupeka, who had come up unnoticed and now dropped easily down near us and reached out for a melon.

"Very jealous," responded Monkaushka gloomily. "But Monkaushka keeps her un-

der, Monkaushka keeps her under," he added hastily.

Waupeka laughed.

Monkaushka turned a suspicious glance upon him. Then: "Does the very great Sachem hear the crying of the young man who has the toothache?" he asked with great dignity.

Waupeka laughed again, but I replied seriously: "Sagehjowa can scarcely help hearing it, the eternal 'Wah! Wah! *Npummaumpiteunck! Npummaumpiteunck!*' Why should a brave roll upon the ground and howl 'Wah! Wah! *Npummaumpiteunck! Npummaumpiteunck!*' when he has the toothache?"

Waupeka shook his head gravely. "Toothache is very bad."

And yet Waupeka has a scar where a poisoned barb was cut out of him and the wound closed with boiling tar, and he never quivered a muscle nor drew an uneven breath from start to finish.

"Who is the one—who-has-the-toothache?" I asked, after a pause.

"He is named Nootamis,* my brother," answered Waupeka. "He is a very brave young man, and has more scalps in his wigwam than any other of our young men."

"Huh! Yet he cries over an ache in a tooth!"

Waupeka raised his eyes questioningly. I felt myself reproved, and repented of my churlishness.

In fact I finally went out to pluck the herbs for a poultice which I knew how to make, and which was especially efficacious for toothache.

"Whither goes my brother?" asked Waupeka's eyes.

"Into the woods," I replied aloud, and then, feeling his mingled desire and hesitancy, I added: "Come with me."

XVI.

The herb was scarce, and it was dark night before we left our search, and turned toward home.

There was no moon, but a treasure-bin of fine-cut stars, lavishly flung out upon the velvet blue-black overhead, lighted our path.

"And to think," I said—we had not spoken for many hours—"to think that perchance each one of them may be a little world like ours."

Waupeka gazed off over the wide dark

* Nootamis.

prairie. "And perchance filled with men?" he asked hesitatingly; "men like Sagehjowa and Waupeka?"

"Aye, perchance," I answered. "And mayhap very like to us. For Sagehjowa has seen the men of more races than one, and found them, in the vital things, very like. And who knows but what the Star-Dwellers may also be kin in the great facts of their natures, to each other and to us."

"Yet the Heaven-Dwellers, the Carrey-agaroona, are gods," breathed Waupeka.

"And we, too, mayhap, are gods in embryo," I smiled. "So the Holy Fathers teach."

He replied slowly. "Waupeka has sometimes felt a stirring of something bound within him, a fluttering as a bird flutters in the snare. Perchance there is a god snared in us, who struggles to be free. Is this what my brother means?"

"Somewhat. I am no teacher, and I scarce myself know what I mean. There are so many teachings. If I should tell you, Waupeka, that there is but one Supreme Being and his name is *God*, what should you say?"

"Waupeka would reply that he has long known that there is a Great Spirit above all things else, and that Waupeka calls him Hawenneeyu, which may be, in my brother's language, *God*."

I meditated upon this, and it seemed to me marvelously simple and marvelously sage. "Yet if I told you that the one true God is not the Hawenneeyu whom Waupeka and his brothers worship, and that Waupeka and his brothers must learn to worship another God than Hawenneeyu and cast out Hawenneeyu as a lie, or suffer punishment, what then?"

"Then would Waupeka reply: 'Hawenneeyu is the true god of Waupeka and his brothers, revealed in their hearts; if your God were a greater would not he have revealed himself to us? It may be that the people among whom Sagehjowa has lived know a true God; if so, it is good for them to worship him. Waupeka and his people know a true god; therefore it is good to worship him. They may be different gods,—Waupeka knows not these things—but if they be so, surely the All-Wisdom has seen that different peoples need different gods, and has known to reveal the right god to the right people.'"

We were standing upon a hummock with five or six little trees growing stiffly out of it. Below us lay a stretch of plain and a little grass-edged pool in which, a minute before, the stars had been reflected. Now they were suddenly blotted out.

"Uh," said Waupeka in an undertone. "Rain. Let us seek the lodge of Muttering Thunder."

He did not speak again for some time, but I felt that he was still thinking about it.

"But Waupeka feels that it is one Great Spirit with many names," he said at last.

After that we talked no more, but hurried on to the lodge of Muttering Thunder, musing upon the things that it is difficult to utter.

We left the open, clambered over rotting logs, skirted fallen tree-tops and piles of old brush, and found ourselves at the tall pyramidal door-way of the lodge of Muttering Thunder; a monster sycamore, full forty feet about, and containing a hollow chamber a generous twelve feet in diameter.

I looked about me in great satisfaction, the more pronounced that at the moment the storm burst in torrents.

"Wherefore does Waupeka call the giant tree 'the lodge of Muttering Thunder?'" I asked idly, as we spread down our raccoon-skins upon the bark floor.

"Muttering Thunder was of the Senecas long ago; a brave who did evil in the sight of Hawenneeyu and slew his mother. Wherefore he heard the whisperings of the Underworld People debating what to do to him, he fled in mad terror. But the Onasahroona stole up through a crevice of the earth, and came upon his trail, always a little behind him, but not far. So that finally he climbed up into the top of this sycamore, which was then not cleft, and dropped down into the hollow within the trunk, knowing that the feet of the Onasahroona could not leave the earth. And for many years he dwelt there in hiding, and the Onasahroona searched, and whispered, and searched, but could not find him.

"And then one night Muttering Thunder without cause began to cry out in a dreadful voice, and cleaved the tree with his axe. And the Onasahroona took him down through the crevice in the earth. And now and again as the years go by Muttering Thunder's muffled voice is heard echoing in the vaults of the underworld; and the earth shakes as

he heaves his mighty axe, striving to cleave the earth as he cleaved the tree. Hark!"

From the bowels of the earth came a groaning and muttering, and the ground quaked. A blood-curdling shriek cleaved the blackness outside. Waupeka and I stared through the darkness toward each other.

Then, with a short laugh at the trick my nerves had played me, I stepped outside the tree-trunk and called "Oho!"

There was a pause, then a trembling voice came back: "Who calls?"

I laughed again, with something of relief. "Sagehjowa, Sachem of the Senecas."

There was a great crashing among the tree-tops and brush, and a hasty: "Wait! wait! I come!"

It was Big Antlers, one of the mightiest of our warriors. Of a truth, superstition makes cowards of us all.

We spread our mantles once more upon the floor, and lay down to sleep.

Slumber would not come to me, however. My mind had harked back to our previous conversation. The Great Question tormented me with its eternal unanswer. I thought Waupeka was right, and yet—and yet—

I strove to draw my mind from it with other thoughts.

What was my mission to my people?

I had studied them for eight years. I, from my vantage-point of education saw many things clearly which they saw not at all. But how to make them see with my eyes?

Big Antlers was breathing heavily in sleep, but I heard Waupeka turn restlessly, and I spoke to him in a low tone.

"My brother is waking?"

"Waupeka cannot sleep. The many thoughts in Waupeka's soul keep slumber from his eyes."

"Sagehjowa is troubled by visions. He has lived among the pale-eyed people, and he has read the histories of many peoples that are no more. He has seen that the people that will not learn go down beneath the marching feet of the people that learn. Sometimes he fears that his people will so go down."

"Waupeka understands not the words of his brother."

"It is this, Sagehjowa's vision. He sees the lands of the pale-eyed people grow crowded and barren. He sees the pale-eyed

people take their great winged canoes and bridge therewith the mysterious salt-river that lies between them and the land of the red man. Across this slender bridge he sees the crowded lands pour their superflux into the vast of the new land.

"Then will it be striven who shall have the new land: they to whom it belongs from Hawenneeyu, or they to whom it belongs from necessity."

"And because the white man learns and the red man will not learn, the red man will go down beneath the westward march of the white man. That march has already begun. Some half-centuries, and then—we shall go down."

"Paniton: let it be," responded Waupeka reverently. "If it is, it is by the will of Hawenneeyu."

"No! It rests with us to decide whether it shall be or shall not be. Will Waupeka say: 'It is the will of Hawenneeyu that I die,' while there is yet a drop of blood left in his veins?"

"My brother speaks true," he cried, fired at last. Life is, after all, the chiefest birth-right. "Yet Waupeka sees not why there should not be room in the land both for his brothers and for Sagehjowa's pale-faced friends."

"Perchance for the reason that in all the vast hunting-grounds of the Oheeyo there is not room for both the Eries and the Iroquois," I replied.

"And why should it be Waupeka's brothers who should be slain?" he continued proudly. "Can the white-faced warriors draw truer bows or hurl mightier spears?"

"It is not that," I returned sadly. "It lies deeper than fighting-power. It is more living-power—the fitness to live. In all this great land, from the East to the West, the name of the Iroquois is known and respected. The people of the Long House are greater than all other peoples in all the land. When it is a question of extermination, it is the other tribe which goes out. And why? Because the Iroquois are best fitted to live. You have the highest civilization, the highest development."

"But what is there further? You have developed the utmost possibilities of The Hunter State. For two hundred years you have remained stagnant, hunting and fishing living from hand to mouth, with no thought

for the future of yourselves, your children, or your race. You are held by this dam, The Hunter State. Until you break the dam and defy with the flood-tide of progress the barriers builded in the past, you are bound to stagnate. If you would not drop in the onward march and be trampled on, you must learn of your neighbor-peoples how better to form your caravan. That is the secret: to learn of others."

"Why should the red man learn of this white man?" replied Waupeka proudly. "If he cannot work things out for himself, let him die—he is no hanger-on at life's feast. If he has not in himself the right to sit in the circle of Living Ones about the fire, let him be cast into outer darkness. Shall he beggarize his race? Shall he cheaply mimic this white brother? Shall he steal the knowledge of living which this white man has? No! Take from him his life, but leave him his pride of being that one whom he is."

I was stirred by the words. I too am an Indian. "Thou hast said, Waupeka," I answered deeply. "We must learn for ourselves or not at all."

We lay, each thinking the other's thoughts for a time.

At last Waupeka said, more gently: "But my brother is a dreamer of dreams. These things will never come. The Hodenosaunee will live on forever. The white man will never come to the red man's land. Has he not a land of his own?"

"He has come already," I said.

"Then will the red man welcome him as one welcomes a guest-friend. He will take him to his town-house and give him to eat of his fruits and game; he will burden him with pelts and fine wampum. He will say: 'The great fire of the red man is the great fire of the white man,' and the white man and the red man will live as brothers in the red man's land."

I made no answer. It is of my faults that I am ever too greatly busied with thinking, an occupation which ill befits any but a priest; and my heart misgave me lest I might lead Waupeka into the unsoldier-like habit. It is well to think, but it is better to do.

But our talk had awakened Big Antlers, and he now burst forth: "Who talks of massacre? Are not the Iroquois the most powerful tribe in the earth? Is not their name known and feared the length and breadth of all that is? Can they not take the scalps of any ten tribes that uniting should come against them? So long as the turtle's back sustains the earth beneath our feet, so long will the Iroquois hold the people of the earth in trembling dread.

"And who talks of learning? Is there aught that the gods give men to know that the Iroquois know not? How to make paint for his body from the colored juices of plants mixed with the sour juice of the wild sweet-scented crab-apple, how to prepare all manner of foods for his hunger, how to take the scalp of the foe, how to draw a strong bow, how to build him his wigwam for summer and his lodge for winter, how to wed wives and rear children and worship the gods? Is there aught else? What then should the Iroquois learn? And were there aught, to whom should he stoop for teaching?"

The dawn was come before our talk was done.

As we approached the town, I bearing my basket of herbs for the unfortunate Nootamis's toothache, Tokacon joined us. He had a birch-bark basket in which were three small paw-paws, hard and making scant pretence to ripeness.

Waupeka glanced at his moccasins and said: "My brother also has been out all night on the long trail."

Tokacon's eyes assented.

"My brother hath a fondness for paw-paws?" I remarked.

"Tokacon's squaw lies upon the mat and eats nothing, and her heart desired these," replied Tokacon briefly.

I glanced at my cold-eyed crafty-tongued war-chief in some surprise. A word of the pretty Oneeta's flashed into my mind: "Tokacon is of a very great heart. Sometime he and Sagehjowa will be brothers."

I had laughed, at the time, but now it occurred to me to wonder how much of prophecy there might be in the saying.

(To be continued)

THE TRANSFERRED VOTE

By IDA ALEXANDER

"I isn't that I can't understand election excitement," said the drummer, tilting back the chair accommodately placed outside the village store. "No, sir. I can appreciate that as well as the next one. Why, in 'Frisco, the crowds will rock electric cars, as you would a child's cradle, and hurrah till they're hoarse. That's all well enough, and natural. It means a whole lot to the country at large who's president. And every one has a spice of interest in senators and congressmen. What gets me is to see as quiet a place as this all worked up about the election of a measly little supervisor, with a salary of—say sixty or seventy dollars a month."

"Fifty—jest fifty, Bill," corrected the storekeeper, "but the salary ain't here nor there—"

"They'll look to its increase, I suppose?" said the drummer, with a coarse laugh.

"Not Stafford," said an unexpected voice. The storekeeper started.

"Why, Seth, where did you drop from?"

"I left my team at McKenzie's—got to be shod all 'round—an' walked up."

"Well," drawled the drummer, "why not Stafford?"

"Because he ain't that kind."

"How do you know? Oh, yes, present incumbent, isn't he? But first terms don't prove much. They're on their good behavior. The big steal comes in the second or third term. Put Misbee there—or any other man—it'll be all right—at first."

"At last, too, with Stafford," Seth Thompson said, quietly.

"Well, have it your own way. For my part, I'm rather in favor of Misbee—'under dog,' you know."

"We ain't sure yet, Bill, that he air the under dog," said the storekeeper, glancing apologetically from face to face. "It's a-goin' to be a hard fight—a hard fight."

The drummer brought the chair to the ground, with a sudden movement. His interest in the conversation had waned. "I've got to move on. You'll want to give me a big order for cigars, Fresher. You'll need them,

whatever way it turns out. For me, let the best man win."

"I believe he wull," said Seth Thompson. "Gimme a pound o' tea, an' a piece o' bacon, Mr. Fresher, an' I'll be gittin' along, too. The team'll be most done by the time I git there."

The sound of his cheery whistle came back to them as he strode away.

"Now, why's he so stuck on Stafford?" mused the drummer aloud. "Aren't relations, are they? Though there's something about the eyes of each that suggests the other."

"I think—I believe, Bill, that something is honesty—but I ain't sure," he added, hastily, as the drummer blew a cloud of smoke in the air, and laughed, "Honesty! Bah!"

* * * * *

Seth Thompson drove slowly home, letting the horses go at their own sweet will. They were heavy work-horses, neither young nor beautiful, but he viewed them with proud and loving eyes.

"I'd had to give up, only fur them," he said to himself; "fur them an' Stafford."

"Seth! oh, Seth!" called a voice from a passing carriage, "hold up a minute!"

"Why, Judge Bascom, who'd o' thought o' seein' you? But I was jest thinkin' o' you. Goin' to ride a piece with me?"

"Yes, I think I will," said the Judge, climbing into the clumsy wagon and calling to the astonished coachman: "Drive on! I'll walk back!"

The Judge took off his fur-lined glove and clasped Seth Thompson's roughened, reddened hand.

"Well, Seth, how have things been going? Your way?"

"Wal—no—not exactly. I were jest thinkin' I'd hev had to give up, but fur my team."

"Ah!" said the Judge.

"But now," continued Seth, cheerfully, "I think the turn's made. My boy Jim's

gittin' big enough to manage the team, an' hold down the county work. That'll give me a chance to run the farm, an' it'll be hard lines if I don't make it pay, the way I intend to work. With that, an' the road money comin' in steady, I expect to make things hum. There's nothin' beats steady money."

"No," agreed the Judge, "there isn't. Seth, how are you going to vote?"

"Why, a straight ticket. I've done that ever since I voted."

"But suppose I asked you to scratch a name? It's something I never asked a man before, but, somehow, Seth, I feel sure you'll do it for me."

"There wouldn't be much you'd ask me that I'd say 'no' to, that's a fact. But votin'—that's somethin' I never done fur a man before."

"Well, Seth, I'll tell you. The man I'm asking you to vote against is a man that has done me an injury, and I'm scouring the country to beat him. I'll land him high and dry, if it takes every dollar I've got."

Seth Thompson slipped the reins into his left hand, and held out his right.

"I'm with you. The man you feel that way to air too mean to win."

"Thank you, Seth. I knew I could depend on you. As I was saying, Stafford has—why, what's the matter?"

"Nothin'," said Seth, with a mirthless laugh, "nothin'—except if it hadn't been fur Stafford, we'd hev starved. Don't think I ain't rememberin' you give me a hand first. I ain't never furgot that. But—it's this way—if you're sunk deep in the mud, one pull don't get you out. The second hand's as necessary as the first. An' he give me that."

The Judge thought a moment. He still held the work-worn hand Seth Thompson had reached out to him. Somehow, it seemed to tell a story to him—strong, ill-shaped, roughened by work, but honest and clean. He swallowed once or twice, and cleared his throat. Then over the hand his right hand held, he laid his left.

"Seth, don't think any more about it. Life is too short for politics to make friends enemies. And, after all, a man is what he is to you. He may be a rascal to the rest of the world, but if to you he has done one kind action you're right to remember that alone. Vote according to your conscience. You

won't go far wrong. Good-by, good luck; and whoever is suited, may the best man win!"

And then Seth was alone, jogging slowly over the pleasant country road. His head was bent in thought and the cheery whistle was not heard again. At last he lifted his head and looked before him with troubled eyes, yet eyes that did not waver.

"I give him my word," he said aloud, "an' I'll keep it."

But the keeping of it was a bitter thing. No little of the bitterness lay in the fact that he must keep the change secret. Not only for the sake of those dependent on him but for those others whose weak stand was firmer, from the staunchness of the stronger man.

It had been easy before to talk to the doubtful ones of Stafford—of his fairness, his justice, and his generosity; the improvement of the roads under his direction; the increase of wages; the shortening of the working hours. Seth's simple eloquence had won many a wavering vote. But the gift was gone, or else he felt himself unworthy. Of the election, drawing near, he spoke not at all. The country people marveled at, then resented, his change of attitude.

The morning of the election dawned crisp and clear; a typical November morning, a day to send the sluggish blood dancing through the veins and make one feel that it is good to be alive. Three times Seth Thompson started for the election booth, and thrice his courage failed him. But at last it was done. Stafford's name—the only one he had other than party interest in—was blank, and a quavering cross marked the name of P. J. Misbee, candidate for supervisor. The very horses seemed to share his mood, as he drove homeward. They went slowly, with drooping heads, and "shied," as if ashamed, at a wagon, decorated with huge banners, bearing the inscription: "Vote for Lemuel B. Stafford for Supervisor. 'An honest man's the noblest work of God.'"

"He air," was Seth's comment.

It had been his custom to haunt the election booth, joyfully or sorrowfully hearing the "returns," but it was the next morning before he could bear to go near the place again.

The election officers, who had worked all night, seemed weary, but the rest were jubilant. He touched the man nearest him,

"Hello, Seth, heard the news? A clean sweep. Teddy's in, and—"

"But—but," stammered Seth, "how about Stafford?"

"All right. Elected by one vote. Any of us can claim we put him in."

"One vote?"

"That's the way it stands now, and local returns are pretty well in. Of course, it may be altered, and if it's that close, Misbee'll likely contest it, but old Lem'll make good, I hope. Here he is now."

Stafford, laughing, shaking hands and jostling the crowd, finally reached them.

"Well, Ashton," he said, cordially shaking hands, "it has been a big victory—I don't mean mine. I have little to boast of. Wait a minute, Seth. I've been looking for you. I couldn't very well tell you before election, as it might have looked like a bribe. The water-wagon is to be yours—a summer's job—and with the other road work, you'll soon be a 'bloated bondholder,' won't you? What's that? You can't take it? Don't be childish. You're the man for the place. I have the giving of it and it's little enough to the man who elected me."

As he spoke, he put his arm affectionately around the other's shoulder.

"Don't," said Seth, shaking him off. "I didn't. I went agin you."

The other fell back.

"You. I—I wouldn't have expected it, Seth."

"No," said Seth, "I allow you wouldn't."

"But suppose," Stafford continued without cordiality, "I should still insist that you take the place, as a curiosity? You seem to be the only man I've met who didn't vote for me."

"I won't take it, anyway," Seth repeated doggedly.

"Have it your own way, then," Stafford replied.

* * * * *

"Hold on a minute, Seth!"

The same voice—almost the same words—at which he had joyfully stopped, two short weeks before, but now he kept on.

"Wait, Seth!"

At the peremptory voice he stood still, almost as his own work-horses might have done. But the Judge's eyes did not seek his face, but looked over, beyond him, till they rested on the frank, angry eyes of Lemuel Stafford.

"Mr. Stafford," he began, in his courteous, well-modulated voice, "this interview, believe me, displeasing as it is to you, is more so to me. I shall detain you but a moment. Another man must not suffer for the sins of Breckinridge Bascom. At my request, my most unwarranted request, against his wish and judgment, with heart, head and hand rebelling, Seth Thompson cast his vote. It was my fault entirely. I did my best to beat you," he concluded, more frankly than he had spoken.

His eyes held those of the younger man, as those keen, gray eyes had a way of doing.

"Why?" Lemuel Stafford asked, softly.

"You know—that article in the 'Tribune,'" the Judge said, stiffening as he spoke.

"I did not write it!"

"Man!" thundered the Judge, as if from the bench, "why didn't you deny it?"

"Before election?" queried Lemuel Stafford.

"Seth," said the Judge, "come here. Now suppose two friends—old, tried, idiotic, quarrelsome friends—had a misunderstanding and found it out, how would you advise them to make up?"

"I dunno any better way," said Seth Thompson, glancing from face to face, "than to jest shake hands."



THE WISDOM OF A OUIJA BOARD

By ARTHUR RENWICK O'HARA

"AND so I come in to speak a few words with your talkin' board," said Grandma Thorp's unknown guest, after she had given a circumstantial account of her recent arrival in the community. "I've heard it was chock full of wisdom."

Mrs. Thorp's granddaughters, Betty Reese, a callow, leggy fledgeling of fourteen summers, and Miss Lydia Martin, a teacher in the village school, and who, at the age of three-and-twenty, bore in both attire and manner the unmistakable signs of what we Middle Westerners call a "born old maid," exchanged looks of disgust.

"She means the Ouija," said Betty, in a disdainful aside. "Well, can't people be fools!"

For the benefit of the unenlightened I will say that the Ouija (pronounced Weeja) consists of a highly polished board about two feet wide and two and one-half feet in length. Painted upon its shining surface are the letters of the alphabet, arranged in two half-circles. In the lower left-hand corner is the word "yes," while "no" is to be found in the opposite corner. At the top of the board is the word "good-bye." Accompanying the board is a tiny three-legged table, with its feet tipped with felt.

The manipulation of the Ouija is extremely simple. The table is placed on the board, and any two persons by placing the tips of the fingers of both hands lightly on the table-top can cause it to move quickly over the alphabet, spelling long sentences, or answering questions with ease. Indicating the proper letters by resting the solitary front-foot upon them for a brief moment.

Many persons regard these messages as direct communications from their spirit friends, while others, less serious-minded, regard the whole thing as a stupendous joke.

However, Ouija has been known to answer questions and deliver messages on affairs absolutely unknown to the persons who were apparently manipulating the table, and once I saw the Ouija spell correctly and without

hesitation long communications when both manipulators were blindfolded; but that, to quote the oft-quoted Mr. Kipling, is another story.

Grandma Thorp brought forth the Ouija and painstakingly explained its workings to her interested visitor. "It runs better for my two granddaughters than for any one else. It doesn't tell fibs with them," she said proudly.

"Now, Grandma," said Miss Lydia, meaningly, "you know what I told you." She turned to their guest, apologetically. "So many people come here for us to run the Ouija," she explained; "they think because we're spiritualists that we're bound to do weird and uncanny things. They can't seem to get it through their skulls that anybody can use it.

"It doesn't always tell the truth. For all we know its some kind of animal magnetism that runs it. I'll declare I sometimes think that we push it without intending to do it. You see, it runs so lightly that the least effort would move it. I know, often, when some one asks it a question, the answer will pop right into my mind, before the Ouija has time to spell it.

"Why, I know lots of times just what the Ouija is going to say—even if it's a name that I never heard before or something I don't know anything about."

"That proves to my mind that she catches the spirit messages before they reach the Ouija," said Grandma Thorp firmly.

"Well, people have told such ridiculous tales about the way it moves for us that I've made up my mind never to touch it again," said Lydia. "I heard the other day that all I had to do was to hold my hands above the little table and it went kiting around over the board, spelling out messages without a soul touching it. I wonder what kind of a freak they think I am?"

"They'll be telling that the Ouija follows you back and forth to school, next," observed Betty, "like Mary's little lamb."

Their visitor, a worn, sharpfeatured woman of middle age, drooped in evident disappointment for a moment. Then she drew a half dollar from her shabby purse. "Here's a fifty-cent piece," she said, holding it out to Lydia, who reddened angrily, and made no movement to take the proffered coin.

"They don't do it for pay," interposed Grandma Thorp hastily.

The visitor looked at the girls appealingly. "I have to work mighty hard," she said slowly, "and I have a tough time of it. There's things it would help me a heap to know."

The girls exchanged glances of understanding. In dignified silence they placed the board upon their knees and their fingertips upon the tiny table which instantly glided around on the alphabet with something of the motions of an accomplished skater upon the ice.

"I can't read print," said the visitor apologetically.

"Never mind," answered Betty, suddenly unbending, "we will tell you just what it writes. It says that it is Sarah Amelia."

"Oh, is it?" exclaimed the interested visitor, and, addressing the Ouija, she said: "Howdy, Sairey Amelia?"

At this juncture a noise like the sudden uncorking of a champagne bottle called Grandma's attention to Betty, who was so violently agitated that even her beribboned pigtail vibrated from the intensity of her emotions. "Now, see here, Betty," Grandma admonished her, "don't you begin your giggling."

During this diversion the guest had been watching the board and its skating-table expectantly. "It is waiting for you to ask questions," explained Lydia.

"Was he good to you, Sairey Amelia?" questioned the visitor, and promptly the little table glided down to "no."

"Uh, huh! I thought so," said the interlocutor, in the tone of one whose deeply-rooted convictions have been verified. "Mean to the children, too, I s'pose?" and to this the Ouija assented. "I s'pose you had a worse time than me?" queried the visitor, and once more the Ouija glided to "yes"; then it spelled out the sentence: "Life was very hard."

"Pore soul!" said the visitor, sympathetically, when the message was delivered.

"Yes, yes, you pore dear! I know it was hard; but it's over now. And you know I'm doin' my best by the children—"

"Who is Sarah Amelia?" interrupted Betty, ever a prey of violent curiosity.

"My husband's first wife," said the visitor simply. "Me and Silas ain't been married quite a year."

"Then the children are not yours?" said Grandma Thorp questioningly.

"No, but Sairey Amelia can't set no more store by 'em than I do. I ain't afeared to say that right here to her face; I'd love to have you see 'em, Mrs. Thorp," said the visitor. "They're as purty and nice-mannered as little dukes and little dukesses."

"I am sure they are," replied Grandma Thorp, quelling Betty's rising giggles with the awful severity of her eyes. "You must bring them to see me some time," she said kindly.

"Do you hear that, Sairey Amelia?" demanded the gratified stepmother, beaming at the Ouija. "Our children are a-bein' took notice of."

"It says: 'I am often with you and the children,'" reported Lydia.

The visitor looked thoughtful. "I dunno as I'm glad of that," she said slowly. "Leastwise, not jest any time. Of course there's lots of times when it would be a real pleasure to have her, and then again—you see Silas—he sometimes—well, you know how men are. It most kills me when he is mean to 'em, and I s'pose it's harder on her. I hate to think she has to stand by and see it."

"Sarah Amelia," said Grandma Thorp, stirred to the very depths of her tender heart, "don't you think your children have a good stepmother?"

"As good as gold," spelled the Ouija rapidly. The visitor's worn face flushed to the roots of her faded auburn hair with pleasure. "I'm-a thousand times obleeged to you for them kind words, Sairey Amelia, and I sha'n't ever furgit 'em!" she cried delightedly. "I'm sure you are as good as gold yourself. I'm real pleased to have met you, and I don't know when I ever enjoyed a visit so much," she concluded politely.

"You said there were some questions that you'd like to ask," hinted Betty.

"Sairey Amelia," said the visitor earnestly, "I want you to tell me where that twelve hundred dollars is that my Uncle Joshua willed me. If I had it I'd buy a little place

here in town so the children could go to school. I can make a right smart living with my carpet weavin' and our children could be like other folks' children. I want 'em to have some of the things that you an' me wanted in our young days and never got."

"If that isn't just like a woman!" ejaculated Lydia. "A woman is always determined that her children shall have all the advantages and opportunities that she was deprived of in her own childhood, but a man who has had no advantages don't think his children need any. He thinks what was good enough for him is good enough for them, also."

The visitor listened to this discourse attentively. "I must say that you're real knowin'," she said to Lydia. "I never heard anybody say that before; but it's true as gospel."

"Now, Lydia, you come down off your hobby horse, and let Sarah Amelia tell where the money is," advised Betty.

"Sairey Amelia," began the visitor, returning to the Ouija, "where must I go and what must I do to get that money?" "Burst Grandpa Martin's fiddle over Silas' head."

"It had orter be busted," said the visitor thoughtfully. "I've thought so many a time; but I'd hate to spile Grandpa's fiddle that he made when he was a boy."

"Maybe she thinks that your husband has the money and if you hit him a crack with the fiddle he'll hand it over," suggested Betty.

"Laws! No!" replied the visitor, not at all offended. "Uncle Joshua died twelve years ago and I never set eyes on Silas till last summer."

"It will talk foolishness sometimes," said Grandma Thorp apologetically. "Let me ask it. 'Sarah Amelia,'" she continued impressively: "I want you to pay attention. For your children's sake tell us about that money." And once more, through the Ouija, Sarah Amelia answered: "Break the fiddle over Silas' head." And stubbornly, over and over again, the Ouija repeated this message until at last it grew so late that Sarah Amelia's successor was compelled to depart.

"We'll call for Sarah Amelia every time we use the Ouija," Lydia assured her, "and if she tells anything we'll let you know." But in the midst of the important family events which in the following two weeks

crowded thick and fast into the Thorp family circle, Sarah Amelia; the auburn-haired visitor, and her lost legacy were quite forgotten. It was not until she suddenly reappeared a fortnight later that their interest revived.

"I jest had to come and tell you," she beamed. "The money's in my stockin' now. It was in bills."

"The twelve hundred!" they shrieked in unison.

The visitor nodded. "I done jest as Sairey Amelia advised me," she said, "and I got it."

"I said all the time Silas had it!" cried Betty. "I told you so!"

"Dear me, no!" negatived the visitor. "You see it was like this," she continued, determined not to be cheated out of a detailed account of the event. "The more I studied on what Sairey Amelia said, the surer I was that she knew what she was talkin' about. I felt a heap of respect for her judgment. I'd ketch myself a-sayin': 'Sairey Amelia works in a mysterious way her wonders to perform.'"

"I studied about it till I was a'most daffy. I jest went 'round a-argyin' with myself about it. I'd think to myself that whackin' that man over the head won't do a mite of good, and then again I'd think that Sairey Amelia wasn't goin' to advise it, 'lessen she meant it. It jest seemed like there was a Providence in it, for Silas sawed on the old fiddle continual. It 'peared like when Silas was about the house that fiddle was right to my hand."

"Well, one night, after I'd put the children to bed he was a-settin' a-sawin' away and a-hummin' 'Happy Day' to himself; when, all of a sudden, it come over me that then was the accepted time. I made up my mind that I'd do what she advised and if it didn't do any good it would be her fault and not mine."

"I jest walked up to Silas and took the fiddle and says I: 'I'm a-goin' to do somethin' that I don't s'pose you'll relish; but bear in mind that it's my duty and all for the best,' and with that I shet my eyes and brung the fiddle down kerspat on his head."

"Well, his head didn't give a mite though it did 'pear to ring holler, and the fiddle didn't give none either; but says I to myself: 'I don't raly know which of the two Sairey meant for me to bust; but I'll do my duty

and whichever one she meant to be busted will be busted,' and I fetched him another lick.

"That lick never feazed the fiddle, and Silas set there like he was stunted; but at the third whack the fiddle give way and, kerplow, somethin' rolled along the floor.

"I knowed instanter what it was. It was twelve one-hundred-dollar bills. You see, Uncle Joshua couldn't bear to see money spent; he knowed what store I set by Grandpa's fiddle and he 'lowed if he hid it there, I'd allus have it and yet not spend it. I'm a-goin' to dicker for the Peters' cottage this afternoon."

"It seems to me," remarked Betty, as their visitor arose to depart, "that Sarah Amelia took a very roundabout way of telling you. Why couldn't she have just told you right out where the money was and saved the fiddle and the wear and tear on Silas' skull."

The visitor shook her head, decisively.

"Sairey Amelia's head is level," she asserted. "Why, I wouldn't begrudge bustin' Grandpa's fiddle—even if the money hadn't been inside. Sairey Amelia knowed best. Silas is a changed man.

"After I busted the fiddle I told Silas how I come to do it and how Sairey Amelia said she was often with us, and his hair jest riz! Yes, Silas is a different man!

"I promised him that I wouldn't speak with her today. He was afeared that she'd tell me to smash somethin' heftier than an old fiddle on him, and he knows that I've got that respect for her judgment that I'd do it."

She paused in the little vine-clad, latticed porch and turned hesitatingly to Lydia. "I hate to bother you any more, after all you've done for the children and me," she said, "but I'd take it mighty kind if some time, when it was convenient, you'd give my love and best respects to Sairey Amelia."

GIVE ME A MAN

GIVE me a man who is bold and strong,
Whose blood flows red in his veins—
Who stands by friends, be they right or wrong,
Asks but a look for his pains.
Give me a man who speaks what he thinks,
And whose thoughts are always kind—
From his full soul a parched world drinks,
And finds him quite to its mind.

Give me a man who loves this old earth,
Loves Life for just Life's sake—
Nothing moves or breathes but has worth;
It is there but to give and take.
Give me a man with a great, kind heart,
With room for Saint or Sinner—
Who in joy or sorrow bears his part,
Bears it, loser or winner.

Give me a man who gives of his best,
Of muscle, and mind, and heart,
Who blows through life, with the keen-edged zest
That helped him on at the start.
Then give me a man who meets with death,
His eyes self-closed with a smile—
"I've breathed to its end a fragrant breath,
Now let me rest for awhile."

Willard Packard Hatch

"SINGLES"

By MYRA T. DIXON

JEREMIAH BROWNELL laid down the volume he was reading and looked about him with a frown. Through the open window floated in, now and then, the shrill voices of the Schelling children, the young brood of his colleague in Teutonic Literature, who lived across the way. No other sound disturbed the quiet of the library. The Professor's eyes roved restlessly around the room. Books were everywhere, shelves lined with them, tables and chairs littered with them, books on the sofa and books piled on the floor in circling breast-works around his Morris-chair.

The Professor arose and carefully picking his way across the room between tottering piles of dusty volumes, opened a closet door and took out a golf-bag and, after a moment's hesitation, an umbrella. He looked at this with some uncertainty, scraping his throat dubiously, then set it down, and picking up his cap from the sofa, swung the golf-bag over his shoulder and left the room. When he had reached the street, he turned and scanned the western horizon, to the great amusement of Mrs. Schelling, sitting at her window across the way sewing.

"There's 'Old Probabilities' studying the weather again, Karl!" she called out to her husband who was writing in his study. "Why didn't Jerry Brownell get married years ago and so have something to think about besides the weather! How absurd for him to build that big house and live in there all alone! There he goes back into the house again after his umbrella! He does that thing every time he starts anywhere. Say, Karl!"

"Well?"

"Little David asked Jerry Brownell yesterday where the mamma and all the little children were in his house."

A roar of laughter from the study greeted this.

"Well, Sally, if you don't stop talking to me, I'll never get this lecture finished and will perhaps envy Brownell his bachelorhood."

Whereupon little Mrs. Schelling pursed her lips tight together and left her husband

in peace. She fixed her eyes intently on the stocking she was darning. Hence she did not see Miss Jane Morris, artist and spinster, as she passed the house on the way to the golf-links.

Miss Morris, the only woman on the college faculty, was a very popular member of society. Her apartments, fitted out with quaint and artistic furnishings, were the scene of many charming, informal teas and chafing-dish parties, where Miss Morris, as hostess, presided with as picturesque grace as if she had in reality as well as in appearance stepped out of one of the quaint old portraits on the wall. This morning, however, she looked very modern, in a short golf-skirt and natty red sweater and Tam O'Shanter.

As Miss Morris approached the Brownell house, her artist's eye took in the broad sweeping lines of the mansion standing in the midst of its well-kept lawn, a genuine Colonial homestead from her own New England, set down in a middle-western landscape. But her expression of pleasure changed to one of contempt as she noticed the cramped little porch in front with the narrow steps leading up to it.

"Only wide enough for one person to walk on!" she ejaculated mentally. "If I lived in that house, the first thing I'd do would be to jerk off that porch and build on a broad veranda with wide steps. What a singular man he is, anyway!" and she glanced curiously at the closed green shutters, reflecting on the many anecdotes that were current about this bachelor Professor and his *menage*. But her musings suddenly came to an end, as she heard the door open on the funny little porch; and she quickened her steps, hurrying down the hill to take the cross-cut through the grove which lessened considerably the distance to the links. At first, as she sped along, she heard the heavy tread of Professor Brownell behind her, but it grew fainter as her own swift pace increased the distance between them.

When Jeremiah Brownell came out of his

house, he had seen a tall graceful figure ahead of him; but, as he was somewhat near-sighted, he had not at first realized who it was. When he did so, he unconsciously quickened his steps. But when he suddenly perceived the distance between himself and Miss Morris lessening, he came to his senses and awkwardly halted, coughing apologetically at his rashness. He stood for a few moments, apparently regarding with admiring interest the recent attempts at landscape gardening on his neighbors' lawns; then walked slowly on at a safe distance.

When Jane Morris reached the links she entered the club-house to leave her sweater and fetch her golf-bag from the locker. The veranda was entirely deserted this beautiful October afternoon; but inside, in the big hall, sat Mrs. Beaconfield embroidering, with an open book beside her. Mrs. Beaconfield was Miss Morris' special detestation. The wife of one of the head professors in chemistry and possessed of considerable wealth, she was generally regarded as one of the leaders of university society. Reared in Boston and distinctly related to the author of a well-known "History of the Wagner Drama," Mrs. Beaconfield posed as an authority on music, literature and art. In every club of which she was a member her opinion had come to be considered the ultimatum, whether the subject in question was the pronunciation of a foreign word, a point in architecture, the name of an author, or the date of the death of one of the great composers.

Miss Morris had frequently smiled behind her fan at the French pronunciation, had eyed with suspicion the compendium of dates, had inwardly disputed the name of an author, and, when her own subject of art was touched upon, had once valiantly risen and disputed the great authority. No one had ever forgotten that day at the art club when Miss Morris dared to defy the learned Mrs. Beaconfield. Since that day, Mrs. Beaconfield had been very cool towards Miss Morris and had failed to include her in the list of guests at a reading of Hauptmann's latest play, given in her parlors for the benefit of the Boston Society for the Aesthetic Culture of the Lower Classes. And Miss Morris, who considered Mrs. Beaconfield a very tiresome woman and the Society for the Aesthetic Culture of the Lower Classes a decided bore, did not regret Mrs. Beaconfield's omission.

Upon seeing her today at the club-house, she nodded indifferently and passed into the dressing room. Returning presently with her sticks she was surprised to hear Mrs. Beaconfield call her by name.

"Oh, my dear Miss Morris! Why do you hurry? Are you so devoted to golf? Mr. Beaconfield is playing this afternoon, but I thought that, instead of wasting my time out-of-doors, I would look through this "History of Antique Furniture." The Colonial Dames are going to furnish a room in the new club-house, and I hear that you have a number of pieces of old mahogany that you are anxious to sell. Is it so?"

Miss Morris's cold expression had changed to one of animation.

"Yes, it is!" she exclaimed energetically. "My rooms are so full of old mahogany that I can scarcely turn around, and more is stored at Woodard's."

"Indeed! How interesting!"

"Not at all so for me," laughed Miss Morris. "I bought it last summer in Richmond for a speculation, some of my friends having promised to buy it. But, for various reasons they have failed to keep their promise, and so it is left on my hands and is literally crowding me out of house and home." She laughed gayly, a most infectious laugh, and Mrs. Beaconfield joined in.

A shadow fell across the doorway, and Professor Brownell entered the hall. He flushed in some embarrassment as he met the laughing gaze of the two ladies. Miss Morris bowed pleasantly, but Mrs. Beaconfield threw up her hands in tragic dismay.

"Well, Jerry Brownell!" she cried coquettishly, "you aren't coming to claim me for that game of golf I promised you some day? I am awfully sorry, you know; but really, I am too tired to play this afternoon. My bridge club met this morning and I had to act as referee, and I am perfectly exhausted. You'll have to take Miss Morris here for a partner," and she gave a malicious laugh as the blood rushed over the man's face and neck and then left him deathly pale.

"Why, ahem, really, Mrs. Beaconfield," he stammered, coughing nervously and looking wildly about for some avenue of escape. "Why, really—"

Miss Morris glanced at him with a mingling of pity and contempt, and turning to his tormentor, said coolly:

"Now, Mrs. Beaconfield, don't frighten me in this way. Mr. Brownell is, no doubt, an expert golfer, and I am' such a wretched player, only a beginner, I find a golf-stick a very different thing to handle from a paint brush, and I came out this afternoon to have a little practice by myself. We were speaking of old mahogany. What do the ladies want to buy? I have two Davenport. I should be very glad to show my things to the committee. I am at home every morning between nine and eleven."

Professor Brownell, thus dismissed, blushed a still deeper crimson. His heart was torn by a mingling of emotions; indignation at Mrs. Beaconfield for amusing herself at his expense, and wrath at his own lack of self-possession. There was a deeper emotion still, but he did not yet realize its existence. He stood twirling his umbrella in embarrassed silence. No words came to his lips and after a few moments, he lifted his cap and ignominiously retreated. Mrs. Beaconfield laughed softly.

"Oh, that Jerry Brownell! How he hates me!"

Miss Morris looked at her scornfully through half-closed eyes.

"I should think he would," she said coldly. I thought the man was going to die right here at our feet from the shock you gave him. Of course I didn't mind my share in the affair at all."

Mrs. Beaconfield grew red.

"You may tell the ladies about my mahogany. Good morning, Mrs. Beaconfield," and Miss Morris walked stiffly out of the room.

She seated herself on the side veranda with a magazine. She was in a raging temper. What poor taste Mrs. Beaconfield had shown! Why, the woman scarcely knew her. And that poor man! Was there ever a more pitiful object than a bashful man! And she smiled at the recollection of his embarrassment. Thrown at him and rejected! Had it come to this! She rolled her eyes upward in comic despair.

"Well, I'll stay here until he has had a chance to get well started, poor thing, and not embarrass him any more."

At the expiration of half an hour Miss Morris arose and walked around to the front of the club-house. The grounds were almost deserted. Over on the western slope of the hill were two or three straggling players, but Professor Brownell was nowhere in sight.

She crossed the road to the first tee ground, stooped and made an elaborate tee from the soft sand. She drew out her driver from her golf-bag, (no one indulged in the extravagance of a caddy at the university club) squared her toes at the most approved angle, carefully adjusted her fingers about the handle of her driver according to the minute directions in "Practical Golf," and, thus prepared, swung her stick several times freely about her body. Then she placed a ball upon the lofty tee, gave a preliminary swing, and sighting a distant bunker upon the hillside executed a mighty sweep with her club.

To her amazement the ball did not fly over the bunker, but rolled into the ditch a few feet away at her right. Miss Morris' strokes had generally this double curved motion, and the professor of physics had never been able to explain to her satisfactorily the wherefore. The driving was repeated several times until her ambition to go over the bunker had dwindled to a humble desire to drive over the ditch. When, at last, this was accomplished, she triumphantly picked up her golf-bag and cautiously crossed the plank leading over the ditch to the other side.

The golf-course was laid out on what had once been a farm, and gnarled old apple-trees and hickory and walnut-trees were dropping their fruit upon the ground. She stooped and picked up a distorted apple, took a bite from the side, and sent the core flying over the bunker with her lofter, and her ball after it. She felt very young and girlish, alone on the hills this October afternoon. She dallied in the hazard on the other side of the bunker and pulled a bunch of asters to stick in her belt. When she had holed her ball, she sat down on a bench under the apple-tree at the top of the hill, and with a sigh of content drew in the beauty of the scene before her. The October sky was softly blue. Over all the peaceful country-landscape hung a tender haze, half veiling the town in the distance. Here and there through the grove of oaks on the nearer edge of the town she could see the scattered roofs of the newer and more pretentious houses of the well-to-do, among them Professor Brownell's stately mansion. She thought humorously again of his embarrassment and half wished she had been daring enough to take up with Mrs. Beaconfield's challenge, just to see what would have happened.

"I am almost as much of a simpleton as he is, I'm afraid," she laughed softly to herself, flushing a little. "Mother always told me I did not use my opportunities as other girls did, and I have not learned much with the passing years." She sighed a little ruefully as she arose and slowly crossed the green to the next tee.

Professor Brownell was no stranger to her. She had met him many times at dinners, had often found him a surprisingly agreeable companion when the conversation was general. He had even asked to call upon her the preceding June, just before the close of college, on the pretext of wishing to see some drawings in her possession, the gift of a Weimar acquaintance, which had been done by Goethe as a young man. He had come, to her amusement, not alone, but most properly chaperoned by the assistant professor of history and his wife; and after looking over the drawings, they had had a game of whist and a cup of chocolate in her studio. It was all "*sehr gemutlich*," Professor Brownell had enthusiastically remarked upon leaving. Something had been said about her returning the visit at his own new house, but as yet no invitation had come. She had a great curiosity to see the inside of that house. The man interested her. Why shouldn't he build a house if he wanted to? Why should men and women who did not care to marry be shut out from having a home? Why should these conceited married people always be interfering with a person's independence and talking as if their own idea of happiness was the only right one? Indeed! She had suffered from their meddlesome advice long enough to sympathize with Professor Brownell and his bachelor life. Why couldn't people let him and his house alone?

In her preoccupation she forgot to make the usual preparations before driving. She struck her ball a vigorous blow, and to her delight and amazement it sailed far over the high bunker that shut out the view of the field beyond.

"What a pity there was no one here to see that stroke!" she exclaimed aloud. "Well done, Jane Morris! Only see that you keep right on!" She proudly picked up her golf-bag and tripped gayly towards the bunker.

When she had crossed between its lofty walls to the other side she found that she was no longer alone. A man in a gray golf-suit was walking about in a patch of coarse clover

that stretched off to the left. His back was toward her, but she recognized the figure as Professor Brownell, probably on the hunt for a lost ball. Where had the man been all this time? Her own ball was nowhere in sight, probably hidden in that same hazard.

"Did you see my ball come over the bunker, Mr. Brownell?" she called. "Do you know where it went?"

He turned at the sound of her voice, in some confusion, raised his cap and pushed back his dark hair.

"Why, I never thought before he was so good-looking," was Miss Morris' startling discovery.

Professor Brownell coughed nervously.

"Why, I am not sure, Miss Morris," he stammered; "but I think it went off in this direction. Let me help you find it."

"Thank you," she answered with alacrity. "Have you lost a ball, too? This is a perfect slough of despond. I don't see how we can ever find a thing in this wilderness." She slashed the clover tips vigorously aside with her cleek. "Have you been looking for your ball long?" she asked innocently, giving him a side-glance and observing how broad his shoulders were and how well his head was set upon them, "quite like a Hermes."

"Oh, I think not, I think not," he said hurriedly, blushing more furiously than ever. "I've been hunting five minutes perhaps. I lost a ball in the ditch a little way back and that delayed me. This is a bad place here."

Miss Morris was doing an example in mental arithmetic. She had waited a half hour at the club-house before beginning to play, and had loitered under the apple-trees at the top of the hill another fifteen minutes. It was at least three-quarters of an hour in all since Professor Brownell had left the club-house; time enough to have played half-way around the course. She smiled slightly, but said nothing. The toe of her boot hit something hard under the thick leaves.

"Here's my ball!" she exclaimed excitedly. "It's nothing but a practice ball, but I could not bear to part from an old friend. I am attached to it, for I've had it ever since I learned to play. I know it by the three black dents in the side. See?" She held it out to him confidentially. "Now let's look for yours. It's certainly here somewhere. I feel quite encouraged. Have you looked on the other side?"

Jerry Brownell obediently followed her as she crept through a gap in the scraggly hedge of thorn-apple and elder bushes. The outdoor exercise had given a flush to her cheeks that was very becoming, her hair blew in little ringlets across the forehead and her smile was bewildering. A sprig of asters had dropped unnoticed from the bunch at her waist, and he stealthily picked it up and hid it in the pocket over his heart.

"You are an angel of mercy, Miss Morris," he said in a voice whose daring surprised him. "My ball was a new Wizard, and this was the first time I have used it. But, pray don't bother!"

"Oh, it's no bother! In my opinion, half the fun of golf lies in hunting for the balls. It makes variety, you know, and gives one time to walk about and look at things. Just see that mass of color over there," pointing at a gorgeous clump of sumac near the country road. "Now the people who don't stop to look for their balls never notice those things."

"Neither does everyone who is looking for balls, I'm afraid, Miss Morris. I confess I never saw it while I was here alone. I was thinking pretty hard about something else." He coughed nervously. "Miss Morris, I—I—beg your pardon for my seeming rudeness at the club-house a little while ago."

Jane Morris had stooped, and was raking vigorously under the elder bushes with her lofter.

"Oh, you mean when that Mrs. Beaconfield was so coquettish? That was nothing. What an absurd woman she is!"

"Nothing would have pleased me more than to have taken her suggestion and asked for your company," he said slowly. The perspiration was standing out in great drops on his forehead as he spoke, but he went manfully on. "It was just what I wanted to do, but I couldn't think of the words, confound it! I have always had this miserable bashfulness to contend against since I was a boy. I always appear a simpleton when I want to appear at my best. I don't suppose you care to hear all this complaint," he said bitterly, "but I can't bear to have you think—"

"Why, here's your ball, Mr. Brownell," cried Jane Morris triumphantly, springing up from under the bushes where she was crouched. "Yes, it's a fine new Wizard!" She handed it to him, her eyes sparkling.

"Am I not a wizard myself? I will accept your apologies, Mr. Brownell, if, to soothe my wounded feelings, you will play the rest of the holes with me. But you'll have to be careful. I do not promise to find all your lost balls."

Jerry Brownell gave a deep sigh of pleasure. Something within him that had bound him seemed to snap. His heart felt very light and boyish. He laughingly picked up the two golf-bags and they crossed to the next tee.

Two men who had come down the hill and putted into the hole, followed close behind them. They were collarless and coatless, their sleeves rolled to the elbow. One of them was hatless; the other wore an old gray felt turned down about his face. From beneath its brim a pair of thick-bowed glasses caught the rays of the sun and gave him a strange owl-like look. He was waving his arms wildly in illustration of his remarks, in which the words "brawssy," "foozle," "loftah" were most distinctly heard; but when he caught sight of Jerry Brownell and his companion, he broke off his speech in the middle of a sentence and his arms fell motionless to his side.

"Good afternoon, Professor Beaconfield," said Miss Morris pleasantly. "A fine day for golf, isn't it? Are you ahead or Professor Warley?" nodding to the other man, who stood staring at Brownell. "I hear you made a great score yesterday. Play off. Don't wait for us. I suppose this is your second time around this afternoon."

"Third," he answered laconically, gripping the handle of his stick with a preliminary tremulo and sending a ball whizzing through the air far out of sight. He was left-handed, played with only one stick, the cleek, and had made the lowest score of anyone in the club. Two subjects he knew thoroughly—chemistry and golf; but his conversation on the one theme being as uninteresting to Miss Morris as on the other, consisting chiefly of monosyllabic replies, she inwardly classed him as almost as much of a bore as his talkative wife. She made a wry face now, as he and his companion moved rapidly off in the direction of their balls, their heads close together in conversation, as she knew, about herself and Professor Brownell.

"How they look!" she laughed. "Who would think they were two professors in a

great university, going about in such clothes." She glanced approvingly at her companion's trim figure. "Shall I play first? What a fine tee you have made me!"

When they started for home at the close of the short October afternoon, the sun was already sinking in a blaze of crimson and gold. They walked slowly down the long lane that led from the golf-grounds to the main-travelled country road. Before them, in the eastern sky, above the tree-tops already swiftly blackening in the fading light, hung the slender crescent of an early moon. The ground was gay with blue and white asters. Here a thorn-tree, laden with its ruddy berries, stood out in brilliant outline against a background of rusty oaks. On one side, for the entire length of the lane, ran a hedge of golden-rod, elder bushes and flaming sumac, intertwined with the wild grape and bitter-sweet. In the field beyond, like dingy tents in a sleeping Indian village, stood shocks of drying corn in silent rows. Jane Morris' artist-soul thrilled with the beauty of the scene, and the man beside her walked on in silence, busy with his own thoughts.

When they passed the Schelling house, Mrs. Schelling was on the porch; and that night after dinner her husband listened with interest to her description of the unusual spectacle of Jerry Brownell's walking with a lady.

"And he didn't seem embarrassed a bit. They were having such a good time together. She is a fine woman and I think she'll make a man of him."

"You do, do you?" laughed her husband. "So you've got them engaged already? Ha! Ha!"

"He was carrying a big armful of golden-rod, and his umbrella was nowhere to be seen. I hope he has lost it. If she has made him forget that umbrella once, she has done wonders already."

That evening Jeremiah Brownell sat at dinner in his handsome dining room, while his German housekeeper, Frau Rossbach, came and went in silent attendance upon him. The table was spread for two, as was his invariable custom. Frequently some friend dined with him. Tonight the chair opposite his was empty; but, to his mental vision, it was occupied by a charming woman with a sparkling, piquant face. His thoughts were upon her rather than on his food. Consequently he scarcely touched the appetizing

dishes which Frau Rossbach placed before him.

"Are you not well, Herr Professor?" she asked anxiously.

"Quite well, Frau Rossbach," he answered kindly, rising from the table. "But for some reason I do not feel like eating tonight."

The woman shook her head slowly as he closed the door behind him. She idolized her "lieber Herr Professor."

"I wonder if perhaps he isn't lonely here sometimes."

She rarely admitted the possibility to herself; never to outsiders, who, in her opinion, were altogether too fond of insinuating that her master was mistaken in his ideas of happiness and too much given to questioning her ability to supply him with all creature comforts. But sometimes, as tonight, doubts as to the all-sufficiency of creature comforts would creep into her mind. And then, although she knew it would mean for herself the loss of a good home and the seeking of new surroundings, she could but long for the best of happiness for the beloved "Herr Professor."

It was very late that night before Frau Rossbach heard Professor Brownell close the library door behind him and mount the stairs to his sleeping room. It was the evening for the regular meeting of the Philological Society, and his colleague, Schelling, was to read a paper on "Problems of Good and Evil in the Life of Goethe." It was the first time Brownell had ever missed a meeting of the society, but he remained at home, working out certain "Problems of Good and Evil" in his own life. Of one thing he had become convinced:—It was *not* good for man to live alone.

He rose from his chair and paced the floor, knocking over the piles of books that came in his path. Certain mocking lines from Goethe's "Hermann und Dorothea" ran through his brain and tormented him:—

*Mir ist es bekannt, und jetzt sagt es das Hers mir,
Wenn die Stunde nicht kommt, die rechte, wenn nicht das
rechte
Mädchen zur Stunde sich zeigt, so bleibt das Wahlen im
weiten
Und es wirkt die Furcht die Falsche zu greifen am
meisten.*

Supposing, after all, he was mistaken. He stood still, his hand pressed on his forehead. A vision flashed through his mind of Jane Morris as he had first seen her, three years

before, followed by a picture of her as she had laughed back at him that afternoon. He was in doubt no longer. He saw now what had been his secret motive in erecting that house whose building had caused such laughing speculation among his friends and acquaintances. She was "das rechte Mädchen," of that he was positive. But was it "die rechte Stunde?" He had lost so much time. Perhaps she was already promised to another. Why had he not spoken earlier; why not that afternoon? His impulse was to go tonight. He took out his watch and dropped it back into his pocket with a start of surprise at the lateness of the hour. But he had not long to wait. She had told Mrs. Beaconfield that she would be at home "any morning between nine and eleven."

Promptly at nine the next morning he sallied forth, clad in the most correct of suits, for he knew he was to come under the inspection of a critical eye. His heart was pounding furiously under his faultlessly-fitting coat, but a dauntless courage buoyed him up until he reached the house where Miss Morris had her apartments. He lifted the old-fashioned knocker, and the door was opened by the artist herself. She wore a long blue-checked painting apron that enveloped her completely and one hand held a palette and brushes. She gave a little exclamation of surprise when she found who the early caller was, but cordially invited him to enter.

"I thought it was the laundry boy," she laughed, laying down her palette and brushes. "Excuse me if I do not remove my painting apron, it covers a multitude of sins. One cannot paint, clad in purple and fine linen."

Jeremiah Brownell sat on the edge of his chair in a most uncomfortable frame of mind. Where was his vision of the night before, the dream lady who had walked and talked and dined with him? It was not this woman in a paint-bedaubed apron whom he wished to make his wife.

Es wirkt die Furcht die Falsche zu greifen am meisten.

She sat looking at him expectantly.

"Oh, ah,—yes,—ahem!" He coughed nervously as was his habit when embarrassed, and looked about him uneasily.

"Pardon my coming so early. Ahem! I should not have done so,—ahem!—but I heard you tell Mrs.—ahem!—Beaconfield, ahem!—that if she wished to see your mahog-

any, you would be at home between nine and eleven—ahem! I am something of a collector myself—ahem!—and thought perhaps you might have something I should like. Ahem! Ahem!"

When he had finished, he breathed more freely. He had, he believed, relieved his hostess's mind of any suspicions that the object of his call had been of more than a business nature.

Jane Morris nodded.

"Oh, I see. I didn't know you were such an enthusiastic collector, Mr. Brownell."

He winced a little at her sarcastic emphasis.

"This is one of the Davenports," touching the sofa on which she was sitting. "There is a cabinet and another Davenport in the next room. This way."

He followed her into the studio. Her graceful figure, clad in the dark-blue apron stood outlined against the crimson hangings of the room. She turned towards him with a laughing apology for the dust on the framework of the sofa.

"I suppose you are a far better house-keeper than I am."

The light from the great window near the easel fell full upon her, transforming the fair hair into a golden halo about her face. Her eyes, deepened by the dark-blue of the apron, shone like two stars.

The man stepped forward impulsively. It was the Lady of his Vision, after all! It was "das rechte Mädchen und die rechte Stunde!" His heart was thumping like a school-boy's. The sound of its wild beating seemed to fill the room. He held out his hands in entreaty: "Miss Morris, Jane!" he pleaded. "It is not your mahogany I want. It is *you*!"

He was astonished at the steadiness of his voice; for the pounding in his ears was almost deafening in its violence—she could not fail to hear it.

Jane Morris flushed a startled crimson.

"I—I," she faltered in confusion. "Someone is knocking—I must see who it is. Wait here." She hastily drew the portiere behind her, as she passed into the outer room.

Brownell stood where she had left him. His brain was in a whirl. He could but exult in the thought that he had at last spoken his desire. The words had been simple, but they were no longer locked up in his breast, fighting with his silly fears. He could hear

the voice of the visitor in the outer room, and he ground his teeth in vexation.

It was no other than the airy Mrs. Beaconfield who was speaking.

"Oh pray do not apologize for your appearance. I am sure your costume is very becoming. What a fine color you have this morning! It must be the effect of yesterday's golf. Mr. Beaconfield said, he saw you still playing when he came away. It is fine exercise under certain circumstances"—this insinuatingly.

"Yes, I think so too," Jane answered sweetly. "You have come, I suppose, to see the mahogany we were speaking of yesterday. I have decided not to dispose of it after all. I am very sorry you had the long walk for nothing."

"I understood that you were anxious to dispose of it, because you are so crowded here. Perhaps," she suggested, "you are thinking of moving into larger quarters."

"I am considering the matter somewhat," Miss Morris returned calmly.

The man behind the portiere stirred from his position.

"You have a pupil in your studio I see,

waiting for you, and I must not detain you. I hope you may find your new rooms as attractive as these. They are charming. I must come again and see your studio. But do not wait for me. I am so busy, you know. Do come and see me, Miss Morris, and do not fail to continue your golf. Good morning!"

The door closed, and Jerry Brownell turned to meet Miss Morris' smiling eyes, as she pushed back the portiere.

"You heard what I told her," she said laughingly. "I have committed myself now, you see. If you take me, you will have to take my mahogany too."

* * *

Mrs. Beaconfield was making a morning call on Mrs. Schelling's piazza. The lawns were gay with early spring crocuses and tulips. On the Brownell house carpenters were busy finishing off a handsome columned portico.

"Did you know I made that match?" she asked complacently, nodding across the way.

Mrs. Schelling looked her amazement, but she was not one who dared dispute Mrs. Beaconfield.

EVER NEAR

YOU'RE a long, long distance from me,
 Measured by length of the miles,
 But you seem to be near, as I think of you, dear,
 With your heavenly winsome smiles.
 The distance in space never counts, love,
 Nor separates heart from heart.
 For I'm never alone if I hear but your tone,
 Though space says we're far apart.
 The birds do not sing to us now as of yore,
 At break of the day and at eve,
 But no hour will be long, if I hear but your song,
 As part of the dreams that I weave.
 Then send me your laugh on the breath of the wind,
 As it comes over land and the sea,
 And no tear shall I shed, while by memories fed,
 For I know you are true, true to me.

Salena S. Martin.

THE CHARGE OF THE PHANTOM BRIGADE

By WILL GAGE CAREY

FOR nearly a fortnight we had been scouring the prairies of western Nebraska for a band of renegade Apaches, who were working their way through to the desolate regions of the Bad Lands, leaving behind them a bloody trail of wanton destruction and ruthless butchery.

There were twenty-six of us cavalymen in pursuit of these Apaches, together with four scouts, two Ute guides,—and Simon.

Poor old Simon! Back in the early sixties he had been one of the finest scouts in the whole western country; time and again had the Government called on him, when, at some perilous hour the lives of helpless women and children hung upon the one bare possibility of one man's skill and daring being equal to the task of breaking through regions infested with skulking red devils; never had he failed them; never a duty entrusted to Simon, no matter how desperate, that he did not fulfill.

Then came that fatal day when, as he rushed with the soldiers of the Seventh Brigade into a skirmish in which the red-skins outnumbered them ten to one, a blow from a war-club had crashed against his skull, leaving the once cool, alert mind—a blank! One thought only was the poor fellow able to conceive; that again amidst the din of battle, the shouts of his comrades, the hideous war-whoops of painted savages,—he led again the charge of the Seventh Brigade! At these times his drooping form would seem imbued with the vigor and fire of his manhood, as with gleaming eyes his voice would ring out clear as a trumpet:

"Up, men of the Seventh! UP! Up and upon them!"

For a moment he would stand as though watching his comrades making ready for an onward dash into the battle ahead,—then gradually the light would fade from the tired eyes, the form would seem to shrink within itself, and he would become once more the poor, vacant, staring shadow of his former self.

He was not allowed to carry a weapon of any sort; some kind-hearted bugler, however, had given the old man a silver bugle; this he carried with him always. Occasionally, when he lived again the moments of his last battle, he would raise the battered bugle and sound the call,—to charge! Sometimes to try him, the bugler would sound taps, or the reveille, then hand the bugle over to Simon; seeming to understand, he would place it to his lips, pause a moment as though trying to think,—then sound as ever, the ringing call—to charge!

Our gray-haired Colonel, one of the Seventh on that fatal day, had taken the old scout in charge from the moment he left the hospital; never for any length of time would he permit him out of his sight; and that is how Simon was with us on this hunt for murdering Apaches.

We had gone into camp on a wooded bluff o'erlooking a little stream, and were sitting comfortably about our fires when one of the Ute guides broke breathlessly into the circle with the information that, while out reconnoitering, he had come suddenly upon the Apache war-band camped in a ravine a distance of some three miles or so to our right.

In an instant our camp was astir! Fires were put out; saddles thrown on our tired horses again, and in five minutes' time we were ready to advance at the double-quick!

Guided by the Ute we made our way silently and swiftly out over the rolling prairie, leaving Simon behind with the bulk of our camp equipage. The moon had not yet risen, but the stars were out and twinkled brightly down upon us. As we neared the ravine we slackened our pace and advanced with more caution. Soon we came upon our scouts who had gone ahead; they reported that, as the Ute had said, there was a camp of Indians down in the ravine. Silently we approached the head of the draw; within its sombre depths we could see the fires of the Indians; in the

ruddy glare we could make out a score or more of dingy *tepees*, with the dim outlines of forms passing to and fro amongst them.

The Colonel hesitated; clearly, he did not like the looks of things. For that matter, we all knew it was not a place such as the Apaches were wont to pitch camp; murmured suspicions of an ambush passed from man to man.

The Colonel called the Ute before him and questioned him closely:

"Red Wing,—is the whole Apache war-party down yonder?" he asked sternly.

"Yes," was the somewhat sullen reply.

"Do they seem to suspect that the soldiers are so close behind them?"

"No."

"Is the ravine open at the far end? Are you sure of this?"

"Yes"; it open heap much wide."

The Colonel turned quickly aside and gave the order to advance with caution; down into the ravine we made our way quietly as possible. On we pressed; the camp lay but a little distance. We knew our approach would soon be discovered; then we would get the signal to charge!

A few yards nearer, then one of the horses stepped on a dried branch; it snapped like a pistol. Instantly a score of dogs about the camp began a tremendous barking; the dusky figures of warriors were seen hurrying to and fro as though in alarm,—then the bugle rang out, and the shout of the Colonel:

"Charge the camp!"

With a mighty shout we dashed on into the circle of dingy *tepees*; in the glare of the fires we sought the Apache warriors, but without avail; the camp was deserted! The few warriors we had seen passing to and fro had already slipped past us and out at the opening we had entered; the Ute had betrayed us!

Behind us arose a blood-curdling roar of hideous yells and war-whoops! We turned to fight our way back through the horde of painted red devils that swarmed down upon us! Too late,—the attempt would have been utter madness. We started to retreat into the ravine at all speed; gradually the valley narrowed as we went on. Finally we rushed through a narrow cut into a large open space, leading, we believed, out of the ravine; we rushed on, and came—to the end of the ravine! Great overhanging cliffs enclosed the entire space; we were caught like rats in a trap!

A loud yell of mingled triumph and derision burst from the closely pressing Apaches; still they did not attempt to pass through the narrow cut. An Apache, once sure of his prey, much prefers to wait, rather than take the risk of one of his party meeting death during a hurried extermination of a captured foe. We could see, however, that for some reason, they were determining to assume the risk and dash upon us. Hurriedly dismounting, we began rolling huge boulders into the cut; soon we had a barricade such as two men could hold against a hundred. This momentary success of ours necessitated a change of tactics on the part of the savages. They now seemed disposed to settle down to a siege of our stronghold.

The final outcome seemed certain; slow, lingering torture,—finally, death from starvation! and yet through all the long night we guarded the pass as faithfully as though hope had not already left the breast of every man of us.

The first faint light of breaking day appeared; with the light came new sorrow and torture. The Apaches had meanwhile climbed among the rocks o'er-hanging us, and as soon as they could sight us, poured in a murderous volley which killed outright four of our men, and wounding many more. We were forced to seek shelter at the sides, and there hide continuously behind boulders to keep from being picked off by the bullets of the sharp-eyed devils concealed in the cliffs opposite.

Never will I forget the tortures of that long day; the pangs of hunger, of thirst, the thought of those at home into whose dear faces we would never look again. We were worn with constant watching, unable to change our position for barely a moment without danger of exposing ourselves to the deadly bullets. Four of our men met death during the day from the rain of bullets, in spite of the utmost vigilance and care; many were wounded. At length night closed in bringing us some relief, as the fiends among the rocks could no longer see to shoot.

All night long we guarded the pass as before. Just before dawn a strange quiet seemed to prevail o'er the horde we knew now filled the ravine in front of us; evidently they were getting ready for a rush on the cut; that the air would soon be filled with their hideous yells, for the dawn of the day is the time most

generally chosen by the Apaches for an attack.

Within our enclosure a stillness as of death likewise reigned. Each man lay crouched with his rifle beside him, ready to sell his life as dearly as possible, many even longing for the expected battle to begin.

Suddenly a sound rang out on the clear morning air which to us seemed sweeter than music of angels! A bugle call, strong and clear, sounding the signal to charge! From somewhere down near the opening of the ravine it came; then faintly, as though from afar, came the words:

"UP men of the Seventh! UP! Up,—and upon them!"

With shouts of wild alarm and dismay the savages sprang up and began a frenzied flight through the ravine, seeking to get out at the entrance e'er they be caught in a trap such as our own!

Our Colonel was quick to grasp the situation; he knew the only soldiers to charge to our rescue were those in the weak, disordered brain of poor, befuddled Simon! And yet,—and yet this phantom brigade might save us!

The horses stood already saddled; with a mighty shout we dashed after the fleeing savages, while the Colonel detailed two small squads, one to ascend each side of the ravine to shout and fire their guns, leading the Apaches to believe they were surrounded by a large force.

Out through the ravine we pursued them, killing many and taking numbers of them captive. Among those taken was the Ute guide who had betrayed us. His fate was a terrible one, yet when we thought of the brave

men he had led to their death we knew it was a just retribution.

At the mouth of the ravine we saw the motionless figure of Simon. With vacant, staring eyes he stood watching the flight of the terrified savages. Thus far, in their mad haste to get out of the ravine, the Indians had failed to notice the silent figure; now, however, one of the last Indians leaving espied him! Slowly reining in his little calico pony, as though at a loss to understand the strange, motionless apparition, he suddenly straightened himself and hurled his tomahawk! True to the mark it sped, striking Simon full on the brow! Without a moan he sank to the ground.

We pursued the savages but little further. Both men and horses were far too exhausted for a long chase. We returned to the ravine in search of Simon.

As we drew near the spot where he fell we saw him stagger to his feet; a tiny stream of blood trickled down the side of his face, but again the light of battle gleamed in his eye as he drew up his feeble form erect, as of yore and shouted in ringing tones the familiar words which but a short interval before had delivered us, every man, safe out of the jaws of death.

"Men of the Seventh—" then suddenly he gasped, swayed slowly forward, and fell unconscious in the arms of the Colonel. It took many weeks of constant care to restore that shattered mind,—for restored it was, the blow of the tomahawk having but counteracted the effect of the earlier wound.

For such was the reward bestowed on Simon,—for sounding that last clear call to his men,—the men of the Phantom Brigade.



FLOATING

[The author of this touching poem, after many years of eminent professional success, was obliged, through illness, to give up all activities and lead a quiet life.—*Editor.*]

"Faintly as tolls the evening chime
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.

"Row! brothers! Row! The stream runs fast;
The rapids are near, and the daylight 's past."

Canadian Boat Song.

YES, Brothers! Row! Row each his boat!
I row no more; I only float.
The stream, which long has been my road,
On which I hurried as it flowed,
And where the busy oar I plied
Or shaped my course from side to side,
Still strongly bears my failing boat —
I row no more; I only float.

I see the stream more swiftly run
Than when its course was first begun;
The rapids' boding voice I hear
Still drawing nearer and more near;
The noontide brilliance all is past —
Eastward the shadows long are cast —
But I no longer row my boat,
Or try to row — I only float;
Yet still find round me, none the less,
Abundant cause for thankfulness.

O Lord! Send Thou Thy peace to be
Still a companion unto me,
That I may have no shade of fear
Of unknown rapids drawing near;
That I may hear the distant chime
Of bells beyond the walls of Time;
That I may feel my failing boat
Still in Thy guidance as I float,
Till I shall reach the tideless sea,
The Ocean of Eternity!

Robert Dewey Benedict.



THE MODERN PRODIGAL

By R. WILCOX WATKINS

"PLEASE, sir, are you waiting for the train, too?"

I gathered myself together and turned to look at my questioner, a little old gray-headed woman, whose thin trembling fingers were holding the edges of an old rusty black cape together in front.

I had been buried, so to speak, in a newspaper account of a recent racing scandal, and when I faced her a sweet, timid smile came over her countenance.

"I shouldn't have disturbed you, but I couldn't help it," she said, shyly; "I thought you might be my John; I smelled your cigarette, and he always smoked. Do you think he has quit it now, if he used them ten years ago?"

"If it made him a nervous wreck, as it did me, I suppose he has," was my answer.

"I am sure he must be well, judging from his letter. He was hale and hearty as a child."

Then the tears coursed down her faded cheeks, and she turned to the window, presumably not wanting me to see her emotion.

"Pardon me, but may I inquire who John is?" I said, by way of cheering her up.

She turned quickly, gave me a scrutinizing look and then, as if she trusted me, said: "He is my only son, and all I have in the world.—I haven't seen him for ten long years; he was twenty-two then, that makes him thirty-two now.

"Oh, he was a fine lad, big and strong, and handsome; the very image of his father; but he was ambitious, and wanted to see the world. He grew tired of the little old farm that had gone to nothing; the drought killed off everything for three years in succession and the poor boy couldn't stand it any longer. He made up his mind one night that the next day he would take what little money he had saved up and go away to some new place, where there would be an opening for a young man who was willing to do any kind of work except that of a farmer.

"I tried to persuade him to stay, but it

was of no use, as he was determined. I'll tell you, sir, that was the bitterest day of my life, to see my boy leave me and not knowing just where he was going.

"I guess you are tired listening to my story, but I feel better now that I have spoken my mind out. Sister Caroline never would let me talk like I wanted to; said I ought to have more pride than to worry about a son who had deserted his old mother for ten years. Well, she's not here now, so I'm going to talk just as much as I please about it."

"Where did you say your son was?" My question sounded dreadfully out of place after her sad story.

"In Reno, Nevada," she answered. "He said it was a long trip for an old lady like me; and, to tell you the truth, when I first saw you, I thought maybe he had intended to surprise me by coming here, instead of sending for me to come away out there; yet I have so much faith in him, I am going to take this next train direct for Reno.

"I suppose the fine city-people will laugh at my old-fashioned clothes, and plain ways; I won't mind that, though, for John will buy me some new clothes and I will soon catch on to the style part myself. He's struck it rich out there, and wrote me not to worry about the old home and farm, as he never wanted to see it again; that some people could cling to what they called 'the old homestead,' but none of that for him. This sounds mighty strange to me, but I'll leave it to him."

"There's the train now, madam," I said; "come, and I'll give you a lift. I'm going to the Big Leaf mine, which is just beyond the place you mentioned, and I'll see you safely through."

We were finally seated in a Pullman sleeper, then I knew she was contented. Her ticket did not call for a sleeper, but I saw to it that she had a "lower berth"; and again the old soul had not given one thought of how she was going to eat, her one idea being to get to John. Here I came to the rescue a second

time, and as sure as each day dawned she had her three square meals.

"Madam," I said to her the first day, "I'm not of the class you country-folks call respectable, for I'm a gambler, but I had a dear good mother once; she's dead now and in Heaven, I know; perhaps she looks down and sighs as she sees me, but I never did any one a wrong and have played square all my life, so you needn't be afraid of me."

Our journey was ending at last, and I knew that in a few minutes the conductor would be crying: "All out for Reno!" Way down in my heart I had a grave fear that my aged companion did not realize her expectations in her heretofore neglectful son. However, I gathered up her belongings which consisted solely of an old green ramshackle valise, took a firm hold on her arm, and landed her comfortably in a corner of the waiting-room. I now started out to look for the much-lauded John.

I hadn't gone far when I decided I had met my man. I noticed quite a nice-looking fellow closely observing every elderly woman whom he thought might be his mother.

Presently both, drawn by the strength of their personality, turned and looked into each others eyes. The feeling came over me as if I was standing, as Moses stood, on hallowed ground. I lowered my eyes before the depth of love unquenchable that shone in the woman's face.

The man extended his hand to her in a faltering way. "Mother," said he, "you forgive me! I've been a long time away from you, and I can't say anything for myself, except I was determined to win fortune in new fields; from now on we will be happy together."

Here I left them, and, by the way, came near missing the train—for I wanted to see such a true, loving and faithful mother safe in the arms of her beloved son.

THE GLADNESS OF NATURE

IS this a time to be cloudy and sad,
When our Mother Nature laughs around,
When even the deep heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?

There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,
And the gossip of swallows through all the sky;
The ground-squirrel gaily chirps by his den,
And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure space,
And their shadows at play on the bright green vale
And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
And here they roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in the aspen bower;
There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree:
There's a smile on the fruit and a smile on the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun; how he smiles
On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
On the leaping waters and gay young isles—
Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away!

Bryant.

AMID THE GREEN SILENCE

By VARAH A. ARMSTRONG

"IT is the 'Green Silence,'" she said aloud, laying down the field-glasses with which she had been vainly trying to get a glimpse of the "Bearpaw Mountains" that had stood out so distinctly in the level rays of the newly risen sun.

Green hills made a close boundary on the East; green prairies swept away until they blended with the pale blue of the horizon toward the North and West; the little stream, trickling away to the South to add its mite to "The Father of Waters," was enclosed by willows of a greener shade than either hill or prairie until its outlines were lost in the transverse line of green bluffs beyond which "The Old Man on His Back," shimmering in a blue haze, bounded her southern vision.

But the "Bearpaw Mountains" were over the line in Montana, and Montana was one of the United States, and the United States was Home.

The cow fed quietly in the green pasture whose velvet sward sloped to the trickling stream. Her muzzled calf frolicked at her side; no other cattle roamed the plain for many miles; why should she break the "Green Silence" with discontented bellowings?

The dog lay stretched in the sunshine at his mistress' feet; there was no unwonted sight or sound to cause a pricking up of his long silky ears or the utterance of a bark.

The white cat, curled up asleep in the shadow of a box, seemed to have ceased to even dream of the mice she never found.

At a little distance a large red ant had crawled into the diminutive hill of a tribe of her much smaller black relatives and here a Titanic, but noiseless, warfare was waged until the intruder was conquered and dragged, dead, from the field by force of superior numbers.

The heat-rays from the sun, filtering through the breeze-cooled air, filled the atmosphere with a strange wavy haziness and once a mirage of the "Bearpaws" hovered

for a few minutes over the southern horizon.

The noon hour passed. Clouds came up from behind the eastern hills, white and shining in the sunlight at first; growing dark and damp-looking as they made steady progress toward the zenith against the increasing western breeze.

Distant rumbles of thunder broke the "Green Silence." Bumble bees, hitherto unsuspected, boomed past, making for the shelter of their subterranean nests.

A vivid flash of lightning shot across a rolling mass of gray vapor; a deafening peal of thunder shook the earth on which her feet rested and great drops splashing down drove her to the shelter of the tiny cabin at the door of which she had been sitting.

He had heard "The Call of the Wild" and taken up a homestead a few miles beyond our northern boundry and she, because she was more than ordinarily fond of her brother, had come to share his exile—at least for a few months.

Looking out of the window at the falling sheets of summer rain, she thought how dreary would the landscape be when the "White Silence" shrouded the "Green."

The clouds are growing lighter now; the storm-center has drifted southward and little gleams of sunshine sparkle on the pools of water that are rapidly draining off into the hollows and increasing the trickling stream to the dignity of a roaring brook. Soon the clouds roll away and sunshine floods the rain-soaked earth.

The cow and calf that had taken refuge in the barn come back to the pasture to crop the bent and storm-beaten grasses, and about their feet hop great numbers of dirty-black cowbirds.

Watching through the field-glasses she sees them deftly and silently catching the small green and earthly-colored insects that, hidden in the herbage, defied even the birds' sharp eyes until frightened into jumping out of the way of crushing hoofs, only to be quickly caught by ravenous black beaks and swallowed

before they had ceased their death-struggles.

The sound of his returning wagon-wheels rumbled through the early evening air, and as they watched the round, red ball of fire sink slowly behind the rim of the northwestern prairie the "Bearpaw Mountains" stood out faintly against the southern sky.

He went into the cabin and taking down his violin played softly "My Own United States" and sitting in the doorway, listening to the music, she saw an antelope emerge from the soft green shadows of the willows and begin cropping the rich grass in the deserted pasture.

THE AWAKENING

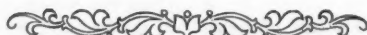
By JOSEPH BONDY

UPON his brow the cares of duty lay,
And on his heart the burden of his toil;
And life itself was heavy with its load,
For he was wearied with a work well done.

Thus as he rested, came a voice, faint, sweet,
Like to the whispering in the airy leaves
At night, when all but Aeolus is stilled:

"Long years ago, before the sleep of life,
I promised thee, that when the sun had warmed
The world three score and ten times, and the moon
Was in the full and in the sky the Twins
Were holding carnival, then would I come
And waken thee, and now the time is here
To keep the tryst made in thine other life;
I kissed thee then and sent thee forth; my kiss
Was but the seal that sent thee forth to dream;
And as I kiss thee now, my kiss becomes
The call for thine awakening to life."

So bending down in pity, peace and love,
He kissed him with a look ineffable,
And from his brow the cares of duty fell,
Fell from his heart the burden of his toil,
And when they found him, smiling peacefully,
They pitied him and said that he was dead.





THE DENVER CONVENTION

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

THROUGH a country visited by floods and washouts and days that were not only tropical but torrid in their fervent heat, the undaunted followers of William J. Bryan hastened to the Denver Convention; and its record of energy and enthusiasm will long be considered one of the most picturesque and thrilling political events of the decade. It was essentially a Bryanocratic gathering. Not since the days of Clay and Blaine has there been such an outpouring of enthusiasm and personal affection for a candidate as characterized the Denver Convention. Most of the Pilgrims stopped at Fairview, near Lincoln, Nebraska, the pleasant farm home of William J. Bryan, to rehearse an effective "curtain raiser" for a notable convention. It was an Oklahoma convention—a sort of birthday celebration for the commonwealth claiming the forty-sixth star.

Delegates from Chicago's County Democracy were adorned with badges two feet long, represented by every nationality under the sun. Tammany was there in full force, and so too were the Oklahoma "boomers," and the outspoken delegates of the Northwestern ranges, all out for a real "round-up." No sooner had the Missouri River been crossed than the visitor felt the enthusiasm growing for this

last charge under the peerless leader. All the presence and dignity of a country gentleman of the old school now characterizes Mr. Bryan, for he has aged since the fiery "cross of gold" speech of his '96 campaign was delivered; but the devotion and enthusiasm that greeted his name and poured in upon him must have brought back those days of wonderful personal effort.

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Floods interfered greatly with the trains, but hand-cars were available for the dashing cavaliers, and the railroads were fighting the waters for a clear route into Denver; but nothing daunted the pilgrims; they pressed on to the goal.

Mr. Bryan congratulated the railroad on getting Chairman Bell to the convention in time. No sooner had the train passed the boundary into Colorado, than we began to observe that brighter azure in the sky, and that peculiar vividness in the varying hues of the landscape that is seen in Colorado alone.

Gradually, our train climbed up seven and a half feet per mile, for a thousand miles, until at Denver we found ourselves one mile nearer heaven—in point of altitude at least. At the depot a great electric sign blazed with the word "Welcome" and Greek letters, and

the great stone structure was flooded with bustling throngs, ebbing and flowing human tides, forever setting east and west, north-west and southeast.

Everywhere energy and purpose seemed to inspire these currents of humanity, as though every human being had been galvanized into life by some secret battery, and I fully recognized the vigor induced by that rarified air when my staid traveling companion, a partner in many journeys, seized two valises and went swiftly through the crowd. The whole atmosphere of Denver is especially adapted for speed. The people of Denver dash into the street cars through a side door and swing around a pole to the front or rear of the car—no need to admonish "Step lively!" here, for every one performs on the poles.

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As the delegates arrived bands played, and the Oklahoma contingent—men, women and children—made a record forthwith in expressing loyal devotion for the "peerless one." It was evident from the start that this was to be an Oklahoma convention, and the officials were there early, loaded with resolutions and speeches, and displaying the same vigorous spirit that was evident in the old days of the "sooner" rush.

The battle song of the Democracy has a ringing chorus:—

*"Line up for Bryan; how the fur will fly.
There's a hot time coming in the sweet
bye-and-bye
When we line up for Bryan in the morning."*

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The scene in the Brown Palace Hotel suggested a beehive. Here, in fact, was convened a Democratic convention in miniature; one could sit here and see type after type—the facial characteristics of every nationality, every section—a variety lacking at the Chicago convention. Here mustered old-time Democratic farmers who had been following Jackson all their lives. The ancient hats of Colonel Owen of old Kentucky and others have been worn since Jackson's time, and are prized for the past they represent. The Bryan school of oratory was certainly ready for action; the delegate who had no speech ready to fire off at the slightest provocation must have been "affected by the altitude."

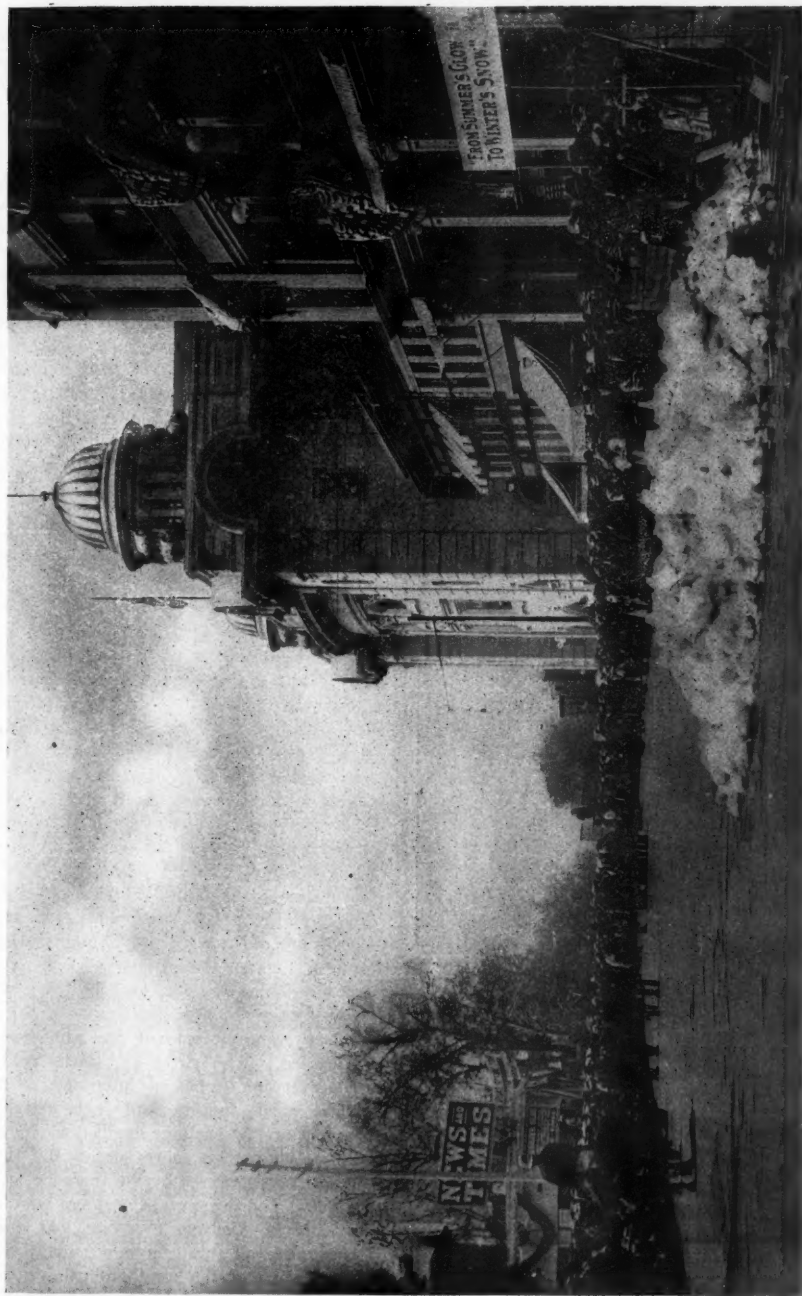
The band played "Dixie" amid wild yells, and the instant there was a pause—someone got on his feet and made a speech. A seething mass of people filled the lobby, whose walls formed a lofty court-lobby reaching six stories to the roof. Looking down from above, a curious scene was visible—men, women and children all imbued with the spirit of the occasion, unorganized, indefinite, but ready with a burst of enthusiasm and feeling; chaotic, but cheerful and earnest.

Imperial ex-mayor Dave Rose came in with his "leedle German band" from Milwaukee, playing "I'm Afraid to go Home in the Dark," which seemed to be the most popular selection of the convention. The way his silver-toned trombones rang out in that bit of spirited ragtime was a caution. There is no need of anybody's being afraid of the dark in Denver, for the city is magnificently illuminated. On top of one building was outlined in electric light the Democratic Donkey, to whom Miss Denver was tendering the city's key. All the streets were illuminated *en fete*; there were street transparencies of representative Democrats of various sections. There was the face of Cleveland on one lamp-post in close proximity to "near" celebrities—yet to be tested. The street cars sweeping along Seventeenth Street were gaily lighted in colors and carried bands. If anyone in the city of Denver was found not wearing a badge during these days, he was looked upon with suspicion. The Denverites themselves had large oval badges with "Ask me; I Live in Denver" on them, and all strangers were treated with hearty courtesy and cordiality.

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There was a conspicuous absence of the old-time leaders of the party, but plenty of new recruits were at hand, ready to grapple with all problems and all comers that presented themselves. Congressman G. M. Hitchcock of Omaha had his own troubles, having four or five applications for each one of the two hundred seats in the press gallery, and he was soon unpopular, as he scrutinized a newspaper directory to find the political complexion of the newspapers to say nothing of circulations.

Charles P. Bryan, a brother of the candidate, a tall man with a moustache and bald head, was one of the conspicuous personages



A SNOW-BANK NEAR THE CONVENTION HALL ON THAT HOT JULY DAY, WHERE THE SNOWBALL BRIGADE BEGAN ACTION WITH AMMUNITION BROUGHT FROM THE SNOW-CAPPED PEAKS NEARBY

before the convention. I heard the remark that "Charlie" was more a man of the world than his brother William.

The first trouble that flared forth in red scare heads of the Denver papers occurred concerning the seating of Guffey's delegation from Pennsylvania. It was evident at the start that the firm, steady lips of William J. Bryan were set to carry out details strictly,



CHARLES BRYAN

Brother of William J. Bryan, who managed his brother's interests at Denver

according to the program and "pleasant memories" of four years ago at St. Louis.

The hotel lobbies were plastered with placards indicating that there were "fifty-seven varieties" of budding vice-presidential nominees, but that was as far as most of these ambitious candidates got in the first days. It was felt early in the proceedings at Denver, as it was at Chicago, that the real leadership—the decision of all matters—emanated from the old home farm at Fairview. The general features of management were similar to

those at Chicago, except that it was evident at the outset that the spectators were going to be a prominent factor in furnishing the interest of the convention.

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After the rush for tickets and the enthusiastic speeches of the first day, the Bryan landslide was ready to descend. Samuel Gompers and John Mitchell were there in close touch, with hammers out for a labor plank. "Boss Guffey" of Pennsylvania was to be "fired," and Alton B. Parker was to be humiliated according to the "red-ink" manifestos in the papers.

The Auditorium had been formally opened on Sunday night, with a musical program, and the building was inspected by Mayor Speer and his committee. It was found that in the farthest corner of the second gallery the lowest notes of the violin could be heard. The snap-shotters were busy with the camera, and it was a "picture-taking" holiday. Nothing escaped the cameras.

On the inside, the cowboy band, in full uniform, played its liveliest airs, and to an accompaniment of staccato shouts the skirmish started in the galleries. The beauty of the interior was enhanced by groups of growing palms, behind the speaker's stand, while pine trees on the band stand suggested the land of the palm and pine. A number of stuffed eagles floated over the rostrum ready to swoop with the regulation Democratic whoop.

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Bulletins coming from Fairview noted the time that Bryan had risen in the morning; when he retired at night and the hours passed in sleep, but the Guffey men remarked that he "never seemed to sleep long." The down-pour of rain did not dampen the ardor of the Denver people, even if decorations were bedraggled. The street car men, policemen, everyone appeared interested in the welfare of the guests, and it is certainly true that no city has ever handled a national political convention more successfully than this one was managed by the energetic Denver folk. For the time being there were no partisans in Denver, everyone was truly Democratic—all strangers were equally welcome. Some of the most enthusiastic and cordial hosts in entertaining were the Republicans. The Denver spirit certainly has

a witchery all its own. Even George Harvey, the editor of "Harper's Weekly," was fascinated with the exuberant, hearty, hospitable Western spirit, and looked over, for the nonce, those ogreish, black-horn goggles.

In the lobby of the hotel was a glee club quartette attired in immaculate evening suits and tall silk hats. They sang through mega-

became evident that there was danger of overdoing the "snow clad Rockies and sun-kissed heights," and before the convention closed that subject was absolutely tabooed from public speech, as every orator had tackled it, though I was still permitted to pensively gaze at the snow-clad summit of Pike's Peak.



MRS. ALICE ROOSEVELT-LONGWORTH, NICK LONGWORTH, MEDILL McCORMICK,
MRS. McCORMICK (nee RUTH HANNA) ON THEIR ARRIVAL AT DENVER

phones, and it sounded as though a whole grand opera chorus was in action. At the hotel and elsewhere the Denver people seemed to take especial delight in calling attention to the hot wave sweeping across New York, and drew fearful pictures of the hapless people of Gotham being crazed with the heat—the moral was brought home by drawing the visitor to the door to encounter the refreshing breezes from the Rockies. After a time it

The first day was very uneventful; everyone was busy locating his proper seat and duties. As the band played the delegates moved leisurely down the aisles to their allotted places, feeling that all eyes were fixed upon them. The Auditorium is a superb assembly hall, holding 15,000 people. The ceiling was decorated with a star in the center bearing the legend in glowing letters, "Denver welcomes you." Around this a galaxy of

stars bore the seals of all the states, not overlooking Oklahoma. A row of boxes surrounded the delegates, which indicated that the society reporters would have to be on the active reportorial corps for national political convention assignments hereafter.

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A great crowd is always an interesting study, and on the first day of the convention



COLONEL J. M. GUFFEY OF PENNSYLVANIA
Who was ousted, but is still in the breastworks

it was evident there were floods of Democratic oratory ready; but the tall form of Ollie James of Kentucky proved to be the most conspicuous figure on the floor. The guidons, contrary to custom, were hung like slender banners, instead of flags, as is usual. The flashlight skirmish line came into action early, and the "flashlight boomers" did not even spare the chaplain as he offered opening prayer. The gavel was a contrivance that sounded like a small gatling gun, and was made of wood cut on the Bryan estate. Chairman Tom Taggart, after he had had his picture taken for about the forty-seventh

time with that lonesome donkey, called the convention to order.

In one of the boxes sat Mrs. W. R. Thomas of Port Collins, Colorado, and Mrs. William M. Byers, the grand-daughters of General Robert Lucas, who presided at the first Democratic convention held in Baltimore May 20, 1822. These ladies had a hickory cane presented to Jackson on his renomination at that convention.

A large picture of Cleveland, draped in black, hung over the band, and behind the speaker's chair were portraits of Jefferson and Jackson, before which the great portrait of Bryan was to be flung during the demonstration.

The keynote address, made by temporary chairman Theodore A. Bell of California, had all the force and vigor of the Golden State, and was a well-tempered effort. Most of the men conspicuous on the program were young and untried speakers anxious to win their spurs. It was felt that the gallery meant to take absolute control, and many a speaker had his oratorical garlands nipped by an early frost even as he arose on the platform; though he was recognized as a speaker, and had arranged in advance to have his say, the audience simply would not permit it if he could not "make good" at the start. They wanted to get at the real game of the day, and had no patience with mere "oratory." It soon became clear that the gallery, without realizing it, had an organization of its own, which it was determined to bring to bear on the delegates on the floor and platform.

During the waiting for committee reports, Senator Gore, the blind statesman from Oklahoma, was called to the platform, and as he mentioned the name "Bryan," the whole convention appeared to go off like a gunpowder explosion. It may have been premature, but there was great excitement from the very start. There seemed to be no limit to the fire and vigor of the enthusiasm, and it continued for eighty-seven minutes, rolling and rumbling round and round the galleries as peals of thunder echo and reverberate among the mountains.

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There must be that little air of mystification about the "long and arduous struggles" of the committee, and how the resolutions have to be fitted in to make a platform, but the jolly, good-nature of the Denver conven-

tion had little of this element, and the portable platform was moved as easily from Lincoln to Denver as it was from Washington to Chicago at the Republican convention. In fact, it is difficult sometimes to find the exact difference in the making of the platform of the two great parties, and as one philosopher remarked, "It is simply a matter of interpretation."

The first and only exciting roll-call was brought forth by the report of the committee

ards as though cut in stone, while the delegates of all the other states were wild with enthusiasm for Bryan.

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The Broadway Theatre was thrown open for a reception given to the delegates and their wives by the people of Denver. A handsomer or more richly and tastefully attired gathering of women it was never my lot to see gathered together. And then to



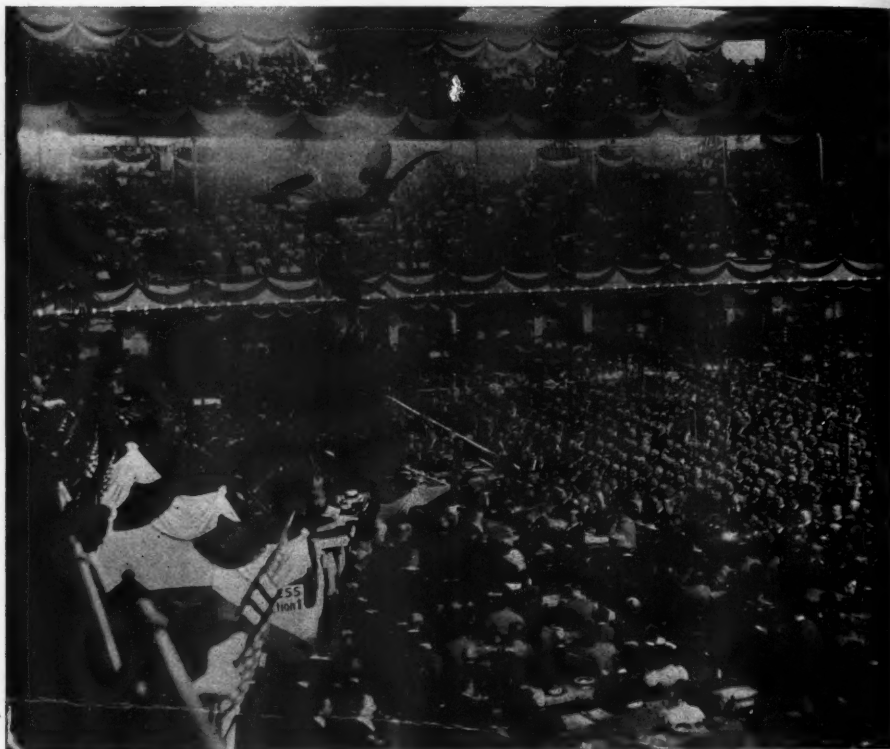
HON. TOM TAGGART AND FRIEND FROM HOME
The Mascot Donkey at the Denver Convention

on "firing" Colonel Guffey and his Pennsylvania delegation. That roll-call made it clear that the opposition to Bryan was absolutely crushed. The frantic appeals were of no avail; Governor Haskell had ordered them "back to the oil tanks."

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During this demonstration the delegations of the six states, New York, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Georgia, New Jersey and Connecticut, stood out in grim silence against the outburst of enthusiasm, holding their stand-

think they were all *real voters!* The speeches of that genial bachelor, George Fred Williams of Massachusetts, and Hon. Charles A. Towne, J. Ham Lewis and Augustus Thomas, the playwright, were worthy of their charming auditors. It was singular to observe that these distinguished men, in facing this Denver audience, appeared to suffer from a species of stage fright, and not one had the temerity to say exactly what he thought on the subject of woman's suffrage, but hedged their speeches about with gallant generalities concerning the sex, that made a saucy Colorado



A GLIMPSE OF THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION ON THE DAY THAT WILLIAM

woman voter simply shake her head and say "Oh piffle!" The direct, forceful and tactful way in which Sarah Platt Decker presided was an object lesson to the orator delegates.

On the platform sat Mrs. Alice Roosevelt-Longworth, Mrs. Ruth Bryan-Levitt and Mrs. Ruth Hanna-McCormick, daughters of three distinguished public men; and the hearty tribute given these ladies on this occasion shows how, even at a national political convention, party lines may be obliterated in social amenities. Mrs. Ruth Hanna-McCormick addressed the assembly on her welfare work—a magnificent effort that does honor to the memory of her father, whose heart and soul were wrapped up in the civic federation work which his daughter is so ably carrying forward.

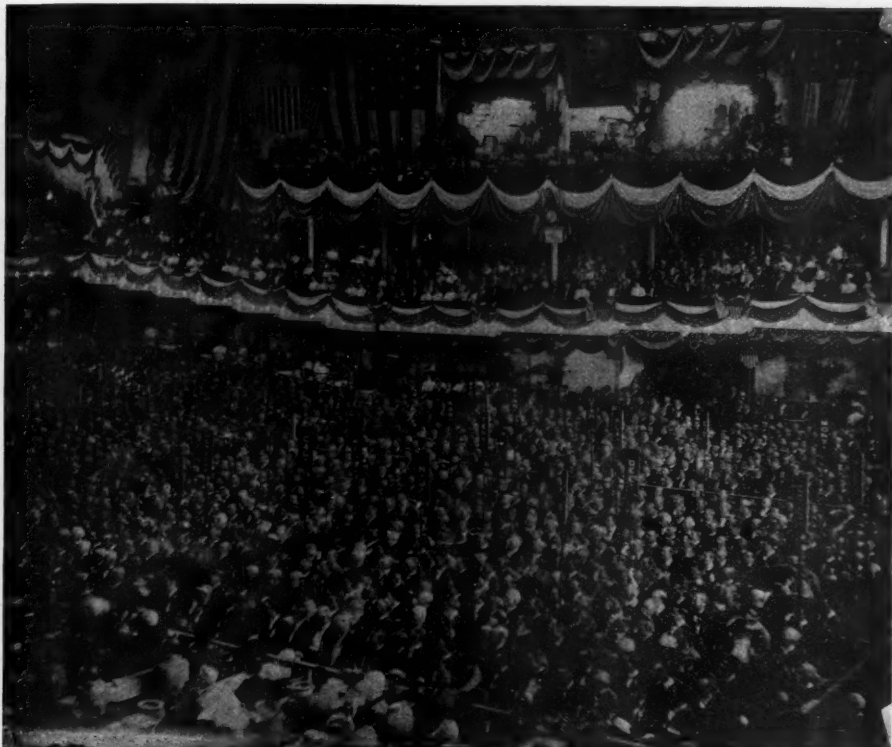
The speeches and the singing of old songs were followed by a reception to the distin-

guished speakers, but this seemed to try the courage of the heroes even more than the speeches. The ladies were heard to remark that a few weeks spent campaigning in Colorado would soon accustom the men folks to the presence of women at serious political deliberations.

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Congressman Clayton gave the permanent-chairman keynote in high G. Hardly had he finished the first sentence of his speech, when three pretty little girls climbed up to him, their arms full of roses. He picked up the tiniest child and kissed her, and then hesitated. On being urged to "go on," he gallantly and delicately saluted the three, while the gallery applauded.

It was soon apparent that Clayton had had some training in swinging the gavel, for while Bell had insisted that "the convention will please come to order," Congressman



J. BRYAN WAS NOMINATED. THE EAGLES ARE SOARING OVER THE PLATFORM

Clayton said, "the convention *must* come to order." The first speech under the new rule was by Mr. Robbins of Chicago, the socialist whose flights of oratory were punctured with expressions about certain "automobile bums, who had nothing to do but clip coupons." A voice from the gallery called out, "Don't be too long, Mr. Robbins," and there was a marked diminution in the speaker's eloquence as he gulped a glass of water and quit.

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One of the level-headed, progressive Democratic members of Congress from Missouri who has "to be shown" that things are being done, is Honorable Robert Lamar, who was at the Denver convention. He started life as a school teacher, and still has a way of imparting information that suggests the well-stored mind and adaptability of a pedagogue. Mr. Lamar is now in active practice at the

bar, and his service as prosecuting attorney of Texas County gave him experience that has since found expression in much aggressive and valuable work.

Congressman Lamar was first elected in 1902, and his re-election took place in 1906. His service on the Committee on Naval Affairs has shown him to be a man of broad and national views, such as go to making up a typical United States congressman. Missouri may well be proud of the energetic representative who never passes an idle moment during the session at Washington, and who is a favorite both in the halls of Congress and with his constituents.

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The Oklahoma pushers brought out Congressman Littleton of New York, who, smiling genially, made a good "red, white and blue" finish and was heartily cheered to the

echo; for the spectators were inexorable, and would insist that any man who spoke more than three minutes was a "wind jammer."

Early in the proceedings it became clear that John Kern was to act the part of pacificator, as he announced "progress of harmonious work in the resolutions committee," while his boom was in cold storage. Perhaps one of the liveliest incidents was when a call was made for J. Ham Lewis, he of the some-



BIRD S. COLER OF NEW YORK

Trying to suppress that infectious Denver smile

time pink pajamas. He was not present, though usually quite ready when his country calls. He carried his cane to the speakers' platform and laid it carefully on the desk when addressing the ladies.

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The real work of the convention began at seven o'clock on Thursday evening. On nomination day the spectators and delegates were armed with flags, which made a demonstration long to be remembered. No sooner had the eloquent young Demosthenes from Nebraska, I. J. Dunn, rolled out his rounded

periods, than the applause and shouting went off like a vocal sky rocket, and the record of the previous day was undone. It was the performance proper, after the full dress rehearsal of the day before; an ocean of waving flags and brandishing arms accompanied the thunders of acclamation, rolling wave on wave around the vast Auditorium. The band played vociferously everything that could be considered suitable for the occasion, or that had a suggestion of rag-time about it, but "The Red, White and Blue" and "Dixie" seemed nearest to our hearts. The demonstration continued to increase, and the enthusiasm of the delegates found vent in marching around the hall, the standards of their several states dancing above their heads, as if in high glee, while the eagles over the platform swung to and fro as though eager to welcome the new presidential possibility. Doves carrying red, white and blue streamers of ribbon, were loosed, and flew about trying to find a place of security. They found tender protection at the hands of gentle and kind-hearted women.

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The seething surges of flags carried by marching delegations beat upon the little island of Minnesotans, who stood out alone, loyal to their choice, Governor Johnson. New York, New Jersey, Georgia and Delaware also stood aloof a little farther on, but Connecticut caught the enthusiasm and joined in the demonstration. When the record time was up the lights were lowered and an effort was made to quiet the great throng. At first it seemed to heighten the hysterical enthusiasm, but by degrees the furore of the demonstration abated.

In a croaky whisper, one man back of me said: "I have come a thousand miles, pretty near, from Minnesota, and I ain't going to be stopped of hollering all I like for John Johnson. This is our time to get ready for 1912."

There seemed to be an undercurrent of opinion that, as conventions go, 1912 will be Johnson's opportunity, just as four years ago Bryan had an instinctive feeling that his chance would come in 1908.

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Seconding speeches followed in quick succession. Everybody seemed to want to second something, and it looked for a while as



COLONEL JOHN T. MARTIN

Sergeant-at-Arms, in one of those old-time Jeffersonian smiles

though the spectators were in control. They insisted on calling "time," and when the unfortunate gentleman from Utah mentioned Bunker Hill, as a tribute to Massachusetts, the delegates insisted that he might as well nominate Washington and be done with it. When anyone started in with a funny story, the crowd called out: "Too late for jokes."

The audience wanted to get at the roll-call and see a real game of good ball, and were in no mood even for the most empyrean flights. Some of the orators lost their tempers over this treatment, but the fellows who took it most cheerfully got along best. For a moment there would be quietness, then the gallery would turn down their thumbs, and the speaker finished amid wild confusion.

Speaker after speaker was led to the platform to be slaughtered, for the audience was merciless in calling "time," and stump orators who had never before been silenced could make no headway amid this stream of mockery.

The hours of waiting dragged on, but for the first time in the history of conventions the nominating speeches were made prior to the report of the resolutions committee, or the party platform, with the understanding that the ballot was to be taken after the platform had been adopted.

It was midnight before the committee reported. Governor Haskell read the document in a forceful manner, but it was too late for the crowd to be interested in anything, but

the real game, so when he finished the galleries heaved a sigh of relief as the likelihood of a real roll-call approached.

When the Johnson nomination was made, little Minnesota made its superb fight heroically and alone; the band gave them no help—no gay chorus for the Spartan minority! The same was true of the nomination of Judge Gray; the land-slide for Bryan was pitiless. As the roll-call of states proceeded, it seemed that Porto Rico, the last on the

Jeffersonian Joshua was ordered to stop the moon from gazing. Twelve o'clock passed, and it was nearly four before the completed vote placed William J. Bryan for the third time in nomination on the Democratic ticket, with 892½ votes, with Johnson a '49er and Gray 59½.

As the audience poured out of the convention hall, the streets of Denver, even at that early hour of the morning, were a lively spectacle, crowded beyond the record of any other



THE STREETS OF DENVER ON A BUSY CONVENTION DAY

list, would never be reached; each state appeared to have candidates, and would waive their place for a speech from some other state. When New York was reached, Chief Murphy quietly "passed" with as little excitement as if he were sitting in a well-ordered poker game. As the triple hour of morning approached, the excitement and enthusiasm seemed to heighten rather than decrease. It is curious that the all-night session has been a feature of the Democratic conventions for some years past, and it was hoped to nominate Bryan on some day other than Friday, so the clock was stopped and the

hour of the twenty-four. The enthusiasm never abated while the lights continued to shine in the Auditorium; nothing looked weary except the flags, which drooped languidly in the stillness of the morning air, and seemed to be waiting to catch the first rays of the sun now rising over the eastern plains.

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On the final day, messages were reported from this and that section, relating to vice-presidential possibilities, but the only one that counted was that from Fairview. It was whispered about that John W. Kern of

Indiana was the man. Then came another display of seconding and nominating speeches, including an ovation to Folk, and in due course the name of the Indiana statesman was securely nailed on the ticket.

In Colorado cloud bursts are known to occur within a few hours; the clouds just rip open and in the twinkling of an eye the dry creek beds are flooded. The convention was something of a cloud burst order, for the various vice-presidential booms ap-

sisted that he never laughed out loud, adding, "I assure you that I enjoy life and see lots of fun, nevertheless."

He wears neither a Van Dyke nor a Dunderreary beard, but just a plain Hoosier whisker, and he is scarcely gray, although he admits to fifty-eight years; he says his youthful appearance is due to the Indiana climate and good habits. He was much provoked because one of the newspapers placed his age at seventy years. He always carries two



MR. AND MRS. JAMES C. DAHLGREN
The Cowboy Mayor of Omaha is a Conspicuous Bryan Leader

peared to collapse with a mighty quiver when the Kern boom came along, officially sealed and endorsed from Fairview. That was when the band played "On the Banks of the Wabash" in a sort of minor cadence, as the various states affectionately bade their "favorite son" and vice-presidential booms adieu and hailed the conquering Hoosier.

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The nominee for vice-president, Mr. Kern, made a confession in the lobby after his nomination. His brown eyes sparkled as he in-

pairs of glasses, and states that he enjoys impromptu speaking, which he began in Kokomo, where he was the youngest member of the bar to practice law. Mr. Kern is a close personal friend of Vice-president Fairbanks. He is a plain, home-spun Hoosier, always ready to smooth out the troublous kinks, and he will certainly prove a very companionable comrade on the ticket with William J. Bryan.

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During the St. Louis Republican convention, twelve years ago, before he ever

dreamed of such fame coming to his name, William J. Bryan was housed with others at the Lindell Hotel in a room with cots. In the evening, when the lights were turned low, one man found his way to bed early, and as he opened the door he found that "Omaha man" over by the window scarcely discernible in the shadows of the room. He was kneeling at his bedside, saying his prayers, and that simple piety won the



I. J. DUNN

Who nominated William J. Bryan at Denver

hearts of those rough and ready newspaper men who occupied the room with him. It was William J. Bryan, who a month later thrilled the country with his "crown of thorns" speech.

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A trip to Denver convention would indeed be incomplete without a side visit to Lincoln, to see the home of the "commoner" at Fairview. Sitting in a wicker chair, in the sun-parlor of his handsome new house, looking out across the great fields of his farm, was

Mr. Bryan. One could little realize why any man should desire to change this habitation, even for the White House at Washington. If there ever was a man who seemed to possess completely all the real comforts of life, and those honestly earned pleasures won by achievement, it is William J. Bryan in his home at Fairview. It is a beautiful brick house, standing on a high hill, on a site which he and his life's companion had selected; a fitting reward for that beautiful life of comradeship which has always existed between them.

The street cars reported heavy traffic to and from "Bryanville," for from the Nebraska hillside the Democratic campaign will be commanded, the first time that a presidential candidate has directed his party's movements from his own porch, west of the Mississippi River.

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In one of his delightful reminiscent moods, Colonel John I. Martin, sergeant-at-arms, said that the wildest national convention he remembered was that at St. Louis, when Samuel J. Tilden was nominated for president by his party in 1876. The speaker tried, with his gavel, to stem the tide of yelling and hissing, but nothing could stop the crowd. The beginning of it was when John Kelley, of Tammany, made his assault on Tilden and spoke without intermission for two hours, determined to tell his story despite of all opposition from those favorable to Tilden. Colonel Martin said that he could not help noticing that the tone of the old veteran was no longer to be heard, "Nothing is as it was in the old times—" Just then he got a blast of the real Oklahoma yell, and he began to think something was doing—even in modern times in Denver.

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One whole day at the Richardson Ranch! We turned "Wild West cowboys" for twelve happy hours, and rode on real bronchos. There were Baldy, Stubs and Peanuts—I had Peanuts. Reaching Aurora by car, we found Packard awaiting us with the steeds, and heeding his admonition to mount from the left side, we got astride without any trouble and instantly dashed off like the wind, with a coyote yell. Whether one is a trained rider or not is immaterial with a branded broncho, only keep your feet in

the stirrups and "hang on," laying your bridle-rein on the side of the neck opposite to the direction which he is to go, on the same principle that a ship is steered. No pulling of reins or the curved motion come-on. It took my mind back to happy days on the Dakota prairies. Over the white poppies we dashed, stirring up the gophers and prairie dogs, on to the pool where the cattle find their way from far back on the hills, to get their noon-day drink.

The windmill pump was wheezing away, supplying seven gallons for each head of cattle. As we approached, they raised their heads in a startled way, as if expecting a "round-up," for they dislike that process and no wonder, being a good deal like human beings in that respect. Such cattle and such a ride! Dashing through ravines and over hills, and finding the openings in the wire fences, with the sun coming down all the time like an arrow of heat and light, I thought to myself, "I'll get a nice coat of tan, to let 'em know I've been on a ranch," never suspecting that the entire cuticle would peel from the backs of both hands—I was having a good time! When I dismounted—well, there was more trouble than burned hands—you can imagine the rest. The memory of that zipping ride across the prairies on the sound-winded and tireless "Peanuts" had a charm which no croaking automobile can furnish—but—well, there was the day after.

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In the foremost of the back rows, near the press gallery, was Senator Henry M. Teller, who doubtless remembered that vivid scene when he walked out of the Republican convention at St. Louis in 1896, on the silver plank. He was disposed to be very graphic regarding the forest reserve situation. He said that the President was as ignorant as a woodchuck on forestry, and that good lands were being held from the public by the

faddists. He insisted that out of 160,000,000 acres of forest reserve, kept by the government, one-third of the land had not a stick of timber upon it, and his listeners found his fist coming down on the table as emphatically at seventy-eight as when he was eighteen. The strong and sturdy character of Senator Teller is a matter of pride to Coloradoians.



MRS. RUTH BRYAN LEAVITT

Eldest Daughter of William Jennings Bryan at the Denver Convention

Mayor Tom Johnson of Ohio did not seem to be very conspicuous in the halls of the delegations, but at the Baptist church in Denver he made an address which was accounted one of the ablest delivered during the week, taking up, without disguise, his well-known views on Socialism. He said we must go to the root of evils and eliminate the corporative iniquity. He insisted that he wanted to see this country arrive at a point

of ownership where street cars would be as free for public use as elevators now are in the big places of business. He appeared to think that municipal ownership was the first step toward this desired end.



THE CHIEF OF TAMMANY HALL
Charles Murphy of New York, takes his grip and goes

There was an exciting moment when Ex-governor Francis of Missouri pushed his way through the crowd to the platform, to pay a tribute to his old chief, the late Grover Cleveland. He expected trouble from the crowd, but they gave him a very respectful hearing. The governor spoke with all the fire and enthusiasm that characterized those 559,742 speeches at the World's Fair, but he seemed to fight shy of the cameras, feeling, doubt-

less, that he had done his duty by his country in that respect during the St. Louis Exposition.

* * *

There was something refreshing in talking with William Jennings Bryan Junior, a bright son of his distinguished father. He is a student from the University of Nebraska, and was attired in correct student regalia,—soft hat with colored band and turned-up trousers, and a jolly fellow he was, evidently appreciating the enthusiasm shown for his father. He appeared very modest, but insisted that he bore a name that will mean the votes this time.

* * *

The stately Southern gentleman with slouch hat and frock coat, walking about the hotel, covered with badges, big, little and middle-sized, received quite a shock when a lady innocently pointed to his very biggest badge and asked, "How much is this one?"

His look of silent indignation was a whole volume in itself—that he should be mistaken for a seller of badges was indeed unaccountable! What resemblance could there be between him and "Pops, the badge man"?

* * *

Ex-senator Patterson, the author of the Oklahoma statehood bill, and proprietor of the "Rocky Mountain News," was a conspicuous figure. Sulzer of New York, the tall congressman with frock coat and corrugated iron face, was there. Every time he entered into conversation it seemed as though he were making a speech on the floor of Congress. Like everybody else there, he was an enthusiast

* * *

Yes, I wore returning home a white slouch hat, brought back a pair of spurs, mailed souvenir cards from mountain top and valley, and arrived in Boston with a few new blisters, but refreshed and exhilarated by the scenes of that trip to Denver, when William J. Bryan was nominated for the presidency and the Oklahoma delegates brought their messages to the national party councils for the first time. Dreams of Denver and her hospitable people; memories of bright, sunny days, under azure Colorado skies; recollections of hustling hours and of the witching and winning ways of the West, are bright pages in an editor's pleasure book.

MY LORD HAMLET

Historical, Literary and Psychical Considerations Touching the Principal Character in Shakespeare's Tragedy

(CONTINUED)

Dedicated, with sincere good wishes and admiration, to Robert Bruce Mantell, Tragedian—*The Authors*

By JOHN McGOVERN and JESSE EDSON HALL

INFLUENCE OF JOHN LYLY ON "HAMLET"

NOTE.—The main object of this Article is to show that *Hamlet's* colloquy with *Osric* is not Euphuism, as usually supposed; but that *Hamlet's* colloquy with *Ophelia* is really in Lyly's style.

THE theatre came, with painting, architecture and literature, from Italy, through Spain and France, to England. In the fashion so long followed, set by the players of Italy, there was a boastful Captain, a quack Doctor, a brave Countryman, a Fool, a Clown, a Harlequin, a Columbine, etc., and these persons were free to compose or "gag" their own parts. Shakespeare made early and continued use of these stock characters. In the play-within-the-play in "Hamlet" there is a conventional villain.

At the same time an affected fashion of speech originated in Italy—a literary echo of chivalry. Women took on poetic names, and conversed only of "love." In France they were called "Précieuses," and in England John Lyly, whether justly or not, became their accredited spokesman. In 1579 he published "Euphues, the Anatomy of Wit," which soon became the text-book of courtiers, and was the most popular prose work in our language. When the fashion had run its course, in 1636, there was not another edition of "Euphues" for two hundred and thirty-two years.

John Lyly was considered the best of writers, and Shakespeare, among the rest, was forced to study his works. It is customary to say that *Osric*, in "Hamlet" is talking "Euphuism," and that *Hamlet* in replying, is proving himself a master in the same lingo, but a careful reading of "Euphues" will not bear out the assertion. Lyly's sentences are simple—"Albeit they be . . . yet can they not . . ."; or, "Yea, yea, I am not the first that hath been too

careful, nor the last that shall be handled so unkindly." Lyly is strictly sententious. There is no straining after synonyms.

The works of John Lyly, however, contain a good many things that Shakespeare used, whether he himself copied them or not. Some of these apply to "Hamlet."

"Euphues" is a book in prose, and deals with the verbose speeches of six characters. Euphues and Philautus, friends, love Lucilla, who jilts them both. Eubulus, "an old gentleman of Naples," gives good advice. *Hamlet's* treatment of *Polonius* is clearly wrought out of the conversations in Lyly's book. *Hamlet* himself uses some of the old gentleman's ideas. Eubulus advises: "Be merry, but with modesty; be sober, but not too sullen; be valiant, but not too venturesome. Let thy attire be comely, but not costly. . . Be not light to follow every man's opinion, nor obstinate to stand in thine own conceit."

Euphues, in return, taunts Eubulus with his "crabbed age." "If you have taken little pleasure in my reply, sure I am that by your counsel I have reaped less profit." Euphues departed, "leaving this old gentleman in a great quandary . . . the tears trickling down his cheeks."

The friendship of Euphues and Philautus furnishes material for *Hamlet's* remarks on friendship. "The express image of mine own person" is a phrase used by Lyly.

"Since a long discourse argueth folly." "As the sea-crab swimmeth always against the stream, so wit always striveth against wisdom." "If, therefore, Philautus, thou

canst set but this feather to mine arrow, thou shalt see me shoot so near that thou wilt account me for a cunning archer." [*Hamlet's* "forest of feathers," in Act III, after the play has proved the *King's* guilt, may be a most witty play on Lyly's remark.]

"But unless Euphues had inveigled thee, thou hadst yet been constant. Yea, but if Euphues had not seen thee willing to be won, he would never have wooed thee. But had not Euphues enticed thee with fair words, thou wouldst never have loved him. But hadst thou not given him fair looks, he would never have liked thee. Ay, but Euphues gave the onset; ay, but Lucilla gave the occasion. Ay, but Euphues first brake his mind; ay, but Lucilla first bewrayed her meaning. Tush, why go I about to excuse any of them, seeing I have just cause to accuse them both?"

In this style Lyly proceeds, and *Hamlet* is by no means above the same fashion, as it was considered to be wit of the first quality.

"I hope, Philautus, thou wilt be as ready to provide a salve as thou wast hasty in seeking a sore. I would not that all women . . . for well I know none will winch except she be gawlded."

[Here we see *Hamlet* sitting at the play-within-the-play: "Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung."]

"She was mortal, and must have died . . . knowest thou not, Eubulus that life is the gift of God, death the due of Nature; as we receive the one as a benefit, so must we abide the other of necessity."

All through the letter of Euphues to Eu-

bulus, concerning the death of his daughter, there is material for the first act of "*Hamlet*," where the Prince is chided for his manifestations of grief.

Hamlet's outbursts against women, as to their beauty and their frailty—their dangerousness to the peace of men, are voluminously outlined in Lyly's book. (We have shown that this descends from the monks.)

In Act III, Scene 1, *Hamlet* is speaking to *Ophelia* strictly in the style of John Lyly (which, it may be seen, is very different from the dialogue of *Hamlet* and *Osric*): "For the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd, than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness." Here *Hamlet* is acting as one distraught.

Don Ferardo, father of Lucilla, rebuking her for her fickleness, says (Lyly, p. 101): "For oftentimes she [Lucilla's mother] would say that thou hadst more beauty than was convenient for one that should be honest."

John Lyly's tiresome book was not tiresome to Queen Elizabeth, nor in Shakespeare's time. The study of its text by Shakespeare furnished material for "friendship"; for *Polonius*; for *Hamlet's* rude treatment of *Polonius* and *Ophelia*; and for all sorts of delphic utterances. Many of its phrases appear in other plays of Shakespeare.

But *Osric* and *Hamlet*, in the Fifth Act, do not talk "Euphuism" to each other, as is commonly suggested. Probably that was the way Sir Walter Scott came to be deceived when he drew *Sir Piercie Shastoun*, in "The Monastery."

SHAKESPEARE'S MYSTERIOUS FIRST QUARTO OF "HAMLET"

NOTE.—The object of this Article is to bring a number of excerpts from the First Quarto before the reader's eye, with a view of coming in close touch with the lost "*Hamlet*" from which the First Quarto was probably made.

Shakespeare but thrice spoke of himself over his own signature. The first time (1593) was in the dedication of the poem, "Venus and Adonis." The second time (1594) was in the dedication of the poem, "The Rape of Lucrece." Both dedications were to the Earl of Southampton. The third and last time was in his will, March 25, 1616.

Next in authority, we have, seven years after his death, the printed declarations of his partners and fellow-actors, John Heminge and Henry Condell, that, in their folio

book of 1623, they have published Shakespeare's writings—and so published them, "as where before you were abused with divers stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors that exposed them: *even those* are now offered to your view cured and perfect of their limbs; and all the rest absolute in their members as he conceived them."

"All the rest" here means the plays that had not been printed during Shakespeare's life, or up to that time—1623.

"Hamlet" is among the dramas covered by "even those." "Perfect in their limbs" refers to the fact that the pirates had destroyed or had been unable to preserve, the poetic feet, the measure, of the iambic blank verse that Shakespeare used. The partners seem to draw a distinction as to accuracy between their resurrection of plays that had been pirated and ones that were here first printed—for instance, between "Hamlet" and "Macbeth."

Nineteen of the plays commonly attributed to Shakespeare were *first printed* in the First Folio, 1623, by Heminge and Condell. A copy of the First Folio, at auction, in March, 1907, in Sothesby's rooms, London, brought \$18,000.

Under the entries of 1602, the Stationers' Registers at London have the following:

"July 26. John Robertes. Entered for his copy under the hands of Master Pasfield and Master Waterson, Warden, a book called 'The Revenge of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke,' as it was lately acted by the Lord Chamberlain's servants. . . 6d."

Here one sees the vanishing form of the lost "Hamlet." No book of the date is preserved or known of.

So late as 1823 a printed play with the following title-page was found: We have modernized the spelling where convenient:

"The Tragical Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke. By William Shakespeare. As it hath been divers times acted by His Highness' servants in the City of London, as also in the two Universities of Cambridge and Oxford, and elsewhere. At London, printed for N. L., and John Trundell. 1603."

This is the First Shakespeare Quarto. Another copy of it was discovered in 1856, and is in the British Museum.

Note that Shakespeare left the Revenge-idea out of the old title, giving to the life-problem of his *Hamlet* a far greater amplitude.

For comparison, we copy the title-page of the Second Quarto. The received Shakespeare text of "Hamlet" has been collated largely from this, and from the First Folio (1623):

"The Tragical Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke. By William Shakespeare. Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much again as it was, according to the true and perfect copy. At London. Printed by

I. R. for N. L., and are to be sold at his shop under Saint Dunstan's Church in Fleet-Street. 1604."

The I. R. probably stands for John Roberts, the printer, and "N. L." also sold the First Quarto.

From the above entries and title-pages it would seem that John Roberts, the printer, expected to print, or did print, a "Revenge of Hamlet"; that an unknown printer produced a "Tragical History of Hamlet" (First Quarto); that John Roberts then issued a "Tragical History" (Second Quarto) "according to the true and perfect copy."

The commentators count 2,143 lines in the First Quarto; 3,719 in the Second Quarto.

The First Quarto is a piracy, made up in various ways—by short-hand, by recollection, and by copying actors' parts"; but it reports a different version of the play from that copied in the Second Quarto. Although Shakespeare was credited with making the First Quarto, we get a considerable vision of the lost Revenge "Hamlet" that had been played at three theatres.

The lost "Hamlet" seems to have adhered more closely to the Saxo story. The First Quarto has "a scene between *Horatio* and the *Queen*, in which he tells her of the *King's* frustrated scheme for having *Hamlet* murdered in England. The object of this scene is to absolve the *Queen* from complicity in the *King's* crime; a purpose which can also be traced in other passages."* She shows a mother's interest in *Hamlet*.

The guilt of *Laertes* is diminished in the First Quarto, where the proposal to use a poisoned foil comes not from him but from the *King*.

So, if we consider *Horatio's* part, the *Queen's* part, and *Laertes's* part, there is a fundamental change of the First Quarto into the Second Quarto. The First Quarto was much nearer to Saxo's story as told in Pavier; and *Hamlet*, beside being far less eloquent, was not so much isolated from all mankind as he is in the received text. His madness was more unequivocally a real affliction—as Ben Jonson foolishly made *Hieronimo's*.

Dr. Brandes thinks that, in the lost "Hamlet," *Horatio* had a "better part"; that *Hamlet's* madness appeared to be wilder; and that *Polonius*, of course, was *Corambis*. In this he coincides with the English authorities.

* Dr. Brandes' "William Shakespeare."

Following are names used in the First Quarto: *Leartes, Ofelia, Gertred, Cornelia, Voltemar, Rosencraft, Gilderstone, Duke, Duchess, Corambis, Montano*. [In the German "Brudermord" it is *Corambus*.]

In the First Quarto, the "To be or not to be" soliloquy is placed a little ahead of where it is in the Second Quarto and First Folio.

There is a stage-direction that in the *Queen's closet*, Act III, the *Ghost* shall "enter in his night-gown."

Howsoever the First Quarto got into print, and whatever it may be, it reveals Shakespeare's hand, and shows that he knew of the lost "Hamlet," and dropped the word "Revenge" out of the "Hamlet" title. The learned Isaac Gollancz believes the First Quarto (as Shakespeare made it ready), the Second Quarto, and the First Folio represent three varying copies of "Hamlet" from the hand of Shakespeare.

We will first give a passage from all three. Act II, Scene 2—*Hamlet's* contempt of the "fad" of letting little children act in tragedies like *Hieronimo*, and his reference to the inhibition of the "common players":

THE TRAVELING OF THE PLAYERS — FIRST QUARTO — 1603

Ham. How comes it that they travell? Do they grow rusty?

Gil. No, my Lord, their reputation holds as it was wont.

Ham. How then?

Gil. Vnith, my Lord, noueltie carries it away. For the principall publike audience that Came to them, are turned to private players, And to the humour of children.

SECOND QUARTO — 1604

Ham. How chanceth it they trauaile? Their residence both in reputation, and profit was better both wayes.

Res. I thinke their inhibition, comes by the means of the late innouation.

Ham. Doe they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the City? Are they so follow'd?

Res. No, indeede, they are not.

FIRST FOLIO — 1623

Ham. How chanceth it they trauaile? their residence both in reputation and profit was better both wayes.

Resin. I thinke their Inhibition comes by the meanes of the late Innouation?

Ham. Doe they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the City? Are they so follow'd?

Resin. No, indeede, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? Doe they grow rusty?

Resin. Nay, their indauour keeps in the wonted pace: But there is Sir an ayrie of Children, little Yases, that crye out on the top of question; and are most tyrannically clapt for it: these are now the fashion, and so be-rattled the common Stages (so they call them) that many wearing Rapiera, are affraide of Goose-quils, and dare scarce come thither.

In the First Quarto, the common players

travel because of private plays and of comedies by children. In the Second Quarto their inhibition comes from the innovation. In the First Folio they travel because of the inhibition that comes of the innovation, and because of the popularity of the little children who have taken their places.

The point is, that both Quartos are represented in the drama made up for the First Folio, seven years after the author's death.

Some remarks here may be useful. *Hieronimo* studied at Toledo, and wrote his play there. The title-page of the First Quarto "Hamlet" says it was played at Cambridge and Oxford Universities. *Hamlet* is at Elsinore, Denmark, and is forced to refer to the City of Wittenberg, in Saxony. But the audience at London understood that disgrace had fallen on good actors, and that people were foolish enough or were forced to prefer little children in great parts (for children enacted *Hieronimo*, and Kyd's play still bears evidences of the "gags" that thus entered the text).

The feeling of mankind that the mature and saddened Shakespeare is himself speaking behind *My Lord Hamlet* gains weight through all *Hamlet* says to the *Players*, and about them.

THE FIRST SOLILOQUY — FIRST QUARTO

O God within two moneths; no, not two: married, Mine uncle: O let me not thinke of it, My father's brother; but no more like My father, then I to *Hercules*. Within two monthes ere yet the salt of most Unrighteous teares had left their flushing In her galled eyes: she married, O God! a beast Deuoyd of reason would not haue made Such specke: Frailtie, thy name is Woman, Why she would hang on him, as if increase Of appetite had growne by what it looked on.

This seems to have been taken in shorthand, and whatever the text may have been, Shakespeare rewrote it for the Second Quarto.

OPHELIA, IN ACT II—FIRST QUARTO

O young Prince Hamlet, the only floure of Denmark. Hee is bereft of all the wealth he had, The Jewell that adorn'd his feature most Is filcht and stolne away, his wit's bereft him. Hee found mee walking in the gallery all alone, There comes hee to mee with a distracted looke, His garters hanging downe, his shoes untide, And fixt his eyes so stedfast on my face As if they had vow'd, this is my latest object. Small while he stode, but gripes me by the wrist, And there he holds my pulse till with a sigh He doth unclasp his holde, and parts away Silent as is the mid-time of the night: And as he went, his ele was still on mee, For thus his head ouer his shoulder looked, He seemed to find the way without his eyes: For out of doore he went without their helpe, And so did leave me.

In the third act, again, after *Hamlet* has left her, *Ophelia* says—First Quarto:

Great God of heaven, what a quick change is this?
The Courtier Scholar Soldier, all in him,
All dasht and splintered thence, O woe is me,
To a scene what I a scene, see what I see.

Here, if the reporter got it anywhere near right, we may be looking at the left-over text of the lost "*Hamlet*," and in the received text we may see how Shakespeare wrote it over for the Second Quarto.

SHORTHAND AND SHORT MEMORY—FIRST QUARTO

It is a fault gainst heaven, fault gainst the dead,
A fault gainst nature, and in reason's
Common course most certain.
None lives on earth, but he is born to die.

This is meant (Act I, Scene 2) for the *King's* lines:

Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd; whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse till he that died today,
"This must be so."

THE FAMOUS SOLILOQUY—FIRST QUARTO

To be, or not to be, I there's the point,
To Die, to slepe, is that all: I all?
No, to slepe, to dreame, I mary there it goes,
For in that dreame of death, when wee awake,
And borne before an e'erlasting Judge;
From whence no passenger ever returned,
The vndiscourged country at whose sight
The happy smile, and the accursed damn'd.

This part was evidently made up from memory.

PUZZLES—FIRST QUARTO

First Quarto stage-direction of Act I, Scene 2: "Enter the King, Queen, Hamlet, Corambis, Laertes," etc.

The Second Quarto, same place, has: "Enter *Claudius*, *King of Denmark*, *Gertrude the Queen*, *Consaile as Polonius* and *his son Laertes*, *Hamlet*, *cum aliis*."

This "*Consaile*" may be the "counselor" of Saxo's History, or it may be a rudiment of *Corambis*, which is likely, other things considered.

First Quarto stage-direction of Act II, Scene 1: "Enter old *Polonius* with his man or two." This is copied into the Second Quarto. *Reynaldo* is called *Montano* in the First Quarto. The commentators take "man or two" to mean *Montano*. In the First Folio the text is corrected to read: "Enter *Polonius* and *Reynaldo*"—for they enter by themselves.

THE GUILTY KING AT PRAYER—FIRST QUARTO

O that this wet that falls upon my face
Would wash the crime clear from my conscience!
When I look up to heaven I see my trespass;
The earth doth still cry out upon my fact,—
Pay me the murder of a brother and a King,
And the adulterous fault I have committed.
O there are sins that are unpardonable!
Why, say thy sins were blacker than in jet,
Yet may contrition make them as white as snow.
Ay, but still to persevere in a sin,
It is an act against the universal power.
Most wretched man, stoop, bend thee to thy prayer;
Ask grace of heaven to keep thee from despair.

THE QUEEN'S GUILT—FIRST QUARTO

In the First Quarto the Queen says: "But as I have a soul, I swear by heaven, I never knew of this most horrid murder." An entire scene is laid between *Horatio* and the Queen in order to show that she joins with *Hamlet* to punish her guilty husband. This scene is omitted in the received text.

Shakespeare so revised the drama as to incriminate the Queen and return to the classic model, which he found to be the only tenable course.

HAMLET UPBRAIDING HIS MOTHER—FIRST QUARTO

Look you now, here is your husband,
With a face like Vulcan,
A look fit for a murder and a rape,
A dull dead hanging look, and a hell-bred eye
To affright children and amaze the world.

Why, appetite with you is on the wane,
Your blood runs backward now from whence it came;
Who'll chide hot blood within a virgin's heart,
When lust shall dwell within a matron's breast.

THE POET HIS OWN BEST CRITIC—FIRST QUARTO

But see, the sun in russet mantle clad
Walks o'er the dew of yon high mountain top.

In succeeding quartos and folios those lines have been changed to:—

But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill.

THIS TOO TOO SOLID FLESH

None of the quartos endorse this accepted reading. The First Quarto has "Too much grieved and sallied flesh"; the Second Quarto has "Too too sallied flesh." It remained for Heminge and Condell to print it, in the First Folio, "Too too solid flesh." The world has stereotyped this phrase, and so undoubtedly it will remain.

THE AGE OF HAMLET—FIRST QUARTO

In the First Quarto the *Queen* (iii. 4) addressing *Hamlet*, says "How now, boy!" The *King* also uses the form "Son *Hamlet*" as an ordinary style of address. These matters are changed in later drafts. The speech of *Hamlet* to his mother,—"At your age the hey-day of the blood is tame, it's humble, and waits upon the judgment"—is not in the First Quarto.

In the graveyard scene, First Quarto, the *First Gravedigger* says *Yorick* has been a dozen years buried; in the Second Quarto, *Yorick* has been twenty-three years buried. The *Gravedigger* took to his trade "the very day that young *Hamlet* was born." "I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years."

Note that the *Gravedigger* still calls the Prince "the young *Hamlet*," although he is thirty years old, and is the only *Hamlet* living.

"The young *Hamlet*" is the character in fiction whom Shakespeare invented. He then aged him psychologically, as suited the progress of the sad theme. The young *Hamlet* may always be opposed, psychologically, with the old *Hieronimo*.

HAMLET'S ORIGINAL INSTRUCTIONS TO THE PLAYERS—FIRST QUARTO

These lines were omitted altogether in the Second Quarto and in the First Folio. They are not a part of the received text:

And then you have again that keeps one suit
Of jests, as a man is known by one suit of
Apparell, and gentlemen quotes his jests down
In their tables, before they come to the play, as thus:
"Canst thou stay till I eat my porridge?" and "You owe me
A quarter's wages"; and, "My coat wants a cullion";
And, "Your beer is sour"; and blabbering with his lips,
And thus keeping in his cinque-pace of jests,
When, God knows, the warm Clown cannot make a jest
Unless by chance, as the blind man catches a hare;
Masters! tell him of it.

OPHELIA WITH A LUTE—FIRST QUARTO

In the First Quarto, it was directed that *Ophelia* bear a lute in her mad-scene. This was abandoned evidently because it seriously interfered with the "business" of the scene.

A LINE DROPPED OUT—FIRST QUARTO

Horatio's question to *Hamlet*, Act I, Sc. 4:

What if it tempt you toward the flood my Lord,
That beckles ore his bace into the sea.

Here the reporter's ear did not catch all

the speech as it properly stands in the Second Quarto, viz:

What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
That beetles o'er his base into the sea?

The passage in the First Quarto shows conclusively that an ignorant and incapable short-hand reporter took down the lines. Such short-hand pirates existed and were denounced in contemporary writings.

HAMLET'S DYING SPEECH—FIRST QUARTO

Mine eyes have lost their sight, my tongue his use:
Farewell Horatio, heaven receive my soule:

In the Second Quarto Shakespeare reached his most fortunate "The rest is silence." This, however, grew directly out of *Hieronimo* and *Iago* at the same situations. In *Hamlet's* mouth it has a new significance. He does not, like *Hieronimo*, defy the tortures of this world, but of the next. Whether on purpose or by chance, it is one of the chief beauties of "Hamlet."

These quotations give the reader enough by which to judge the First Quarto. As Heminge and Condell wrote—probably of this very pamphlet among others—the text is "maimed and deformed by the stealths of injurious impostors."

Yet, let it reach us as it may, it comes from Shakespeare and reveals him at his writing-table. In the making of a play—the world's favorite—the foundations of which can be examined more closely than those of any other Shakespeare drama—we have here a Shakespearean progression between the lost "Hamlet" and the Second Quarto.

Two hundred years of Shakespearean criticism of "Hamlet" went by without knowledge of the existence of the First Quarto. The work of the German investigators, to learn more by means of the "Brudermord" (the old German "Hamlet"), is in the same modern line of inquiry, and in time, no doubt, the relations of Kyd and Shakespeare will be better known.

One thing has blinded many good students. After erroneously rejecting "Titus Andronicus," they determined that Shakespeare was incapable of the theatrical scenes of slaughter and cannibalism. Consider that the "theatre" next at hand was a bear-garden; consider that the very bridge by which one could cross to Shakespeare's theatre was always decorated with the heads of "traitors"—

(there are some twenty in Visscher's picture)—that the bodies of criminals were hanging in the public ways; consider that in nearly the last reign, the monarch (Henry VIII) had cut off the heads of two of his own wives; consider that the stage, for thousands of years, had celebrated the very tragedies that are so alarmingly tabooed—after all this, and more, it is logical to credit to Shakespeare the customary license of his time. His tragedies are all mortal—he did not hesitate nor spoil a climax. Some of his scenes (as in Richard III) far overstep both the nerves and credulity of modern hearers, and there he did not have for excuse the precedent of all historical time. Kyd and Marlowe and

Middleton might not be as skillful dramatists as Shakespeare, but they were no more “tragically”—bloody. In that sublime tragedy (“Macbeth”) where there is least butchery on the stage, murder stalks most wantonly and persistently before the imagination.

The First Quarto was reprinted as early as 1825. Its text is in the Cambridge edition of Shakespeare's Works, vol. 9; in Furness' New Variorum Hamlet, vol. 2; Samuel Timmins' Reprints of the First and Second Quartos, 1860; lithographic reprints by E. W. Ashbee and W. Griggs, the latter praised by Israel Gollancz; Victor Edition, Shakespeare Reprints, Marburg, 1891 (parallel texts of First and Second Quartos and First Folio)

ON SHAKESPEARE'S IMAGINED METHODS OF WORK IN LONDON

NOTE.—The object of this and the following Article is to bring to the reader's attention the circumstances under which the Elizabethan playwrights wrought, so that the present condition of the Shakespeare text may be much better viewed as a whole, and Shakespeare's own style much more certainly perceived, if present.

I.

We must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us.

—*Hamlet* v. 1.

[MEMORANDA.—Nowadays, when a written drama is ready for the stage, the “part” of each character is made into a separate pamphlet. The final sentence, or phrase, or “business,” of some other character immediately preceding is given and red-lined immediately before every speech in the pamphlet, and this “red-line” is called the “cue.” These “parts” are often known as “sides.” In ancient days, they were written on pasteboards, and were called “cards” or “plats.” Some of the old ones have come down to us, and Halliwell-Phillips has produced a *fac simile* of “cards” in “The Battle of Alcazar” (by George Peele, 1594), “Frederick and Basilea,” and “The Dead Man's Fortune.” Both of Shakespeare's theatres burned, probably destroying all the “cards,” which must have been very numerous.

[In the Probate (formerly Prerogative) Court at London, attached to Shakespeare's will, was once a fine signature, “By me, William Shakespeare,” showing that its writer, almost to his dying hour, was one of the best penmen of Elizabethan days. In a time, too, when there were no dictionaries, a careful penman would be a fairly consistent speller, and doubly valuable in a theatre. Perhaps

Shakespeare is letting us into his *own* work-room when *Hamlet* tells *Horatio* (v. 2):

Ere I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play. I sat me down,
Devised a new commission, wrote it fair:
I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair, and labored much
How to forget that learning, but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service.

[The will at London was exposed to wear and to the light for many years before the danger of its loss was felt. In a Second Folio, owned by Mr. Gunther, of Chicago, is pasted a similar signature,—“By me, William Shakespeare”—which, even if it be only an early tracing from the original, is highly valuable as an evidence of the beautiful hand that William Shakespeare wrote. So surely as so elegant a scribe were in a theatre, he would be employed upon the “cards.”

[Heminge and Condell, in their preface to the First Folio, tell the public that the plays which were previously printed (all save nineteen) are now offered “perfect in their limbs,” and the editors make a distinction between “numbers” and “limbs.” To us, this hints of the getting-together of “cards” and proof-reading the copy before it went to the printer.

[A poet's work is never finished. The innumerable graces of the Shakespearian speech, particularly in a favorite and poetical character like *Hamlet*, would be entered at all times upon the “card.” Where “local

color" was to be added, as in the instructions to the players, it is probable—in fact we know, in one case, that the temporary speeches did not go into the "prompt-book"—(that copy of the play which at least pretended to be a showing, in one piece of copy, of all there was to say and to do). The arts of poet and actor clash harshly, and *Hamlet* speaks bitterly of it to the *Players*.

[If Shakespeare were one of the card-writers, and if the plays had extended runs, or were periodically played, it seems reasonable to believe that it would be a most difficult thing for hard-working actors to obtain an up-to-date full copy of a drama with all Shakespeare's latest poetry. Consider how little to the interest of the proprietors or company it was for such a full copy to exist, where it could be subject to pillage or theft by rival companies.

[The performance began at two in the afternoon. The theatre was "dark" at night, and the region was highly dangerous. Lighting arrangements were bad, and artificial light was both costly and full of risk, as it proved at the Globe.

[In an era without standard spelling, Heminge and Condell, in the First Folio, accomplished what it is likely no living company of actors could or would do today. The labor involved must have been great. Whatever their errors, their confidence in Shakespeare entitles them to the admiration of mankind.

[In 1721 the great poet Pope was prevailed upon to attempt a criticism and correction of the printed text of Shakespeare. He declared that "of all our English poets, Shakespeare must be confessed to be the fairest and fittest subject for criticism, the first editions being printed from the prompter's book, or the piece-meal parts written out for the players, and very much disfigured by their blunders and interlineations." With that began the war of the commentators, which has raged for nearly two hundred years.]

II.

It is authoritatively recorded that Shakespeare lived fifty-two years—by no means a short life. Alexander had conquered the world at thirty-three; Napoleon all save Britain at forty-two. It may be, the Swan of Avon continued to sing until 1615, or even later. On the other hand, how early William

Shakespeare wrote can hardly be guessed. It is usual for literary men first to try their hands as rhymesters, and Shakespeare was a practised and immortal poet at twenty-nine; to our knowledge, and may easily have been as skillful for a dozen years previously. The noblest poem in our language (the "Thanatopsis"), although it may not have a first-class line in it, was written by Bryant at eighteen, and he did not write so well afterward. In Shakespeare we have the chief literary intellect to deal with, and we may fairly apportion to him over thirty-five years of practice as a writer.

At seventeen or eighteen we should see him, a clever young poet, far more original than Bryant, but not yet come to that majestic Shakespearian iambic tread which he taught to both Wordsworth and Bryant. He, of course, has John Lyly's book of "Euphues" well learned, and is prepared to dwell *ad nauseam* on the overwhelming importance of love and courtship, somewhat compounded with the claims of masculine friendship and the dangers of rivalry in love. For this latter purpose he has John Lyly's play of "Campaspe," where *Alexander the Great* and his friend *Apelles* both love *Campaspe*, and *Alexander* out of affection for his friend surrenders her to the one she loves. Out of these conditions—it being also the fashion of the day—grow the sonnets. In our opinion, John Lyly is the principal key to them.

This young poet Shakespeare arrives at London early in life, and obtains work in a suburban theatre—(all theatres were then suburban). Not having come from college, his pretensions to poetry—to *les belles lettres*—are certainly laughed at by college graduates whose fortune has turned so bad as to force them into his world. That world is indeed a humble one. The merchants and taxpayers have looked with so much hostility on the profession of acting that theatres have been ostracised—must exist far outside the City, or not at all. The idle classes—the high, the low—these preserve the drama.

As work in a theatre today is heavy and not well-required, we may believe it was even harder on the outskirts of London. There was, in particular, plenty of labor for a young poet who wrote so fine a script as that which is signed to Shakespeare's will, now in existence. The "parts," or "sides," or "cards" of a drama were all to be tran-

scribed on pasteboard, and the opportunity of correction and emendation would continually present itself. If one theatre had made a drama profitable, there was neither law nor custom to prevent the production of a similar and rival drama in another theatre. Haste to get ready would be certain—then as today—and in that haste more than one actor and poet could be set at work. Plays could be written on the pasteboards or “parts,” by a company of workers, and the prompt-book put together afterward, if at all.

From the apparent fact that Shakespeare was not a scholastic or pedantic man, and from the vast vocabulary contained in the First Folio of his plays, it seems certain that his name became connected with many works of which he was not the sole and original builder.

As his wealth and fame increased, his time would become more valuable. Certainly, in his very best dramas, he was looking for nothing original in the structure. He followed the scenarios of old plays, and we do not believe that he himself laid the theatrical groundwork, even where the story is told as dramatically as old Latin Boethius told the fable of “Macbeth”—that is, some one else made a “Macbeth,” whose “cards” Shakespeare might pick up, one by one, and touch into immortal life. On this ground, particularly, we look for a lost “Hamlet.” Shakespeare may have helped Kyd to write it, but not to lay the plot.

All this while we know that the man Shakespeare was amassing wealth in an art that he contemned, among a people whom he despised. He grew old and tired. “Life’s but . . . a poor player, that struts and frets his hour upon the stage.” The piles of “Hamlet,” “Othello,” “Lear,” stacked in the dusty corners or attic of the tiring-room of a playhouse out of town, were like so much cord-wood to him. He longed to get away from it all—and escaped. The ugly piles of cards belonged to the theatre when he sold out, and, after all, he may have considered himself at most only their editor and fur-bisher. The piratical printing of his “Hamlet” First Quarto had certainly brought ridicule on his name. The more correct Second Quarto had been coolly received—“caviare to the general.” It was fortunate for the English language and the human stage that Heminge and Condell, feeling no rivalry,

noted the surpassing skill of their partner, and determined to cord-up all the Shakespeare material of their theatre into a book. They knew—what others could not know—how all-important Shakespeare had been in the production of a drama. Some ten years of his absence had shown them he was needed on the “cards,” whoever “wrote the play.”

Shakespeare was a great editor, like Confucius. In the daily newspapers of our time little gets into print as it was written. The “style of the office,” the pressure of the “ads,” the prejudice of the make-ups, the whims of the proprietor, all intervene between the original writer and the reader. In the theatre of today the playwright hardly recognizes his own drama when at last it is acted. These conditions certainly clung to the boards in Shakespeare’s time, for *Hamlet* complained of it.

To imagine that Shakespeare took white paper, pen, and ink and sat down to “Hamlet,” writing “Act I.—Scene 1.—Elsinore.—A platform before the castle.—Francisco at his post.—Enter to him Bernardo”—and so on, to the dead-march and the carrying out of the four bodies at the last curtain, does not comport with our knowledge of the “Hamlet” material at hand. It may be that, after “Hamlet” was on the “cards” (as in the Second Quarto) Shakespeare never gave it as careful a reading as has any one of a million students in America alone today.

The “Young *Hamlet*” is finally Old *Hieronimo* and *Macbeth*. He is far past the *Romeo*-age of love; he holds himself capable of friendship, and *Horatio* worthy of it; as for the world itself?—Fie on it! We are looking at Shakespeare, as day after day he improved the sad but beautiful speeches (“cards”) of “Hamlet.” How little the author thought of the publicity they would attain! Pepys and St. Simon, the diarists, have also shown us how writers may commune with themselves.

In the art of writing, too, there may be something of the sub-conscious. The hand may set down thoughts the tongue would not have uttered. The mind may not always keep an inspector, to oversee what the hand has written. Here, say, is a stack of old “Hamlet” pasteboards belonging to the “show.” They have been censored, patched, “gagged,” corrected. They were not organically original in the first place. *Hieronimo* is more

logical, more properly theatrical, than *Hamlet*. *Hieronimo* uses the experiment-play at the proper place, the end; *Hamlet* has to double or "incubate" the situation. Why should not the author of the *Hamlet* speeches, at last, be glad never to see or to hear of the "cards" again?—especially, as he has sold his right to touch them?

So, then, let us not study "Hamlet" as if Shakespeare had yesterday read its proof. We absolutely know much of its genesis. We know it does not fit together. But this thing we may aver: *Hamlet* is the sub-conscious Shakespeare. Whatever the text teaches, *Hamlet* is young to the young man; old to the old man; wise to the wise man; eloquent to the extent the intellect is cognizant of eloquence. "Hamlet" is the essence of poetry in the super-animal register.

And we should not criticise and value Shakespeare by the measure of our appreciation of

Milton, Pope, Byron and Tennyson, for they all learned their art from Shakespeare. He did not do it all alone, either. With his exceptional brain he switch-boarded nearly everything he knew at every moment, and, if previous writers failed him, he could naturally extemporize a better phrase. Heminge and Condell tell us he rarely had to blot anything out. He was not ambitious to show his own excellence as a literary man. If John Lyly wrote "the lark at heaven's gate," that was fine enough for William Shakespeare, and spared him rewriting it. It was perhaps this very willingness to take that led him at last to place no personal value on the writings left behind at the theatre.

Close reading and rereading of *Hamlet's* speeches continually leads the mind to the belief that we are holding personal converse with the greatest thinker who has ever lived.

KYD AND SHAKESPEARE

I.

We are only fair to ourselves and fair to the reader when we call attention to the impression of Shakespeare's own work that we receive in such a study of the "Spanish Tragedy" as it deserves. The fact that we cannot point to a date earlier than 1592 for Kyd's printed work leaves the matter open to the imagination. In 1592 Shakespeare was twenty-eight and Kyd about thirty-three. The two poets were probably friends, and could have been collaborators.

There is a certainty of touch in several of the dramatic situations whereby *Hieronimo* rivets our attention nearly as firmly as when *Macbeth* enters the banquet-hall, vaunting that he hopes to meet his friend and cousin *Banquo*.

Francis Meres, the earliest reviewer of Shakespeare's work (1598), names Kyd and Shakespeare together, as though their relations were known.

Nash, in his tirade against Kyd, speaks of his "shifting companions," almost certainly insinuating Shakespeare. (*Shake-scene* and *shift-scene*, we repeat, were terms applied to Shakespeare by both Greene and Ben Jonson.)

If the reader of Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy"

feel the tie that binds Shakespeare's "Hamlet" to *Hieronimo*, he may also consider the similar connections of the supposedly lost "Hamlet" and of the partly-lost "Titus and Vespasian" with "Titus Andronicus" by Shakespeare.

II.

Bandello, the Italian novelist, took the Amleth story from Saxo-Grammaticus, and the Romeo-and-Juliet story from Luigi da Porto.

When Bandello's Italian work was translated into French, it was done by two writers, "Romeo" by Pierre Boaistuau (surnamed Launay) and "Hamlet" by François Belleforest. The first-named translator died and the second finished the work; but "Hamlet" and "Romeo" went on their way in the same book toward Shakespeare.

Now the reader may for himself investigate this very remarkable set of facts in relation to "Romeo"—namely:

1. We know that Shakespeare rewrote both plays—that is, he wrote them twice. The First-Quarto "Romeo" and the final "Romeo" differ as radically as the First and Second Quartos of "Hamlet." Recollect that "Hamlet" and "Romeo" came into the Eng-

lish (for Pavier and by Paynter) from the same French book, and the French reader of one story would know of the other.

2. We know that Shakespeare took plentifully from Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy" for "Hamlet," including the use of one important name—*Horatio*.

3. There is a *Balthazar* in Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy," and a *Balthasar* in Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet."

4. There is no *Horatio* in the old story of Amleth; and there is no *Balthazar* in the old story of "Romeo." Both names are in the "Spanish Tragedy."

5. In the "Spanish Tragedy" *Bellimperia* loved *Andrea* and *Balthazar* slew him in battle; *Bellimperia* transferred her love to *Horatio* as suddenly and peculiarly as *Romeo* transferred his passion to *Juliet*. In "Romeo," too, Shakespeare has manifestly improved a similar love-scene from Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy."

These matters are well worthy of study as showing some now unexplained relation between Kyd and Shakespeare. The reader might investigate (1) the hypothesis that Kyd wrote four plays—"The Spanish Tragedy," "Titus," "Romeo," and "Hamlet"—and that Shakespeare, in rewriting a set of cards or pasteboards made all four plays Shakespearian; or (2) the hypothesis that Kyd and Shakespeare collaborated. Note that Shakespeare did not have his name on the early quartos of "Romeo," and his name is not on the entry of title-page of the "Revenge of Hamlet," in 1602.

III.

The psychic and literary connection of Shakespeare with Middleton is also a collateral study, and the reader is recommended to a close reading of Middleton's great play, the "Changeling," where characters and scenes that seem familiar to us as Shakespearian are also to be found.

IV.

Shakespeare warns us of the form and pressure of the times, and it may be that a coterie of authors, holding occasional social converse, might all imbibe certain methods and thoughts. But, if the reader be inclined to take note of the possibility that Kyd and Shakespeare could have wrought together,

and Middleton and Shakespeare as well, we cannot say that a useful hypothesis might not be set up.

V.

The First Folio of 1623 is the Shakespeare Bible. Its various editors, actors and printers probably collated a good deal of copy that Shakespeare might have omitted. The editors did not print "Pericles" nor the Poems, possibly because they did not have copies at hand. A Second Folio was printed in 1632. A Third Folio followed in 1664. On the title-page of that Third Folio was the following: "And unto this impression is added seven plays, never before printed in folio, viz.: Pericles, Prince of Tyre; the London Prodigal; the History of Thomas, Lord Cromwell; Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham; the Puritan Widow; A Yorkshire Tragedy; the Tragedy of Locrine."

An apocrypha of some eight other plays also exists, and has a conspicuous place in Shakespeariana.

In some measure, at least, the reader of Kyd, Middleton, Lyly, Marlowe and all the known fellow-scribes of Shakespeare's time may appoint himself fellow-editor, in order to keep Shakespeare human, and still to give him more than he might himself claim.

This manner of study is an antidote against Bacon-ism. Mentally, to be with the playwrights in their hasty work; to note their jealousies; to learn how each character's "part" or "card" became a thing that the actor might influence; to see how Shakespeare, as well as the rest, might get things together wrong, or variously—these are all matters that apply to "Hamlet." There is as yet no Church of Shakespeare; there is no holy text.

VI.

If Shakespeare copied a set of cards for "The Spanish Tragedy," and if that set came down to us, it would, in our opinion, be enough to fix the Shakespearian touch upon Kyd's great work. Shakespeare can be seen copying other matters—like the description of Wolsey in Henry VIII—and the mere transition of prose into iambic rhythm, when done by Shakespeare, has lent to those matters an immortal beauty.

Shakespeare changed *Horvendile* to the elder *Hamlet*, and *Fengon* to *Claudius*, but

at the same time he forgot to take out the *Claudio* who is spoken of late in "Hamlet." He forgot to take out the *Duke*. The entire set of Latin-like or Italian names in "Hamlet" must have come to Shakespeare in some way as yet unknown.

Balthazar, who slew *Andrea* in battle, in the "Spanish Tragedy," reappears as a name chosen by Shakespeare in no fewer than four plays—namely, in the "Merchant of Venice," in "Romeo," in the "Comedy of Errors," and in "Much Ado About Nothing."

Isabella was *Hieronimo's* wife, *Horatio* was their son. In "Measure for Measure" *Isabella* is sister to *Claudio*.

These recurring names might lead to important discoveries concerning the relations of the various plays.

The reader must altogether reject the stupid treatment by commentators of Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy." The Encyclopedia Britannica, ninth edition, does not give Kyd a separate biographical article, and he is named only to be slighted. This is because the writers thought Shakespeare owed Kyd too much—better pass it by! But why not find Shakespeare wherever we can?—there is surely a trail of the Shakespearian pen over Kyd's work. Shakespeare, as we know, would willingly "use" a fine line, yet, after all, nobody else had Shakespeare's general style. Time probably will enable us to guess still closer to the truth as to why Middleton's "Changeling" and Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy" are so clearly resonant of "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Richard III" and "Othello."

VII.

The Shakespearian world, at least conventionally, and possibly with great accuracy, by means of Visscher's large engraving of London in 1616, looks on William Shakespeare as first working at an inn, livery, and theatre (called "the Theatre") in the fields north of London-wall. London City then stood entirely north of the broad Thames. Into the City, from the south, crossing the Thames, led London Bridge, covered with buildings. The street or road from the Bridge

led northward through the City, past St. Helen's Church, and out in the fields to The Theatre. This "The Theatre" was moved bodily to the Bankside (suburb), south of the Thames, and became the Globe Theatre. When the Globe opened for a summer show-house, the actors' company, in which Shakespeare served, converted a house in Blackfriars (monastery) into a theatre; this was just inside the city wall at the west, on the Thames. Shakespeare and others bought a house near here—perhaps next-door, possibly for a tiring and "card"-room. Shakespeare paid personal taxes at lodgings near St. Helen's Church. His brother, it is said, lived near the Globe. The Blackfriars were politically independent of the puritanical London City Council. The Globe and the Blackfriars, Shakespeare's final summer and winter houses, were separated only by the Thames River, but, in order to cross from the Globe, it was customary to go westward on the Bankside to the stairs in front of the Swan Theatre, a feature of Paris Garden.

Burbage was the leading actor of the Shakespeare troupe, and Edward Allyn of the rival troupe employed by old Henslowe. One of Henslowe's theatres was very much further into the marshy country south of the Globe, and was called Newington Butts.

The Burbage family came originally from Stratford-upon-Avon, and probably "The Theatre" in the northern fields thus gathered a Stratford colony in which it is not impossible Heminge and Condell also belonged—thus accounting for the personal interest they took in Shakespeare's literary fame—an interest which Shakespeare in his latter days did not share.

In the mind's eye, the psychic speculator of today may see William Shakespeare, walking in the fields north of London; or outside the western wall southwestward toward the palace; or crossing the Thames on John Taylor's boat, always with heavy packages of cards under his arm—pieces of his own, or plays that he had made immortal in the mere process of getting a fresh set of cards, written in his own fair hand—thus puzzling the world.

(To be continued)

SIMMERTON OF ALLEGASH

By GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH

SIMMERTON of Allegash had premonitions that had established his reputation as the star oracle of the village, but twenty years of foretelling had not dimmed his after-sight, and when he dipped into the troubled pool of past events he was sure to disturb the waters and fish up a monster. Sometimes the tale was probable, sometimes possible, and again—well, Simmerton was a man of his word.

He was a well-preserved relic of an age when men courted their sweethearts with less of the amenities of life and disposed of rivals with slighter disregard for modern conventions. Simmerton stood six-feet-two in his rough cowhide boots and was as straight and angular as a young sapling untempered by the winds. Even at sixty his figure was as unbending as the tough old oaks of the seacoast which harbored him. When he wasn't prognosticating, he was recalling the past, and of the two he appeared to the best advantage as an interpreter of the years long dead.

Josh Baily, a youth of fifty summers, stood leaning against the barrel of newly-pickled pork, affectionately watching a mongrel cur sleeping in the sun.

"Beats all creation how that critter can find her way back home," he was saying, reflectively. "You simply can't lose her. She jest natcherly finds her way home. I lost her onct in Tioga county, an' she tuk the straight trail home an' got there ahead of me."

"I had a cat onct," piped up Bennie Tribble, waking suddenly from a morning nap on the pile of empty potato sacks.

"Eh?—a cat?" echoed Simmerton with a smile. "I should think you'd need a Tabby, Bennie—or was it a Tom?"

"That cat," continued the awakened sleeper unmindful of the laugh, "was taken acrost the state line in a bag an' dropped in a well by night. You'd think that'd hev fixed her, but when we got home, there she was lappin' milk jest as natcherly as life, an' smilin' at us to think she'd turned the trick on us."

"An' I knew a calf onct," solemnly joined in Simmerton, picking up the drift of the stories, "an' she was the most knowin' calf this side o' the Allegash."

There was the glimmer of a smile around the circle, but it never reached maturity. Simmerton challenged them with a glance, and perforce every one nodded solemnly. It was not policy to laugh at the wrong place when Simmerton held the front of the stage.

"That calf knew more geography when it was born than most men do today, Bennie." Bennie nodded acquiescently and shifted his position to one of more comfort. "She must have inherited it, fur her mother come to this country from Galloway an' crost the continent in a box car, took a side trip up to Canada, an' tried her teeth on Kentucky blue grass afore she located hereabouts. She was a great traveler, an' she knew geography better'n a school-boy. When she wasn't travelin' she was yearnin' fur it, an' what she yearned fur she gen'ally got. You couldn't keep her in a ten-acre lot with a six-foot barbed-wire fence strung round it. How she got through, under or over, it beats me, but she gen'ally managed it without hurtin' the barbs.

"But it was her calf I was thinkin' of—a mighty putty little tan-an'-white critter that frisked around an' kicked up her heels the day she surprised her mamma by comin' into this wicked world of ourn. Betty Jones set a store on her an' said she'd keep her until death intervened to part 'em. Betty was a pert little critter herself—all white an' pink an' blue an'—well, she didn't need to look around fur men to take her home from quilting parties an' huskin' bees. She jest had 'em in strings an' shoals totin' behind her, but she was so putty an' good-natchered that none of us tuk offence. We jest tagged around behind her to get a chanst to tie her shoelaces or do any other service that would administer to her comfort. Betty warn't any flirt, but she was young an' frisky jest like that tan-an'-white Galloway calf of hers.

"'Bout the time that little hair-trigger bunch of beef got old enough to make itself a gen'ral nuisance, an' had established a record fur quick-firing with its heels an' a heavy butter with its head, there comes a fellow from the city to spend the summer at Allegash. He was a harmless little dude, an' we didn't pay much attention to him, jest pityin' him some when we saw his store-clothes and frizzled hair set up on end. He might have been a walkin' advertisement fur some ready-made clothes shop, but that didn't prejudice him any in our eyes—not until he began to make up to Betty an' ogle her with them bleached-out eyes. Betty liked attention from anything that wore pants, an' she warn't goin' to discourage sentiment even in a clothes-frame. She wouldn't go half way, but she'd give a chap the idee she would let him go three quarters, an' then she'd balk.

"Well, we sat up an' tuk notice then. When we got a sight on the way things was agoin' we decided the course of events needed changin'. The common cause brought us together an' made us pool interests fur the sake of Betty. Betty, you see, warn't no more'n a child, after all, an' she needed some protection'. If she wanted to ally herself fur life with a chap with starched hair an' manicured nails, she was goin' to have a square deal an' know jest what she was up against afore she tuk the fatal plunge. Si Bennett and Billy Renway agreed with me, an' we said amen on it an' prepared ourselves fur any eventualities.

"The way that brainless simpleton paid courtin' to Betty made you feel like ringin' up the loonatic asylum an' askin' 'em to fetch their idiot-catcher. He'd bring a book around an' read some tomfoolery out o' it, an' then he'd tog himself up like a wild-eyed painter. It was high art, I guess, with him. An' Betty never let on whether she liked him or not, but the way she acted toward the rest of us we began to feel dissatisfied with life. At times she'd act so pert an' uppish with us that it would seem as if the bottom had dropped out somehow.

"But there was that calf, which Betty made a factor in all of her love affairs. It was a sort of 'love me love my calf,' an' Si Bennett had got a buttin' that knocked the wind out o' him tryin' to make friends with the Galloway youngster, an' Billy Renway jest escaped losin' one eye from the critter's flying heels.

I had discreetly held off, hopin' to take a turn when the rest o' them was laid up in the hospital. Betty didn't like the way I steered clear of her pet, an' she warn't slow in showin' her disfavor.

"But the way she tortured an' mistreated that city chap in cementin' the friendship between him an' the calf made you experience a mite of pity for the fellow. He balked at first, an' then under persuasions from Betty made advances, but always with the rear end away from him. But a pure-bred Galloway is charged at both ends. It's mighty hard to make a choice of positions. Si Bennett, after his experience with the head, said the rear-end is the safest, but Billy Renway thought otherwise.

"But that city lover warn't all fool. He had tucked away in his brain a little mite of common sense, an' he had a trick of twistin' the calf's rope in a knot which held its head pretty stiff. In this way he was allowed to pat the wicked little nose without any great an' immediate danger to himself. This trick sort o' satisfied Betty, an' she laughed at it jest as pleased as a child. It was this development in the situation which brought events to a crisis. The danger signals were now out; we caught sight of 'em in Betty's cheeks, an' we had to mature a plan to make some new history. If Betty wanted the chap, she could have him, but he'd have to show up in his true colors. She must see him when his hair warn't starched an' perfoomed an' his clothes warn't fresh pressed by Darby, the town tailor.

"We was a glum lot of conspirators, an' fur a time we couldn't get up any speed. Si was in fur lettin' events drift, trustin' to Betty's good sense to rescue her from the pompadored villain. Billy swore an' said he'd kill the chap an' bury him with the calf a mile deep in Allegash's medders. But I counceled caution and sense. There ain't no use tryin' to drive one like Betty to cover by holdin' up her lover. The more you persecute some people the more they seem to enjoy it.

"Betty would stand up fur the city chap jest so long as we ran him down, an' if we tried to rope him an' carry him off she'd jest as likely as not hunt him up an' marry him to spite us. That's Betty through an' through. So one day when we met down on the medders to consider ways an' means out o' the

difficulty we warn't in the best of spirits. We stood there shiverin' in the cold an' fog waitin' fur something to turn up. It was one o' them fogs which jest get hold o' you an' make you as clammy an' sticky as fly-paper on a wet day. It was so thick you gulped it in by breathfuls an' thought you was eatin' your dinner. Jim Wilson that day was shinglin' his house an' tried to nail some of the shingles to the fog, thinkin' it was the eaves of the roof. Anyhow, that fog proved a blessin' in disguise. It gave us an inspiration, an' we clinched to the idea with both hands.

"Si agreed to go through the first act alone, an' Billy an' I would take up our part of the program in due course as the curtain was rung up. I never did learn jest how Si did it, but in half an hour he was leadin' the victim to the slaughter. Si always swore he came willingly, followin' the bait he dangled before his nose. But he never let on what the bait was that he used. Hidden in the fog, we heard 'em comin'. At the edge of the medders the pompadored chap seemed ready to talk.

"Sure you know the way in this confounded fog, Mr. Bennett?" he asked suspicious-like.

"Sure! Couldn't lose me in it to save your life."

"My, but it's wet, an' I got on my new pumps," the chap continued, balking again when the water squashed inside his new patent-tip galoshes.

"We didn't hear 'em again, fur they drifted away an' was swallowed up in that fog sheet. We waited around a little anxious-like, wonderin' after all if Si wouldn't do some rash act an' bury the little chap in some convenient creek, as he'd often threatened. We was a little shy of nerve when finally there drifts out of the fog Si, all smiles and winks. We warn't even then sure he hadn't been up to some wicked deed, fur Si was sometimes good at concealin' things he didn't want others to know about.

"He's out there tryin' to find the points of the compass," he announced finally to our great relief. 'It's beastly mushy on the medders today in this fog.'

"He scraped a bushel of mud from his boots an' squatted on an old rail-fence to take in a few restful gulps of sea fog and diluted atmosphere.

"I told him," he continued after a pause,

'that if he strayed away from me to follow the sounds of the fog horn, an' that would lead him back to Betty's house. There she goes now.'

"Sure enough, the Cape fog horn was drawlin' out a mournful groan that made you think of a cow bein' smothered by its own cud. Then far off in the distance was a faint echo. It was a human voice callin' fur help, but it had a high panicky note in it that sounded unnatural. Si smiled at this, an' Billy an' I drew nearer to hear any further details that Si might volunteer.

"Finally the cries grew louder, an' Si dropped from his perch an' said:

"'He's comin' this way. Now Billy where's your tooty horn?'

"Billy responds promptly, havin' been coached fur his act, an' draws from his coat a three-foot fog horn that made a blast like all creation. You could feel the medders wobble like jelly under your feet when Billy got warmed up to his work, an' every time he blew the horn we held our breath lest we'd lose it in the noise. Then across the medders comes the mournful echo of the Cape horn, an' between an' betwixt 'em, some two miles out on the medders, there was a little human cry of distress. We keeps this tootin' up fur a while, an' then Si brings to light the identical mate to Billy's horn.

"I'll try t'other side o' the medders," he said, 'an' between us we'll keep him dancin' round in a circle fur a while. When he gets too near, Billy, let up on your blowin' an' leave me a chanst.'

"Now with three fog horns a-blowin' an' moanin' like mad acrost that medders, there was bewilderment of sounds that would drive a loonatic to suicide. They just seemed to come from all points of the compass. They come from nowhere and went anywhere. If that city chap didn't have the time of his life tryin' to follow 'em I'll pass my guess. We could hear him blubberin' an' howlin', an' sometimes he'd slosh into water that would cause an eruption of bad language. You could gen'rally tell when he stood on high ground an' when he was sinkin' waist deep into mud and water. He did some prayin' too, an' mighty good prayin' at that. Never had any idee he was so bad afore until he began to confess to the fog.

"We stood it long enough to give him a chanst to travel round the medders 'bout a

dozen times before we called in our skirmish line. Si an' Billy were putty well blowed by that time, but they was game an' waitin' fur the last act—which was mine. The sudden silence on the medders after their fog horns stopped breathing made an impressive hole in the fog. The noise had been sort of friendly an' companionable, but now there was nothing but the Cape horn in the distance, an' that sounded muffled-like an' far away. What the feelings of that city chap must have been I can't say, but I guess he thought all of his friends had deserted him.

"Act three was not particularly to my liking, but I'd agreed to it, and I was prepared for eventooalities. Si an' Billy was to come in as supers to relieve me of any unnecessary burden. Betty's little tan-an'-white Galloway lived in the barn with her mamma, an' when we tuk a peek at 'em we knew that they scented danger. We had to use more force than we intended, fur that little critter insisted upon using heels and head without reason or thought. We had to tie her in a knot and smother the head in a potato sack. Then, flung acrost our shoulders, we staggered down to the medders. We padlocked the barn door an' hid the key, so Betty wouldn't discover her loss too soon.

"We tuk turns carryin' the calf out to the medders. 'Bout half a mile from Betty's home we tied her to a stake an' turned the pesky thing loose. She jumped up an' bleated pitifully, an' then started on a dead run fur home until brought up by the rope. Then she bellowed and bleated fit to melt a heart of stone to tears. She wanted to get back home again the worst way, an' she made some fancy leaps up an' around jest to emphasize this desire.

"You'd oughter heard that lost city chap stop sayin' his prayers when he caught the sound of the calf's bleat. We'd taken good care to see that he wasn't far off when we jammed the stake into the soft mud. Now he jumped to his feet with a cry of joy, an' starts fur them sounds. That bleatin' meant liberty to him. It meant home and Betty. The way he trailed fur the calf spoke well fur his bump o' locality. He got to the bellow-in' critter afore we could scarcely get around to the thicker side o' the fog, an' fur a minit it looked most as if he'd hug the little Galloway in spite of his natcheral fear of her. But Betty's tan-an'-white had no idee o' being

hugged out there in the fog, an' she humped for a spring. She missed connections with the chap an' looked crestfallen at the mishap.

"Si an' I bet on what he'd do. Si said he'd be too blamed stoopid to do anything, but I bet he'd pull up the stake an' let the calf lead him home. Si lost an' I won. After wastin' a dictionary of honeyed words, an' endangerin' his life a dozen times tryin' to rub the fuzzy head, he decided to make for the stake and give the calf all the rope she wanted. But the balky animal was suspicious by this time, an' seemed to think that the fellow was the author of all her troubles. She chased him around the circle until he was winded, an' flopped him over onct through a mischance in stepping on a slippery bog, but the chap was game, an' never fur long let up. He dodged an' circled, playin' leap-frog with the rope, an' taggin' the calf whenever she got to close quarters, but always with the odds against him.

"Finally, as the story tellers would say, with a desp'rate, superhuman effort he lighted fur the middle of the circle an' landed plump on the stake. He tugged at it an' succeeded in jerkin' it free jest as the calf arrived on the scene. Her heels leaped into the air, an' the chap dodged into a squashy pool of slime. The calf cavorted then and suddenly finding herself freed from the stake, started on a straight line fur home. But she had slightly miscalculated that chap's love fur life. He clung to the other end o' the rope an' the two o' 'em parted the fog an' shot through it in double quick time.

"The way those two made fur Betty's home was a caution. Si an' Billy an' I saw we were up against it good an' hard if we wanted to be in at the endin'. The calf showed her knowledge of geography in that home run, an' she did it in record-breakin' time. She warn't perticular either 'bout the way she got to it. A creek or two didn't make any material difference to her, fur she could jump 'em, an' she didn't turn out fur mud holes either. Si an' I marked the trail next mornin', an' it was straight as a surveyor's line, except here an' there where it looked as if the chap in tow had made wild leaps across ditches to get his equilibrium after some putty high jumps. In places it 'peared as if he hadn't touched ground fur twenty feet at a stretch, an' when he did he must have struck putty solid.

"Si was the first in at the finish, an' Billy an' I trailed close behind neck an' neck, but fur all that the calf an' the city chap came near beatin' us. We hardly had time to get our breath an' modestly step in the back-ground afore we heard them comin' as if an express train was crashin' acrost the meadows. There was a series of thuds an' heavy splashin's like the steamboat threshing its way through a shallow creek.

"There stood Betty waitin' fur the home-comin'.

She'd missed her calf an' had heard its bleatin' out on the medders, an' she warn't in any gentle mood to receive lovers or friends. So we three discreetly held back an' waited fur developments.

"First the tan-an'-white burst through the fog, a-bellowin' an' snortin' like a 'cranky steam-engine. The rope dangled far behind, but Betty couldn't see anything on the other end of it on account of the fog. So she tries to pick it up, speakin' gentle-like to her pet, but the calf had no use fur anybody an' was aimed straight for the barn. Betty, realizin' the danger of tryin' to stop a comet in its path, let the rope slip through her hands until she got near the end.

"Then something happened that we hadn't bargained fur. A queer jumble of flying arms an' legs cut through the fog an' landed plump against Betty. The two of 'em went down and mingled together on the grass, while the rope slipped through their hands. There was a series of shrieks from the tangled mass, an' we couldn't make out much else than flyin' skirts and wavin' hands. Then the city chap managed to check his gyrations an' sat up.

"Oh, Betty, thank God, I'm here!" he exclaimed with a deal more emotion than she'd ever seen afore.

"But Betty warn't in any mood by this time to second this. She was a good deal soiled in body an' soul. She jest crawled away from him, an' pulled herself to her feet without a word. Then she turned on him, an' expressed her indignation in words that made the fog shiver.

"But, Betty, I was lost out there fur ten long hours, an'-an'- he gulped an' tried to swallow some of the muddy water that was obstructin' his organs of speech.

"Don't you see, dear," he began again, tryin' to crawl to her side, "I was lost an'

this calf of yours brought me home to you saved my life, an'-"

"He made a queer-lookin' lover in the fog, with the starch out of his hair, his clothes bedraggled with mud an' slime an' streaks of color decoratin' his face. He had got so far down he didn't mind crawlin' in the sloppy mud any more, an' he made his way toward Betty like a turtle, wobblin' a little at every lurch. As fast as he advanced Betty retreated, watchin' him with a peculiar light in her eyes.

"If she loves him now there ain't no use our interferin' further," whispers Si in my ears.

"I agreed with him. The critical moment had arrived. If one of us had made a noise to betray our presence Betty would have scented somethin', an' all would have been lost. Likely as not she'd hugged the chap on the spot,—mud, water an' all.

"But we kept our silence and waited fur the verdict. Suddenly Betty's hand began to tremble; then her head shook, and finally her body wobbled. This prepared us for the laugh which followed, a laugh which went into convulsions an' then into hysteria, and finally wound up in little screams and squeals. Betty had a highly-developed sense of humor, an' you couldn't stop her when she got goin'.

"That city chap no longer crawled. He climbed to his feet and straightened himself with dignity that only made Betty laugh the harder.

"Betty—Miss Jones," he stammered, 'this—this conduct is unseemly, very unlady-like, an'-"

"Oh, go away or you'll kill me!" shrieked Betty. "Go look at yourself!"

"The chap had been so bewildered by the rapid course of events that he hadn't paid much attention to his appearance, but now he glanced down an' up an' sideways, an' then blushed through his coat of mud tan. He wanted to run fur it, to hide, to do anything to get away, but Betty held him there, walkin' around an' around him, askin' questions that turned his disgrace into mortification.

"Then he grew wrathful an' threatened never to speak to her again, but Betty would have her laugh. I guess it sort of eased her mind when she remembered the ridiculous position she'd been tumbled into. When he accused her of hard things, she retorted sharply:

"'I'll have you arrested fur tryin' to steal my calf!"

"This seemed to add insult to injury. The fellow turned an' stamped through the fog, leavin' Betty there laughin' an' squealin' fit to beat the band.

"We didn't see the chap after that. He might have gone an' lost himself on the medders again jest out o' spite; but somebody said he tuk the early mornin' train fur the city. Anyway, we was rid of him, an' Betty didn't pine over his goin'.

"We kinder expected Betty would tell us the joke, an' give us a chanst to join her in the fun, but she never did. She'd sometimes break out suddenly an' go off into fits of laughter, but we couldn't make her own up to the cause. If she thought we had any hand in the game, she warn't goin' to give us the satisfaction to ask us 'bout it. Si did want to tell her, but Billy an' I persuaded him, at the risk of bein' tarred an' feathered, not to do it.

"Only onct, ten years later, did she let out a word that showed she suspected anything o' me. That was on the anniversary of our weddin' day, when we went to the city to celebrate. We stood in front of a window full of ready-made clothes, an' one o' them clothes-frames decked out with a new suit suddenly attracted her attention — seemingly reminding her of something. After gazin' at it fur a full minit, she began to titter and squeal under her breath.

"'What is it, Betty?' I asks.

"She looks up an' says, forgettin' herself fur a minit: 'You remember that foggy day on the medders when I—' Then, catching herself, she turned away and added: 'Oh, you warn't there. I forgot.'

"Well, such is the perversity of women, an' o' Betty in perticular, I could never get another word out o' her, an' if she thinks I saw the city chap's disgrace that day she isn't goin' to give me the chanst to gloat over it before her eyes."

BEAUTY

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

WHITE cloud art thou that quickly fades away;
 Eve's war of roses soon thy fire is done;
 Apollo with the horses of the sun,
 Brief lord art thou of dawn and of the day.
 Thou art the star that wand'ring and astray,
 Dost headlong down to doom at midnight run;
 Fixed immortality of fire-mist spun,
 Thou art Sirius and the Milky Way.
 Bright vision of the heavens all august,
 Sole empress of the zenith and the height,
 How oft thy shadow cast on earth at length
 Awes with a distant splendor all the dust!
 Nay, but thou stoop'st in the common light,
 God's robe men touch thee and their souls have strength!

ANIMAL ACTORS

By GRACE HAZARD

"YOUR turn next," pipes the little call-boy at the dressing-room door. As his voice is drowned in a chorus of fierce growls from the stage, I scarcely need the notice, for I am to follow Spieri's Bears, and I take my position in the wings with a sort of Red-Riding-Hoodery-feeling in my bones.

These big Teddies are the only unwilling actor-animals I ever met, and if I were not so near their long claws and white teeth, it would be great fun to observe their protests and eloquent objections to the vaudeville idea. The grand finish of their act, after going through their individual stunts, is for the whole company to participate in a circular gallop on a merry-go-round, each bear riding a handsome unlife-like wooden pony. As the bears whirl solemnly around, each big, shaggy fellow utters a snarl of disgust, and, when the music strikes up a livelier pace and sets the horses spinning faster yet, every rider extends his neck, opens his mouth, and chews the wooden ears of his imitation pony. I did intend to ask the trainer how often the ears were replaced during a season, but that question never occurred to me when in the vicinity of the bears. When the bears are not going through their tricks and lurching on wooden ponies' ears, they are housed in big cages beneath the stage, and you may imagine that that part of the basement is all theirs. No other actor or actress on the bill demands their dressing room or offers to share it with them. Under certain circumstances it must be good to be a bear.

After following a growling, shivery bear-turn, it is a relief to find oneself in the society of an up-to-date canine aggregation like Herbert's Dog Circus. But you become accustomed to associating with all sorts of queer creatures on the vaudeville boards. One week, perhaps, you'll be sandwiched in between a baby elephant and a herd of wise old seals—the next you'll step before the foot-lights twice a day while the house is still thundering its applause over the manner in which the trick ram has just butted the clown

into the middle of a lake painted on the back drop. If one is unduly puffed with pride, it's a good thing to follow this kind of an act. More than one vaudevillian has been cured of conceit with this simple prescription.

If you have never tried to keep forty-five dogs in good health and right up to the minute with their training, you probably can't imagine the task that Prof. Herbert has on his hands three hundred and sixty-six days this year. It's simply dizzying, the work, the patience, the firmness, the attention to detail, and the strain on nerve and brain required to keep that little colony of doggies running right—not to mention the cats. The training goes on in the mornings, and, for every principal dog-act you see, there's another—an understudy—ready to "go on," if by any ill-luck the chief actor goes lame, sickens or dies. The little act which requires at the most twenty minutes to perform, has taken years to perfect, the same with dogs as with human actors, and the whole secret of success is constant drill. I last met Herbert's Dogs at the Shubert Theater, Milwaukee, and every day when I entered the stage door I found a man hard at work pounding up puppy cakes for the company's dinner. He told me they ate twenty-five pounds of cakes every day, in addition to a large quantity of rice and meat. The dogs followed Miss Ida Fuller's beautiful dances that week and it was a pretty sight to see our little pets preparing for their turn as she was finishing hers. The dogs opened with a huge crescent shaped wagon, which was drawn in by a greyhound that afterwards did some wonderful leaping. The wagon was "dressed" off stage. First one of the assistants came upstairs with a big white Angora cat, Snowball, on his shoulder, her two brown kittens in one arm, and a Mexican Chihuahua dog in the other. Mrs. Snowball leaped to her place on the topmost horn of the moon, as soon as the man brought her within reach, and remained there until she was taken down at the close of the act. One afternoon they forgot to take Snowball down when the matinee was over,

and there she remained faithful at her post until the night show. I suppose by the same token poor Snowball would stick to her crescent if the wagon took fire and thus afford a touching theme for a poem of feline heroism, "The Cat on The Burning Moon"—but that is altogether too dreadful to talk about.

Underneath the moon rode the white poodles, the black and tans, and then the terriers, while, on the hubs of the wheels as the wagon went round the stage, other little dogs walked backwards; while still others went in and out and between the moving spokes. Seventeen animals are used in this, the prettiest dog-and-cat picture in vaudeville.

Dink, a dear old blind fellow, is the star of the troupe. He was the first high-diving dog ever exhibited, and has traveled twice around the world. It is a sight worth seeing to watch him as he is preparing for his great leap from the ladder which is thrust far up into the flies. He is almost beside himself with excitement; barks wildly; struggles to free himself from the arms of the trainer who holds him until the signal is given; and looks upward in the direction he thinks the ladder is, as though straining his sightless eyes to measure the jump. The signal is given. Like an arrow he leaps for the ladder; scrambles up like a squirrel; teeters for a moment on the topmost rung—and Bing! goes the base drum, and down drops Dink into the carpet.

Toby, who loops the loop, is a bright little fellow; and Tootsie, the poodle who stands on his hind legs and claps his paws when Toby goes round, is one of the big hits of the act.

Saturday was a sad day for Herbert's Dog Circus. When I came on the stage before the matinee, I found Mrs. Herbert in tears and a funereal gloom settled over the entire place. Baby, the pet of the show, was dead. He was ten years old, but so tiny that he could stand with all his four feet upon his master's hand. There he was, cold and stiff upon a table, all laid out in a little white sweater buttoned down the back. I nearly cried myself to see how broken up Professor and Mrs. Herbert were, and all during my own turn that day and evening I could see the little white form laid out in its snowy sweater.

"Baby was all right last night," sobbed Mrs. Herbert, "and played his show fine. Now here he is, dead. I feel so badly I don't want

to go on with the work. But we can console ourselves with one thought. We were always good to Baby. He never knew what it was to be hurt. We are going to send him back to the farm in Delaware where more of our poor dear little pets are buried. We'd never forgive ourselves if we left him in a grave way out here in a strange country."

So Baby was tenderly wrapped up in his little white sweater and a shawl, packed in a neat box and sent back East.

For balancing "extraordinary" commend me to Woodward's Seals. We were at the Mary Anderson, in Louisville, together, and I was sorry when the week was over, for I never tired of watching their wonderful work. As there was no better place for the big, flippery fellows, they were provided with a tank in the rear of the stage, and during the progress of other acts on the bill it sounded odd enough to hear them floundering in and out of their tubs and frequently howling for fish. Captain Woodward and his helpers did their best to keep the six sea lions and one seal quiet during the performance, but one or two of them were pretty certain to feel the pangs of hunger just as some singer was trying to take her best notes. After doing my utmost to make "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls" sound approximately like the composer would have had it sung, I offered my apologies to the audience one day with a rhyme like this:

Can you imagine how grand I feel
To sing a duet for you with a seal?

When the seals became too noisy, Captain Woodward would silence them with fish. The Captain told me they consumed 100 pounds daily and if given a chance would eat twice as much. Seals and sea lions live to be about 30 years old, and go blind in captivity. The Captain never strikes them. He just uses a world of patience, firmness, and fish. Then some more fish. One day I was introduced to Jumbo, and he shook flippers with me very politely. A blow from that good right flipper, I was told, would break a man's leg, and when Jumbo finds he is getting the worst of an argument he makes use of some very sharp teeth. Jumbo's flippers and teeth are generally respected about the theater, and the scene shifters and stage hands always give them a wide berth. Toby, who plays the clown, is the only seal in the troupe and comes from the English coast. Nipper and

Teski, the sea lion stars, hail from Denmark; Togo and Jumbo complete the company, and Jumbo is the most stupid of the lot. He can't do a blessed thing but shake flippers, pound on his box, and yell for fish. But he does this so artistically that he gets many a laugh. I have seen him catch and swallow twelve big catfish just as fast as his master could throw them at his head, and after the doventh had vanished down his long snake-like neck, he would utter a loud wail for more. Before the footlights the seals are arranged just as a small minstrel company would be seated by a stage manager, the stars or principal actors down front, and the lesser lights dressing stage around them. Woodward's show is always put on last, so that ample time may be given the Captain to get his funny charges back into their tanks. After Teske finishes her last trick—which is spinning a rubber clown's hat and catching it and missing it; and when it is missed, Nipper clambering down from his box to get it for her—the curtain drops on the picture and the Captain and his assistants proceed to coax the actors to retire to their watery beds. Teske is generally the most obstreperous, and frequently manages to get Nipper into a frolic, much to the disgust of the tired attendants. Usually it costs the Captain four or five fat fish before he gets the playful sloppy things into their tanks and locks the doors upon them.

Freddie and Jollie are two dear little white French poodles, who have won more fame than most dogs enjoy, by appearing on the stage with Desroches and Bianca and doing just what they do. Jollie is Freddie's mother, and when she comes on wears a beautiful spangled dress and a plumed creation on her head that would be the envy of a whole convention of milliners. She is dressed precisely like Mlle. Bianca. Freddie, who wears a stylish silk hat and neat yellow overcoat is the exact counterpart of M. Desroches. The latter told me that it required two years of steady training to drill Freddie and Jollie so they could do their pantomime. Jollie is a dear little thing and, when in her own pretty suit of fur, is quite friendly, and willing enough to be petted. But the moment she puts on the up-to-date dress of civilization, she becomes a changed doggie. Her disposition is completely ruined, for the time being, and she'll snap and snarl at everyone who approaches within a yard of her. "She been

no real lady," said M. Desroches, "for she no like fine dress."

The most remarkable act of its kind now traveling is Charles Barnold's Dog and Monkey Pantomime. The actors in the little drama go through their entire play on the stage alone, without the appearance of any human being. The climax of the turn comes when Dan, the intoxicated canine, is arrested by Gilhooley, the ape policeman, and is driven ignominiously away in a patrol wagon. Gilhooley has a real gold tooth, and when he was recently taken to a dentist's office to be relieved of a terrible ache he acted just as sensibly about the proceeding as any one of his human friends. He lay back in the chair, opened his mouth, and submitted to the ordeal like a hero. Even when it was necessary for the dentist to turn from the chair to get certain instruments or chemicals, Gilhooley kept his mouth wide open. Gilhooley is very fond of his master and whenever he can snuggles up to him like a child and throws his arms around his neck. Dan, the drunken dog, came from the pound in San Francisco, and was purchased for 50 cents. He has been working in the act for five years and during that time has earned \$40,000, which nets his master a fair return on his investment. Tootsie plays Juliet, and Patsy does Romeo. All the animals have cute little clothes made to their measure, and when their wardrobe comes back from the laundry, it is an interesting sight to see the to-do behind the stage while the various dresses, shirts, trousers, and coats are being sorted and arranged. Mr. Barnold never takes a dog into his company, he says, unless he is certain it is "stage struck." It must really want to work. When I met the company in St. Louis, they had just added another member, Sport by name, who was plainly crazy to adopt the stage as a profession. Though he had been in training only a week he danced on his hind feet beautifully. Tootsie, as Juliet, was wearing blue that week and had a cute little straw hat trimmed to match her gown. They buy these hats by the dozen in toy shops, when they can find them, for all stores do not carry doll bonnets, and Tootsie is always greatly interested in each new consignment. After she finishes her act, twice daily,—when she elopes with Patsy—she takes her hat off with her own paws and lays it on a chair. Sometimes she does not like the fit of a new hat, and will tear

it off and throw it down with just as much temper as any spoiled child could display, as much as to cry: "I hate that thing; it's a fright!" Tootsie has a funny way of dozing in her chair between cues and, when she sits there in the wings, all dressed up and ready to go on, she blinks and nods like a sleepy little old woman who has been kept up after bedtime.

Of course there is sickness to contend with, and sometimes there are exciting times back of the stage when the managers of the little dog show find one or more of their stars unable to go on. Often one monkey or one dog must do the work of three. While I was with them, one monk doubled or trebled—as the sausage maker, the street sweeper, and the bartender,—all in one act. Jack, who is another dog-pound find, hailing from Sacramento, had to work pretty lively one afternoon. He went off stage as a waiter, was hastily carried around to the other side, undressed, harnessed into the patrol wagon, and came on again in a jiffy with tremendous éclat. Dan, the drunk, is bungled into the wagon, the gong is rung, and off they go to the lockup while the house cheers like mad.

Valoni, who is an Englishman in spite of his Roman name, has sixteen beautiful doves for his bread winners, and you'll go a long way before you see a daintier act. He has traveled all over Europe with his birds; and in some parts of Russia, where the doves are regarded as sacred, he was treated with as much deference as if he were a king. On ship-board, coming to America, two of the doves contracted what is known as "falling of the wing." They will never fly again. So he gave them to a friend in New York, where they have a happy home, and where Valoni visits them every time he returns to the city. Only two of the birds are really star performers—Dutch and Tommy. They do a beautiful trick on the revolving balls and hoop, and Tommy balances on the tip-top of four slender clap pipes which are poised, one above another, on his master's forehead. Mr.

Valoni is mourning the fact that Diabolo is not a popular game on this side of the water, for he had several very showy tricks in connection with the pastime. When shown in London his doves became the rage, all on account of their tricks with Diabolo. Here we do not understand the sport and Mr. Valoni says to put on the act would be a waste of time.

Ah Ling Soo, a real Chinese magician, comes on the stage in a gorgeous yellow satin kimona, carrying a big square rug. After exposing both sides of the rug, to show there is nothing concealed about it, Ah Ling lays the carpet upon the floor, when, presto! two full grown pigs and two rabbits come from underneath the rug. Then a pair of ducks waddle out of a large basin of water which appears by magic upon the carpet. To prove that it is real water the conjurer pours the contents of the basin into a tub, and the two ducks come down to the footlights, where they think they can dry off—and shake themselves, spattering drops all over the members of the orchestra. While Ah Ling performs a number of inexplicable tricks, the rabbits take refuge under the table and the pigs promptly root them out. Though the animals are not trained their antics on the stage make almost half the show and invariably cause a great hit with the children. Ah Ling told me in very good English that he has a terrible time washing the porkers, who answer to the names of Chop Suey and Chop Tuey. They like water if it's dirty, but object to it when it is clean and mixed with soap. I could well believe him; for one day, after matinee, the theatre resounded with the most terrifying racket you ever heard and stage hands and actors rushed forth to ascertain the cause. "Some one is being killed, I'm sure; call the police!" cried one hysterical little dancer whom I met in the wings.

In the center of the stage we found the cause—Ah Ling Soo with his sleeves rolled up, and Chop Suey and Chop Tuey struggling in the agonies of a bath.

THE LATE LIMITED WAS ON TIME

By RALPH LESLIE MEARS

THE train from the East was late and in the great terminal station the surging throng was getting a bit impatient, for missed connections and forced lodgings in a strange city are not as desirable as they might be to the average traveler. Out in the yard round-house the extra engine crews were sitting 'round the stove smoking and talking while waiting for their call, and on the westbound main-line track just outside stood engine "80" with full head of steam ready to pull the "Limited" to the end of the line, when that tardy train put in appearance.

A thick bank of fog was being driven in from the sea by a raw cold wind and the prospects were good for a rattling south-easter before the night was over. The red, white and green switch and signal lights added weirdness to the picture and the only sound that broke the silence, with the exception of an occasional passing shifter, was the steady throb of the big mogul's air pump.

Ted Goodwin, the "crack engineer" of the division, sat with legs crossed and with fixed gaze back over the top of the tender at the red target which should have shown white some forty minutes back. He muttered something about "whaling the daylight out of 'em when he got 'em going," and took another look at the steam gauge. Putnam, the fireman, pulled the injector to give the thirsty iron horse a drink and at the same time suggested to Goodwin that it was "a mighty poor night to make up much time."

"You're right it is, but I'll bring that train in on time if the steam and sand hold out long enough, and don't you forget it. The president's private car is on the train tonight and we've got to make a good showing for the division or jack the job."

"All right, Ted, I guess my back's good for it, and I don't mind if I lose count of the swings between the fire-box door and the tender."

A sudden rush of steam stopped further conversation, for the target was now showing white and the engine was backing across the

net-work of tracks to be coupled to the "Limited" with its precious load of freight.

With a gentle bump the couplings locked and the "car knocker," after connecting the air and steam hose, came out from between the engine and baggage car and waved his bull's-eye lantern to the rear brakeman. This was answered shortly by four sharp whistles in the cab of the locomotive, and Ted, on hearing the last one, released the air and the hissing was heard from cab to tail lights, with an accompanying familiar squeak as the brake-shoes let go.

"Here's a letter for the engineer," said a well-groomed porter as he handed a white envelope to Putnam the fireman; and with a grin which showed two rows of whitest ivory he turned and hurried back up the platform.

"Letter, huh! stamped with the President's official stamp, too; more trouble, probably"; he tore the end of the envelope viciously and, unfolding the typewritten sheet, read the following:

"To Engineer of Train No. 2:

"Owing to the failure of connecting roads to make schedule time, I feel it my duty to inform you that something *must* be done to keep up the reputation of this, the fastest advertised train of the company.

"The above is for your information, no further explanation is necessary.

"Respectfully

"PRESIDENT ———"

Folding the letter, he placed it in the box under his seat and, leaning over toward the other side of the cab, said:

"Well, Put, guess it's up to us all right; we'll show the 'old man' what can be done with time if we never ride over the driving rods again, eh!"

"You bet!"

"Clang, clang," the big gong in the station had sounded its last warning and the few stragglers were fast disappearing up the car steps.

"All aboard! 'board!" and with this the conductor waved his lantern and engine number "80" picked up the solid string of ten vestibules, as if they were but playthings, and started on a run of one hundred and fifty miles with one hour of lost time to make up.

Telegraph poles, signal lights and villages whizzed past, as the speed of the powerful engine increased, and it was not long before the first stop twenty-five miles out was made, with ten minutes of the lost time made up. Things were looking encouragingly when the train started again for another twenty-five mile run and the last stop to be made, and all would have gone well had not the fireman been taken suddenly with a dizzy attack which blinded him completely. Ted was left alone to fire and run the engine, and when the next station had been reached three precious minutes of the made-up time had been lost and his courage was at low ebb.

When the train stopped who should appear at the gangway of the engine but Ruby Price, the fiancée of Charlie Putnam the fireman, and as Ted helped him out of the cab she uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Why, Charlie, what's the matter?"

"O nothing, except I've one of those devilish bilious attacks, and just at the wrong time, too, for we were trying to make up lost time."

"That makes me think," said Ted. "I've got to find the conductor and have him get me a fireman for the rest of the trip."

"Mr. Goodwin, can't I help fire or do something to take Charlie's place?"

"No, Ruby, you couldn't lift a shovelful of coal to the door."

"Oh, but please can't I do something to save 'my boy's' reputation?"

"Well, there's only one thing you could do, and that's run the engine; a most improbable suggestion."

"Oh no, it isn't, Mr. Goodwin, because I know every signal, grade crossing, and station location on this division, for I've helped Charlie when he's taken the examination."

"That's right, Ted, she does know the line to a letter."

"Well, then, jump in, Miss Engineer, and we'll see what you know about engines, while I do the firing. The conductor's giving the signal now and if we can make good, he'll be none the wiser. You get in the baggage car, Charlie."

With that the train started, as Goodwin

pulled open the throttle, notch by notch, and they were off for a hundred-mile dash with fifty-five minutes still shy.

Mile after mile was reeled off and Ted, when not busy feeding the fire box, was standing at the gangway to get a breath of fresh air, his confidence in the ability of the one whose hand was on the throttle now having been firmly established. But, as the train rounded a sharp curve, Ruby saw two red balls of fire flash out of the gloom in front and, calling to Ted, she pushed the throttle home and closed her eyes, waiting for the crash.

Ted, sensing the danger, threw the engine in the reverse, applied the air and sanded the rails; every brake shoe on the train took hold, and the sparks were flying from the wheels, but the train continued to slide, owing to the wet rails. Before any further action could be taken they felt the jar of a switch cross-over and looking from the cab saw by the light in a caboose monitor that they had missed the tail end of extra freight "912" by a fraction of a minute, the rear "shack" having had presence of mind to turn the switch after the freight had just managed to get "into clear."

Both sighed with relief at the turn of events, and Ted, with hand slightly trembling, released the air and increased the speed of the now slowly moving train. Hardly a minute had elapsed since rounding the curve, but it seemed years to the pair in the dimly lighted cab, while back in the train the passengers were talking and laughing, knowing not the distance that had but a moment before been between them and eternity. Aside from the shock, as the brakes set, they had thought nothing further of the matter.

Not once was the speed slackened after the close shave with the freight and there was no time nor chance for conversation. Although the hands of the clock seemingly flew around, the lost minutes were slowly and surely being regained, and as the big clock in the station-tower struck eleven, the train was pulling in on its accustomed track, on time, with Ted at the throttle and a little girl with flushed cheeks and flying hair on the fireman's seat,—both with a secret they cared not to divulge at that moment, though 'twas sure to come out later.

Before Ruby could jump down from the cab of the engine a portly gentleman hurried up and said: "Mr. Goodwin, of course you

know who I am, and I wish to congratulate you on making up the lost time; I understand, however, that the young lady whom I see there did most of the running, and I want to say that although you took a big chance in letting her do it, she proved herself capable, indeed. Your fireman Putnam, I believe, has chosen this young lady for his wife, and as he has shown such good judgment in his

love affairs, it seems to me he ought to have good enough judgment to run a fast train, and the work will not be so hard for him; I am going to give him the run opposite this one.

"You don't need to tell him, for we've talked it all over back in my car while you and your engineer were getting 'The Limited' in on time."

A BALLADE

By THOMAS LOMAX HUNTER

ALL day, on glimpse of her intent,
My heart lies eagerly in wait;
All day my hungry eyes are bent
On ceaseless vigil of her gate;
And when the hour has grown so late
I know my watching is in vain,
I cry, in anguish of my Fate,
Give me the sight of her again!

All the sweet tones of earth are blent
In her dear voice;—an opiate,
It brings my aching nerves content:
Above the sounds that irritate
I hear its accents, heart elate,
And fashion them to Love's refrain—
Oh, for all woes to compensate,
Give her beloved voice again!

Dream-memories of her touch have lent
The power to smile at scorn and hate,
And all my sweetest hours are spent
With fancied joys. I contemplate
My heart-full bliss with her for mate—
These are sweet blessings I may feign
Till Heaven shall make them consummate,
And give my love to me again!

ENVOI

O God of all the desolate
And sick at heart of an old pain—
Great God, and most compassionate,
Give me my Woman back again!

DAY DREAMS

Suggested by the story "Day Dreams" in the book "Heart Throbs."

By WALTER F. NESMITH

HE was a ragged little urchin, barefooted and half clad,
His old blue denim trousers flopped around him like a bag,
Held in place by one suspender, which had evidently done
Similar duty in the family, but for some older one.

A hickory shirt adorned his back, on his head the rimless crown
Of an antiquated derby hat, some old "hand-me-down,"
On this cold and frosty morning, for 'twas in the early fall,
It seemed but a scanty covering for a form so puny and small.

Ambling along by the roadside were two raw-boned cows, who grip
Mouthfuls of the frosty grass 'twixt the crack of the urchin's whip,
Who walked along the frozen track which hurt his naked feet,
Yet 'twas easier than the frosty grass on either side the street.

He had been awakened that morning by what to his young mind
Was the Supreme Will of the Universe without its Providence kind;
He'd as soon have tried to dodge lightning when his father came to say:
"Get up, you lazy little brat, and go drive the cows away!"

'Twas too early in the season, at least so he'd been told,
To be wearing out his winter boots, he'd need them when 'twas cold;
So here this ragged urchin was, this half-clad, shivering form
Walking on the sides of his feet so the bottoms might get warm.

And he was earnestly thinking, making a wondrous plan,
Of what he'd do in the future when he should become a man;
The autumn sun just rising spread around its golden gleam,
It filled his soul with a golden hope, he was in a waking dream.

Unconscious of his scanty garb, from pain and trouble free,
The mists of years had rolled away, he saw himself as he was to be;
The scraggy cows, the frozen road, the long, damp, frosty grass,
And all the pain and misery now seemed forever past.

In imagination he was a man, respected, rich and great,
His name and fame was spread abroad, a mighty ruler of state;
He saw no more the barren slopes on which from day to day
It was his task to earn his bread—they, too, had passed away.

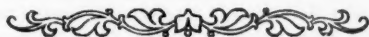
He saw spread out rich fields of grain far as the eye could see,
Waving in the golden sunshine like an endless emerald sea;
Giant elm trees reared their heads beneath whose grateful shade
O'er the cool and velvety lawn happy children romped and played.

A noble mansion reared its walls, standing among the trees,
Fit place for youthful minds to grow, a home for age and ease;
And it was his, *his very own*, *his* children and *his* land,
Riches beyond his wildest dreams were now at his command.

And with *love* he'd rule *his* children, harsh words they'd never hear
Such as *he* had been accustomed to, that filled his soul with fear.
"Hi, there! What in the devil are you dreaming about any way,
You had better get a 'hustle on' and drive those cows away.

"You confounded, sleepy, good-for-nothing lazy little brat,
If I once get my hands on you, you'll move faster'n that!"
Faded at once the sunshine, back came the frost and pain,
Back from the realms of dreamland, back to the earth again.

The frost seemed to bite the harder, as he hurried down the road,
But, thank God, for the "Day Dreams," they help us to bear our load;
And it may be that off in the distance, in some far and future age,
These "Day Dreams" of our children may be our heritage.





THE BREYFOGLE MINE

By J. W. G.

SEEING an article in the "National" in regard to the Breyfogle mine, there are several points on which the writer had been misinformed.

I am well acquainted with the Breyfogle family, got the story straight from intimate friends of the finder of the mine and, several years after the finding, was through a good part of the Death Valley country, though not in consequence of an attack of gold fever.

Breyfogle was on a trip from Nevada to Arizona. At the head of Death Valley he fell in with a stranger bound for the same place. (This stranger, by the way, had killed a man in Nevada and was trying to get out of the country.) They camped together for the night, and the following day journeyed together. Towards evening the water supply gave out and, seeing timber on the hills to the east, they thought that that would be the most likely place to find water; their intuitions did not lead them astray, for they ran across a spring where they camped for the night, and as their horses had to depend on the bunch-grass for feed they hobbled them and turned them loose.

Next morning the animals had strayed off. Breyfogle got on their trail and during the hunt he found the far-famed ledge which he judged to be within two or three miles of the spring.

As his companion was a total stranger he did not mention his find on returning to camp, but merely told him that he had changed his mind and was going to return to Austin.

At that time Indians were bad in that country and it was not safe for one or two men to stay alone for any length of time. So on his arrival in Austin he showed his samples of rock, and got a party of men from there to return with him, these men furnishing the stock and other expenses.

On arrival at the spring, Breyfogle failed to find the ledge on the first day or two's hunt. The disappointment made the men wild with rage; they declared it was all a hoax, he had found no mine, called him opprobrious names and some of them went so far as to propose hanging him. One man suggested leaving him alone with a hatchet, a day or two's provisions and his gun, to take his chances about getting out, and this suggestion was carried out.

The second day after they left him he again found the ledge. He located the spot carefully in his mind, marked the ledge by chopping a notch across it with his hatchet, which he left there; put as much rock as he could well carry in a flour sack and taking his gun started southeast towards the Los Angeles and Salt Lake road.

After travelling about half a day he came to water, where he met two Indians, who appeared friendly, but watched their opportunity to knock him in the head with a rock. They then scalped him and left him for dead, taking his rifle.

Recovering consciousness he took his sack of rock and made his way to Stump Springs; there some teamsters, hauling goods for the Indian Agency on the Muddy, picked him up and conveyed him some fifty miles to Los Vegas, where old man Gass (the then proprietor of the Los Vegas, or Meadow Ranch) took care of him for about six weeks. From Los Vegas he went to Salt Lake, and from there to his home in Oakland, where he died from the effects of his injuries.

Old man Gass showed me a piece of the rock which I should judge would go from thirty to forty thousand dollars to the ton.

Billy Beldon mortared two pounds of the rock, out of which he got one hundred and sixty-two or three dollars.

THE USE OF BENZOATE OF SODA AS A PRESERVATIVE

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

WASHINGTON, June 17, 1908.

THE CHAFFLE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
BOSTON, U. S. A.

Gentlemen:

In regard to receipt in April number, under caption, "Little Helps for Home Makers," entitled "To Keep Pickles Unfermented," by L. C., Long Island, Kansas":

The U. S. Department of Agriculture has not as yet determined the advisability of using Benzoate of Soda as a preservative but in a broad manner condemns the use of same on the ground that all preservatives are injurious.

Now no one would care to embalm themselves, yet preservatives used on the scale as suggested in the above-named article are not very far removed.

The Department permits but does not sanction the use of Benzoate of Soda, in the proportion of "1-10 of 1 per cent" and in such proportion would mean relatively 6 1-2 grains to the pint (liquid) or 13 grains to the quart (liquid), but not in the proportions of a teaspoonful to the quart as suggested in the article mentioned.

I merely make these remarks in order that those desiring to make use of the valuable preservative may make no mistake.

Very truly,

BRONTE A. REYNOLDS.

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME- MAKERS

FOR THE LITTLE HELPS FOUND SUITED FOR USE IN THIS DEPARTMENT, WE AWARD SIX MONTHS' SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE. IF YOU ARE ALREADY A SUBSCRIBER, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER. YOU CAN THEN EITHER EXTEND YOUR OWN TERM OR SEND THE NATIONAL TO A FRIEND. IF YOUR LITTLE HELP DOES NOT APPEAR, IT IS PROBABLY BECAUSE THE SAME IDEA HAS BEEN OFFERED BY SOME ONE ELSE BEFORE YOU. TRY AGAIN. WE DO NOT WANT COOKING RECIPES, UNLESS YOU HAVE ONE FOR A NEW OR UNCOMMON DISH. ENCLOSE A STAMPED AND ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IF YOU WISH US TO RETURN OR ACKNOWLEDGE UNAVAILABLE OFFERINGS.

PREVENTS CHILBLAINS

By I. H. L., Melrose, Mass.

A very simple and effective remedy for chilblains is common chalk. Try it and be convinced. Since prevention is better than cure, try putting on a fresh pair of stockings every afternoon—and be convinced again!

GOOD USE FOR PAPER BAGS

By Mrs. E. S. Bartlett, Detroit, Mich.

Canned tomatoes should be kept in the dark. Put each can into a bag (saved when they come from the grocer's). By doing this with all canned goods, and marking the contents on the bag, the mark is easily seen and the can kept free from dust.

USE YOUR DRY LEMONS

By Mrs. Burt Hatch, Kalamazoo, Mich.

If you have some dry, hard lemons, do not throw them away. Instead, put them in a pan of hot water, set it where the pan will maintain the same heat without boiling, let lemons soak for two hours. When taken out and dried they will be as soft and juicy as though they never had grown hard.

CORNSTARCH AS MITTENS

When doing your washing, before you go out in the cold to hang up your clothes, wipe your hands dry and rub them well with cornstarch. Your hands will not suffer with the cold.

TO TAKE OUT IRONRUST

By Mrs. W. J. Robinson, Lapeer, Mich.

To take out ironrust, fill a dish with boiling water and put the spot of ironrust over this, covering it with salt. Now drop on this enough hydrochloric acid to wet the salt, and drop the material at once in the hot water, when the spot will disappear.

RESTORING ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS

By Helen Hunt, Glover, Vt.

To freshen and restore faded and soiled artificial flowers dissolve in gasoline enough tube oil paint of the desired color to give the right shade. Dip the flowers freely in this, shake out and let the gasoline evaporate. Straw and felt hats may be restored or colored in the same way. Beware of using the gasoline near a lamp or fire.

VINEGAR IN DOUGHNUTS

By Myra Severin, Abbottsford, Wis.

For doughnuts made with sour milk or cream, add a generous half-teaspoonful of vinegar to the batter before adding the full amount of flour.

PRUNE DESSERT

Soak prunes over night. Boil slowly until very tender. Sweeten to taste. When they have cooled in their own liquor, pierce one side with a pointed knife, remove the stone and fill with chopped nuts and raisins, mixed. Serve with whipped cream.

GRATED COCOANUT FOR BUTTER

By E. M. Darrington, Yazoo City, Miss.

A cup of grated cocoanut or finely chopped nuts may be used instead of butter in making cake.

CHICKEN OIL FOR CHICKEN SALAD

In making chicken salad, use the oil that comes out of the chickens when boiled, instead of olive oil. This adds greatly to the flavor of the salad.

FOR THE HAIR

By Mrs. A. G. Ball, Mason, Mich.

Put one tablespoonful each of salt, glycerine, borax and powdered sulphur into a quart can and fill with soft water; let stand one week, shaking the can at least once every day during the week. Add a few drops of bergamot or any other odor, after straining the above.

KEEPING MEAT FRESH

By Mrs. M. M. Lamson, Windham, Vt.

To keep beef fresh in hot weather, put the meat (after removing bones) in an air-tight glass jar, and set where it is cool. By tying string around jar, it can be lowered into the well or cistern. I have kept steak in this way for a week, through the hottest of weather.

TURNING EGGS

By Bernice R. Tuttle, Rutland, Vt.

It is well-known that eggs may be kept almost indefinitely if turned often enough to prevent the yolk from sticking to the side. Instead of storing the eggs on a shelf, put them in a stocking hung to a nail and the whole stockingful may be turned as easily as one egg.

HOW TO TAKE CASTOR OIL

By Edwin Peterson, Whiterocks, Utah

Beat castor oil in three tablespoonfuls of boiling milk until cool enough to drink. Take a sip of hot milk after the dose, and there will be no disagreeable flavor. Salts may be given without the knowledge of patient by dissolving in strong, rather sweet, lemonade.

FOR SPRAINS

By Rev. W. H. Kerschner, Rural Valley, Pa.

Place the sprained parts in a vessel filled with buttermilk. Permit the affected parts to remain in the buttermilk for a period of thirty minutes, and repeat this three or four times a day. Within a week from the time I began using buttermilk the swelling was gone.

A LITTLE TIME-SAVER

By Belle Taylor, Austin, Texas

A small stiff-bristled scrubbing brush, such as can be bought for five cents, should be in every bath-room and kitchen, within easy reach. When you step in the mud with your best extension-soled shoes, do not try to scrape it out with a knife or other sharp instrument, but hold the shoe under the faucet and, while the water is running slowly, brush briskly between the sole and uppers. It can be done so quickly that the shoe will not be injured in the least by the water, and after wiping dry with a soft rag and rubbing lightly with vaseline, they will be like new, and with a very few minutes' work.

Another use for the little scrubber is to clean the grater after grating chocolate, potatoes, etc. A minute's work will remove every particle, and leave the grater clean and dry.

DRESSMAKING HELP

By Mrs. J. C. Russell, South Pittsburg, Tenn.

To correctly find one's waist-measure so as to be able to put belt or girdle on shirt-waist, cut shirt-waist somewhat shorter than full-length pattern; make waist and then try on; tie a tape around waist, placing fullness in back, front and sides just as desired. Then take a lead pencil, mark the waist all around just below tape. Cut off even with marked line, after taking off waist. Put on belt, remembering to have measured distance from middle of back to under-arm seam, so as to know exactly where to let fullness be. This is an excellent idea, and will be of great benefit to home dressmakers.

AN AID TO DIGESTION

By Mrs. S. A. G., Dublin, Texas

A few drops of essence of peppermint in a glass of hot water after meals is a great aid to digestion, and will gradually cure stomach troubles. It is a most harmless remedy to give to children who do not seem to assimilate their food. A few drops on sugar is the easiest way to give it to children—unless you can make the large white mint drops.

TO RESTORE COLOR

By Mrs. C. W. Flake, Jasper, Ga.

To bring back color when taken out by any acid, make a weak solution of baking soda and water and into this dip the article which is faded; the color will be restored. This is especially effective in the shades of yellow.

TO REMOVE MILDEW

By Mrs. D. L. K., Higgins, Texas

Place article in a solution of about ten cents' worth chloride of lime to one gallon of water with one teaspoonful soda added. Remove in a few minutes and wash in clear water.

TO BLEACH HANDKERCHIEFS

By Mrs. L. L. Gough, Memphis, Tenn.

To bleach handkerchiefs, after washing let them soak over night in water in which a bit of cream of tartar has been dissolved.

FELT MATS

By A. W., Pennsylvania

I make mats from old felt hats and find them useful in protecting tables and shelves from hot dishes.

SIMPLE REMEDY FOR LOCKJAW

By *Buelah L. R. Ingram, Hopeside, Va.*

Dr. J. G. Hatch, an old physician of over forty years' practice, recommends the following treatment for lockjaw, having tried it successfully both on himself and on others. If a person is threatened or taken with lockjaw from injuries in the hands, feet, arms or legs, do not wait for a doctor, but put the part injured into the following preparation:—Put hot wood ashes into water as warm as can be borne; if the injured part cannot be put into the water, then wet thick folded cloths in the water and apply them to the part as soon as possible, at the same time bathing the backbone from the neck down with some powerful laxative stimulant, say cayenne pepper and water, or mustard and water (good vinegar is better than water). It should be as hot as the patient can bear it. Don't hesitate; go to work and do it, and don't stop until the jaws relax and open. No person need die of lockjaw if these directions are followed.

TO DROP MEDICINE

By *Mrs. W. S. Sargent, Draper, S. D.*

Shake the bottle so as to moisten the cork. With the wet end of the cork moisten the edges of the mouth of the bottle, then, holding the cork under the mouth, let the fluid pass over the cork in dropping.

WET SHOES

Have a bowl of dry sawdust to pour into your shoes when caught in a shower. It will help dry the shoes and keep the leather from getting stiff.

TO MEND ENAMELED WARE

By *Hattie W. Lehnher, Camas Valley, Ore.*

Mend leaky enameled ware with white lead. Cover the small holes with white lead on the outside of vessel; for larger holes cut a piece of white lawn or muslin a little larger than the hole and pull through on the inside of vessel, and apply the white lead on the outside. Place in the sun or near the stove to dry. Large mends require two or three days to dry, small ones three or four hours.

BUTTONHOLES

By *Amelia D. Bowman, Lancaster, Penn.*

In finishing the bands of children's drawers, I work the two outer buttonholes diagonally, first outlining the hole with a choot stitch on the sewing machine, before cutting with the scissors. Buttonholes done in this way are practically everlasting.

NEW CAKE RECIPE

By *Mrs. W. J. Snell, Ortonville, Minn.*

To make an inexpensive white cake that is like angel food, beat the whites of three eggs, add one cup of sugar, one-half cup of boiling water, one cup of flour and one teaspoonful of baking powder.

FOR THE SICK

By *Ada M. Neff, Altica, Ohio*

Mix equal parts of lemon juice and glycerine to moisten the lips of fever patients. Use cinnamon instead of mustard for plaster poultices. It retains the heat but does not draw so hard.

TO SET AND KEEP COLORS

By *H. L. Perkins, Canton, O.*

Where green, blue, mauve, purple or purple-red is the dormant note, soak the things before washing for at least ten minutes in alum water, using an ounce of alum to a gallon of water. For browns, brown-reds and tans, use sugar-of-lead in the same proportion. Yellows, buffs and tans are made much brighter by adding a cupful of strong strained coffee to the rinsing water.

TO CUT HOT BROWN BREAD

Draw a clean, strong white thread sharply and firmly across the loaf, pushing it down equally on either side. The result will be clean, smooth slices, free from the stickiness that comes from knife-cutting.

CHEESE DREAMS

By *Faith B. Linsley, Manchester Depot, Vt.*

Cut thin slices of bread at least one day old, spread with soft cheese and press into sandwiches; fry in butter. These "dreams" are favorites with college and boarding-school girls, as they can be cooked over an oil-stove.

CLEANING OIL PAINTINGS

By *Mrs. Frank Bacon, Moore, Mont.*

When an oil painting becomes discolored it can be cleaned with a raw potato. Cut a slice from a potato, rub over painting until potato is dark, cut the dark off and rub again.

FOUR WAYS TO COOK CARROTS

By *Mrs. E. H. Scott, Vulcan, Mich.*

Baked as potatoes are baked, roasted with meat, boiled till tender, and then fried brown; and boiled until tender and covered with white sauce, seasoned with butter, salt and pepper.

PUTTING AWAY SUMMER FINERY

By *Mrs. J. Morton Harmer, Fond du Lac, Wis.*

When putting away your summer finery, wrap all white silk in blue paper and enclose several cakes of white wax. The wax will turn yellow, but the gowns will retain their whiteness.

TYPEWRITER SUGGESTION

By *Cora S. Day, Alco, N. J.*

Clean your typewriter with benzine. It will remove rust and dirt that other things will fail to take off, and make the machine fairly "run away."

TO CURE DEAFNESS

By *Harriet O. Hyde, South New Lyme, O.*

Obtain pure pickered oil and apply four drops morning and evening to the ear. Great care should be taken to obtain oil that is perfectly pure.

PANCAKE BATTER

By *Elta L. Lowe, Hudson, Mich.*

In making flour pancakes, add one or two slices of finely-crumbed bread and see how much lighter and nicer they will be.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE for AUGUST, 1908

FOURTEEN HELPS

By Mrs. D. S., *Metamora*, Ill.

To work buttonholes in dresses of sicilienne or similar materials, melt some paraffin and place a drop on the wrong side of the goods just where the buttonhole is to be worked. Smooth it down with the finger and work the buttonhole as usual. When completed place a piece of manila paper on the wrong side and press with a warm iron. The buttonhole will be perfectly smooth and all trace of the paraffin gone.

When cutting out embroidered scallops, use curved manicure scissors, and the work will be more neatly done.

When making dresses from goods that will shrink, or for growing girls, run a tuck by hand or with a loose tension on the machine, on the right side of the goods very near the bottom. Turn up the hem and tuck will be on the wrong side. When ready to lengthen take out the tuck and no stitches will show.

To make dress shields for thin waists, cut white flannel the size desired, trim edges with lace and use same as rubber shields. They will keep the waist dry and they look nicely.

Canned peas are made fresh by pouring off old liquid, washing and adding new water, butter and a bit of sugar.

To make corn meal mush, or any fine-grained cereal, when fried as pleasing to the sight as to the taste, pack it in well-greased pound baking powder tins. When cold, turn out and cut into slices. These little rounds can be prettily piled on a dish at serving time.

Cut a dress shield in two pieces, bind the raw edges and tack under a baby's fancy bid. It will absorb the moisture and keep the little dress from getting damp.

Sew a narrow cotton tape on white petticoats as you would skirt-braid on a dress. When frayed it can be easily renewed.

Sandwiches prepared in advance of the serving time can be kept as fresh as when first spread by wrapping them in a napkin wrung out of hot water and then placing in a cool place.

When ironing between buttons on a shirt-waist, place the buttons down on a folded towel and iron on wrong side. The result will be very pleasing to both ironer and wearer.

A perfume bag to keep moths away is made as follows: One-half ounce each of cloves, nutmeg, caraway seeds, cinnamon and three ounces of orris root. Have these in fine powder and place in small bags. These bags placed amid clothing will impart a pleasant odor and will keep moths out.

A most excellent plan to prevent milk from scorching when boiling for a pudding or soup is to first grease the bottom of the vessel with butter. It will save all worry and trouble.

To preserve cut flowers and at the same time save changing the water, fill the vase two-thirds full of clean sand. Stick your roses or other flowers so they will remain just as you put them; then add water and see how much longer they will keep fresh. Sometimes the stems of roses and carnations will rot in the sand.

Stockings wear much longer if washed before wearing. It tightens the threads, making them firmer.

VALUE OF WHOLE CLOVES

By Mrs. Wm. J. Durbin, *Falmouth*, Ind.

Sprinkled among furs and woolens, and under carpets and rugs, they will be found as effective, if not superior, to the ill-smelling moth preparations. And if the house-keeper who superintends the canning of her fruit will put a quarter-teaspoonful of whole cloves on top of the thin cloth which many wisely place over the hot fruit before putting on the lid, she will not be annoyed with the molding of her fruit.

SUGAR SYRUP

By Alice E. Briggs, *Metamora*, Ill.

For buckwheat and other griddle cakes many who prefer a home-made syrup of sugar have trouble with its granulating when it becomes cold. Try putting in it while cooking a spoonful of New Orleans or other n olasses, and see if you do not have better results.

DELICIOUS APPLESAUCE

A spoonful or more of lemon juice or good vinegar added to apples that do not cook readily will hasten the process and improve the flavor.

WATER IN CAKE

Try using water instead of milk in making cake, and you will find it an inexpensive and very satisfactory substitute, especially in white cakes as they are lighter in texture and color.

TO SET AND KEEP COLORS

By H. L. Perkins, *Canton*, O.

Where green, blue, mauve, purple or purple-red is the dormant note, soak the things before washing for at least ten minutes in alum water, using an ounce of alum to a gallon of water. For browns, brown-reds and tans, use sugar-of-lead in the same proportion. Yellows, buffs and tans are made much brighter by adding a cupful of strong strained coffee to the rinsing water.

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Draw a clean, strong white thread sharply and firmly across the loaf, pushing it down equally on either side. The result will be clean, smooth slices, free from the stickiness that comes from knife-cutting.

TO KEEP ROSES FRESH

By Mrs. D. E. Thornton, *Franklin Grove*, Ill.

Fill the vase or pitcher with very warm water, and as each rose is inserted cut off the tip of the stem with scissors, under the water, so that no air may reach the freshly-cut stem. Do this every morning, leaving the flowers to cool in the same water until the next day, when repeat the process. All hard-stemmed flowers can be kept fresh in the same way.

ODORS ON THE HANDS

After handling onions or other malodorous things, wash the hands in mustard water. Nothing better.

SCORCHED LARD

By Mrs. E. Hamiter, *Bradley*, Ark.

It frequently happens that in rendering lard a part of it is scorched, but it can be made as good as any by frying Irish potatoes in it.

I was so unfortunate as to have a large quantity scorched last winter, and saved it all by this method. As we often had fried potatoes for breakfast, I would fry them in a skillet full of the lard, then drain it into a bucket kept for the purpose, and when cold it would be white and free from the scorched odor and taste.

CHEESE DREAMS

By Faith R. Linsley, *Manchester Depot*, Vt.

Cut thin slices of bread at least one day old, spread with soft cheese and press into sandwiches; fry in butter. These "dreams" are favorites with college and boarding-school girls, as they can be cooked over an oil-stove.



E. C. SIMMONS
President of the Prosperity Association, St. Louis

ON PROSPERITY'S TIDAL WAVE

By MITCHELL MANNERING

IT just seems as though the waves of prosperity were rolling again, and one does not have to seek far for the contributory causes. An indefatigable business man is Mr. E. C. Simmons of St. Louis, which is in Missouri, where people not only have to be shown but have a way of showing others. Mr. Simmons' activity in promoting the great work of the National Prosperity Association of St. Louis has accelerated the revival of business activity, which is returning with almost the rapidity of the panic itself. A generous recognition and adoption of the ideas of the Prosperity Association has spread rapidly over the territory tributary to St. Louis, and will soon sweep over every state and territory in the nation. The Simmons

Hardware Company, of which Mr. E. C. Simmons is president, in one day placed orders for goods amounting to more than \$1,000,000. This set the wheels of many factories going, and other St. Louis houses followed in the restoration of confidence and placed orders amounting to \$5,000,000 more. This practical and unmistakable co-operative expression of confidence could not be misunderstood, and did much to encourage others and to discourage reckless attacks upon business and industrial interests.

The work of the National Prosperity Association of St. Louis is supported by the voluntary contributions of business men and corporations, and its program carried out during the first three weeks of May develops

tremendous results. Bidding defiance to all doubters and pessimists, the Prosperity Association simply forced the issue—and compelled the return of confidence by the same methods which brought on distrust—by creating popular sentiment.

A trip was made to Washington by representatives of the Association, where they were given a most cordial welcome and reception by President Roosevelt. If the financial stringency was psychological, its cure was certainly of the same nature. The facts proclaimed by the league were full of that exhilarating spirit of confidence which has but one result—improvement in popular feeling and confidence.

In my journeys through the great Southwest, I find that just such far-seeing and cool-headed business men as Mr. Simmons are the leaders who have done so much to develop the wonderful resources of the Southwestern empire. He handled the situation as he would a weak spot in a business proposition or a physical ailment and looked for a recovery to sound health through the only possible way; a demonstration that men must do business and must believe in each other, and that business can be transacted in spite of timid stock markets.

* * *

Through the traveling salesmen, those emissaries of hope and optimism; through the newspapers and the magazines; a great and magical change of sentiment was wrought within a few weeks, and now the sunshine of renewed prosperity is already glinting in the pathway of business.

Mr. Simmons insists that things are fundamentally all right. He proves his statement by facts rather than words. The farmer, the tradesman, the working man, the professional man are all made to see that their interests are identical and must profit or suffer alike. The Prosperity Association had great influence in encouraging the farmers to put in full crops with confidence, knowing that the harvest will follow seed time. The expressed purpose of the Prosperity Association

has the fascinating "go" about it that suggests the slogan of the old "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" campaign, and reads thus:

"To keep the dinner-pail full,
To keep the pay-car going,
To keep the factory busy,
To keep the workman employed,
To keep the present wages up."

The financial clouds are passing away and the summer sun is shining on fields in the Southwest already whitening to harvest, while firm after firm and corporation after corporation, factory after factory which was closed down has opened and resumes its normal activities.

To no association is more credit due than to the irrepressible St. Louis Confederacy of brave, sensible and original business men which encouraged manufacturers, the working men, and the farmers to make the years 1908 and 1909 two of the best business years our country has ever known.

June 1 was made "Re-employment Day" in St. Louis. The suggestion proved a happy one, and thousands of people were added to the pay-rolls of that city and its manufacturing suburbs. Establishments closed for weeks were opened, and merchants replenished their stock to the amount of millions of dollars.

Congratulations, Mr. Simmons, upon the work of your Prosperity Association in a great and beneficial effort for whose accomplishment great statesmen and wise legislators have often struggled and failed.

The bitter utterances which were fast arraying class against class might have brought forth evil fruit but for your success in cultivating that broad spirit of brotherhood and unity that is, after all, the basis of American progress.

The response of President Roosevelt to Mr. Simmons' address was one of the most memorable short addresses that has ever been delivered from the White House, and the epochal visit of the St. Louis Prosperity Association to Washington deserves a place in history as marking the return tide of prosperity in the year of our Lord 1908.

TRIUMPHS OF ARMOUR INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

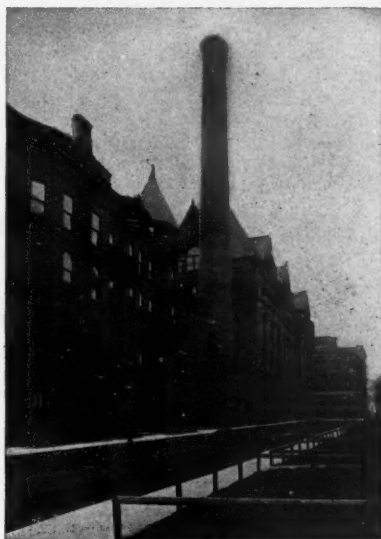
NAME the foremost technical schools of the country and the Armour Institute of Technology of Chicago instantly comes to mind. Under the splendid directorship of Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus this institution has become the great recruiting center for technical engineering education in all branches. It reflects the educational trend of the times and forecasts the achievements of the future. Generously endowed by Mr. Philip D. Armour and supported by Mr. J. Ogden Armour and his mother, Mrs. Philip D. Armour, and the Armour family, the institution has won its well-merited and high rank as an engineering school by producing practical results.

The word "technical," implying the rigidity of mathematical accuracy, is scarcely a word comprehensive enough to include all the forceful achievements and broad purposes of the institution. It has produced sterling manhood and womanhood. It is the consummation of an ideal of the most practical, successful and notable men of their time, Mr. Philip D. Armour and Mr. J. Ogden Armour, enthusiastically carried out by these inspiring idealists and uplifters of youth, whose personalities radiate that sun-lit encouragement that dissolves all obstacles.

On a bright sunny afternoon, in 1886, I saw Mr. Philip D. Armour sitting in a small class room at the left of the entrance of the

Armour Mission with his friend, Mr. John C. Black. On this day the Armour Mission was dedicated, and the sincere and gracious tribute paid by the thousands of children and young people at that time to the man whose modesty forbade any ceremonious expression of gratitude was an impressive scene. Among the guests was Mr. George W. Childs, who

kept busy shaking hands with every one in that genial, cordial manner characteristic of the Philadelphia philanthropist. When he paid that final glowing tribute to Mr. Armour in a hand-clasp of good-bye, Mr. Childs foresaw the enduring scope of the work. The bright sparkle in Mr. Armour's eyes accentuated the pallor of his cheeks reflecting the great business responsibilities which he had carried in his long and active life, to perfect the picture that the New York farmer lad had dreamed of as a crowning life-purpose.



THE ARMOUR INSTITUTE

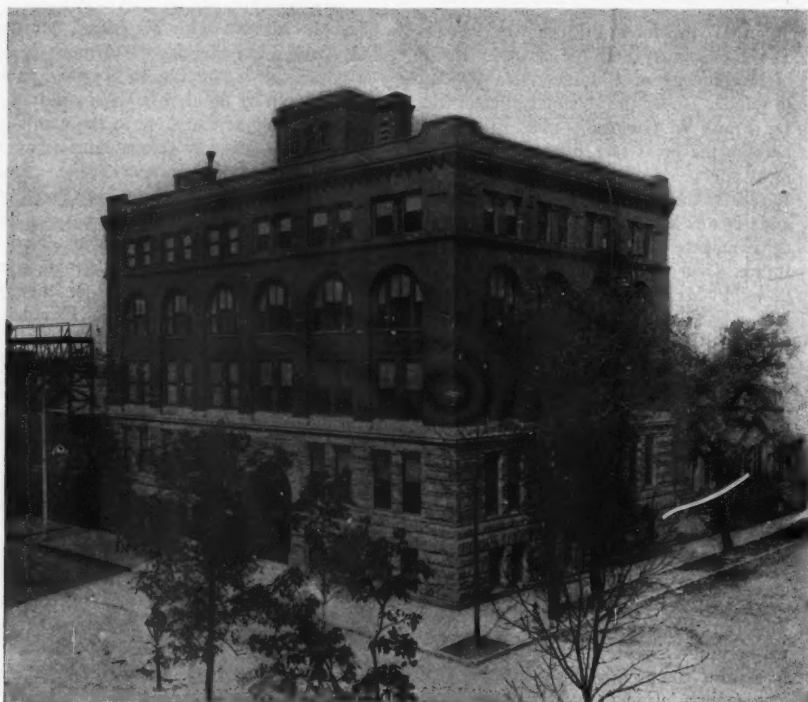
The buzz of merriment and social chatter, the flutter of leaflets, the rousing songs and responses, the ringing optimism of the inspiring words from Doctor Gunsaulus were incidents marking the inception of a great work now revealed in the Armour Institute of Technology that can never be effaced from memory.

The history of the undertaking is an important chapter in national educational advancement. At the suggestion of Mr. Joseph

TRIUMPHS OF ARMOUR INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

F. Armour, brother of Mr. Philip D. Armour, a large donation was made for the erection of a building to be called the Armour Mission. A special charter was obtained November 4, 1886, in the name of Armour Mission, for mission, church, school and other educational purposes as provided for in Mr. J. F. Armour's will. Before the completion of this building Mr. Joseph F. Armour's demise occurred. Mr. Philip D. Armour completed the building,

and in 1891, eighteen three-story and forty-eight four-story flats, and in 1892, fifty-six four-story flats were completed—a veritable little city in itself for a permanent endowment. The practical and businesslike methods of the donor are apparent, and the amount expended exceeded eight hundred thousand dollars, the income of which was to be entirely for the support of the Mission and any educational work that might be undertaken.



MACHINERY HALL

contributing a large additional sum for the furnishing and equipment of the Mission as planned by his favorite brother.

To provide funds for the furtherance of the mission work, from time to time Mr. Philip D. Armour erected two hundred and thirteen flats for dwelling purposes, located on Thirty-third Street and Armour Avenue, and surrounding the Armour Mission. In 1887, fifteen three-story flats were erected; in 1888, fourteen four-story flats more; in 1890, thirty-six new four-story flats created further reve-

Unqualified success attended this generous outlay, for many years supporting a Sunday school ranging from twenty-five hundred to three thousand attendants, with a carefully selected library of nearly three thousand books maintained for the use of the pupils. A daily kindergarten provided for one hundred and sixty children of all denominations, the entire mission work being non-sectarian. A drill-corps of three hundred Sunday school boys formed a separate organization developing physical manhood in the marching and



LECTURE ROOM ADJOINING MACHINE SHOP



FOUNDRY

TRIUMPHS OF ARMOUR INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

sword drills. For many years no parade of any pretension in Chicago was complete without the Armour drum-and-life corps of thirty pieces accompanied by the drill corps. The exhibition drill given throughout the country always attracted favorable attention, and they were given a hearty ovation in 1898 on a trip to Colorado.

This condition of affairs continued for many years during which time other missions and numerous Sunday schools made inroads on the attendance, but the Sunday school and the kindergarten continue the chief features of the mission work today. A



DR. FRANK GUNSAULUS

picnic for the Sunday school, and an encampment for the boys, lasting five weeks, during the summer months, are always memorable events in the lives of the young people. At the Christmas time the pupils all receive gifts and the seventy general employees are always remembered with a turkey and a gold piece accompanied with Mr. J. Ogden Armour's generous good wishes.

A free dispensary under the care of two paid physicians and a prescription clerk, with an average attendance of over forty-five patients was maintained. The reading room, plentifully supplied with daily papers

and magazines and other general reading matter, was open daily from three to ten p.m. Under the superintendency of Mrs. Julia Beveridge this feature of the work has sown good seed. Mrs. Beveridge has been with the work from its inception and her kindly counsel and advice will never be forgotten. She always seemed to have something stowed away among the library books and papers to interest the boys and girls. Eventually a class of boys was formed and instructed in the early modeling in clay by Mrs. Beveridge. The numbers increased so rapidly that it was necessary to engage the assistance of a teacher who also included instruction in preliminary carpentry work. The results at the end of the year were so creditable that an exhibit was made of the work accomplished. This so pleased Mr. Armour that he conceived the idea of educational work on a larger scale. The library work of the Armour Mission was the veritable germ from which the Armour Institute sprang into being. Shortly afterwards Mr. Philip D. Armour, accompanied by Mr. John C. Black and Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus, trustees of the Armour Mission, visited several of the eastern schools and colleges. Upon their return Mr. Armour asked Doctor Gunsaulus for his time in return for ample funds, to establish and maintain an institution of which the Armour Institute of Technology is the outcome. To this general and blunt proposition Doctor Gunsaulus consented, and has since devoted his life with unflagging zeal to this great educational work.

In 1892 a special charter was obtained and the erection of a building commenced. The Armour Institute of Technology opened its doors in 1893 with a registration of seven hundred and fifty boys and girls which increased during the three periods of the first school year to eleven hundred. The studies undertaken comprised the Technical College, the Scientific Academy, Department of Domestic Arts, embracing cooking, dress-making and millinery, Department of Commerce, Department of Music, Vocal and Instrumental, Normal Kindergarten Department, Shorthand and Typewriting, and the Department of Library Science. The library study was discontinued in June, 1896; Department of Commerce in June, 1898; Normal Kindergarten Department in June, 1900; Music in June, 1901; and Domestic

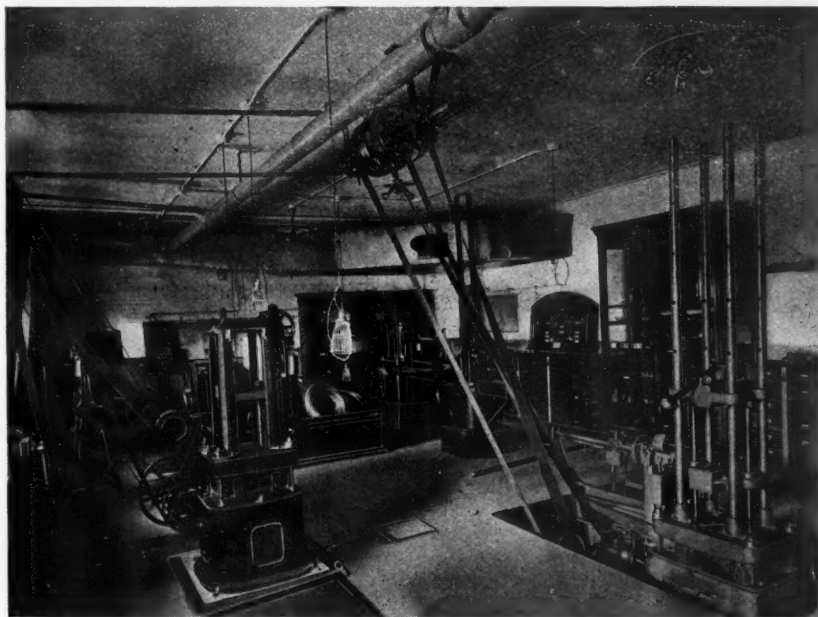
TRIUMPHS OF ARMOUR INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

Arts in June, 1901; and the work concentrated upon making the Institute an engineering school in the broadest sense of the word with the widest range and scope.

The increase of male students from year to year made it evident that a choice between a boys' and girls' school must be solved in these days of specializing. The class-rooms and laboratories necessary to accommodate the increasing number of male students in the College and Academy occasioned an encroachment upon the quarters occupied by

have been undertaken in the College with the adjunct of the Scientific Academy.

During the year 1902, Machinery Hall was donated by Mrs. Philip D. Armour and Mr. J. Ogden Armour. This splendid building comprises four shops with thirty-six hundred square feet of clear space on each floor, besides lecture rooms, tool and locker rooms and lavatories. The first floor is devoted to the Forge Shop, the second to the Machine Shop, the third to the Pattern Shop, the fourth to the Foundry, while the basement



TESTING LABORATORY

the female departments, until finally, though not without a hard struggle and the greatest reluctance on the part of Mr. Philip D. Armour, was it possible to convince him that a strictly Technical Engineering School should be the future aim and purpose of the Institute.

In accordance with this plan the admittance of female students was discontinued, permitting those already enrolled to graduate. The graduating class of June, 1903, including five female students, completed co-education in the Armour Institute of Technology. From this date purely engineering studies

is used for store rooms, heating and ventilating apparatus and the offices of the Mechanical Engineering Department.

During the year 1903 the splendid Ogden Field, a space of ground covering three acres facing Thirty-third Street on the south, Armour Avenue on the west and Dearborn Street on the east, formerly the site of some forty cottages which Mr. J. Ogden Armour had purchased, was made into a Campus or Athletic Field. Here is located a lunch-room capable of seating one hundred and fifty students. An excellent luncheon of wholesome and substantial food can be ob-

TRIUMPHS OF ARMOUR INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

tained at a very reasonable price, with locker room and shower baths on the floor above. The baseball and basketball teams have done excellent work and gained a reputation that has added to the prowess of Chicago muscle and skill. The track team is being strengthened yearly and makes a good showing. Football is a sport not favored because of its encroachment on the time of the students who are preparing for an earnest struggle in life. What this splendid breathing-space of Ogden Field means to students they told me in enthusiastic words. It is indeed one of the many fully-appreciated gifts to the

tine work. At least two hundred of the students earn their tuition fees, and board and lodging, by serving newspaper routes, driving milk wagons, lighting and extinguishing lamps, ushering in theatres and churches, which reflects the sturdy self-reliant spirit of the founder in learning early in life how to "do things."

The extreme generosity of Mr. J. O. Armour and his hearty good-will on behalf of the students and members of the faculty, together with the constant watchfulness of their beloved President, Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus, have endeared them to the sturdy body of



OGDEN FIELD

Armour Institute of Technology which has contributed to the splendid success of the school.

A club room for the use of the college students was made possible, owing to the generosity of one of the trustees, Mr. Simeon B. Chapin, who fitted it completely throughout. The building in which the club room is located is named the "Chapin Club," in grateful acknowledgment of Mr. Chapin's kind consideration for the welfare of the boys. Some of the students earn their tuition fees each year rendering service in many different ways, such as cloak-room attendants, assistants to janitors, oilers and machine shop attendants, correcting papers and other rou-

students and to be connected with the institution. Everywhere there is a spirit of loyalty to the memory of the founder, Mr. Philip D. Armour, and to that tried and generous supporter, Mr. J. Ogden Armour, who maintains the same personal interest and enthusiasm in the work that his distinguished father manifested.

The institution possesses within the space of two of the city blocks in a densely populated district, educational buildings with equipment, Athletic Field, and renting property estimated at a value of nearly four million dollars.

Mr. John C. Black, the friend of Mr. Armour, who was always greatly interested

TRIUMPH OF ARMOUR INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

in this work has associated with him in the Continental National Bank, the institution in which the interests of the Armour family have always been prominently identified. These two friends took a great mutual interest in the work of the Mission and Institute, and it was always a matter of quite as much of personal consideration to them as any commercial or industrial proposition in which they were interested. Mr. Armour's favorite expression concerning the battle of life was

a remark that deserves to be immortalized. "Take youth and train it. Take care of the young people and the future will be taken care of. You see these girls," he remarked, "they are the future mothers of America and what a responsibility it is to have the shaping of their lives on which the future of the nation depends. You should see young foreigners learning our language, studying American history, they are being impressed now with ideas that will count in the years to come."



CORNER OF CHAPIN CLUB, STUDENTS' CLUB ROOM

"organization, choosing good lieutenants and getting the best," to keep his capital, energy and ability in action with a good ballast of plain old-time common sense. His great ideal was the home life—the domestic circle.

In a busy life philanthropic work was with him a passion, and he always gave first attention to the young people, as he often remarked with a twinkle in his eye that he believed in "getting into partnership with the boys and girls."

At the opening of the institution he made

He insisted on the idea that every child should know early in life that he counted for one and was a part of the country's citizenship. "This is the country for young men, and young people are required for the great opportunities before us." The vital foundation for all future progress, he insisted, must be made in the schools and in the proper inspiration and training of the young.

The splendid honor and tribute which Mr. Philip Armour paid to the memory of a sainted mother, and through her memory to the mothers of the country, revealed the high-

TRIUMPHS OF ARMOUR INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

minded motive behind his philanthropic purposes.

In the office of Mr. J. Ogden Armour, directly over his desk under glass and in a neat frame, is a copy of the first partnership-agreement between Mr. Philip D. Armour and Mr. Miles. Both the young men agreed to put five hundred dollars (\$500) each into launching a business enterprise. From this small beginning, backed by the indomitable

dollar was made to count. This is a rare document and it is herewith reproduced in full as it is in itself an inspiration to all young men who knock at the door of opportunity.

The record of the number of students enrolled during the last six years shows the wide range and scope of the institution. Every state and territory is represented and in the 1,869 students of the past year nine foreign



PHYSICS LABORATORY

purpose, tireless energy and consummate ability, the great Armour fortune was created. No stock or bond or any document is more prized and valued by the devoted son than this simple scroll in his father's handwriting on the wall. It was the seed sown that has yielded many-fold by the old and tried tenets of success. One can almost see the glow of enthusiasm mounting to the brow of these young men as they entered into the business world with \$1,000 representing all their savings. Every dollar of it hard earned and every

countries are represented by thirteen students. The growth in students and increase of the Faculty is given in the following table:

	College	Academy	Even. Class	Sum. School	Total
1902	353	333	111	103	790
1903	422	372	553	173	1520
1904	492	342	575	184	1593
1905	592	293	530	187	1602
1906	624	266	674	206	1770
1907	622	269	798	221	1910

FACULTY MEMBERS

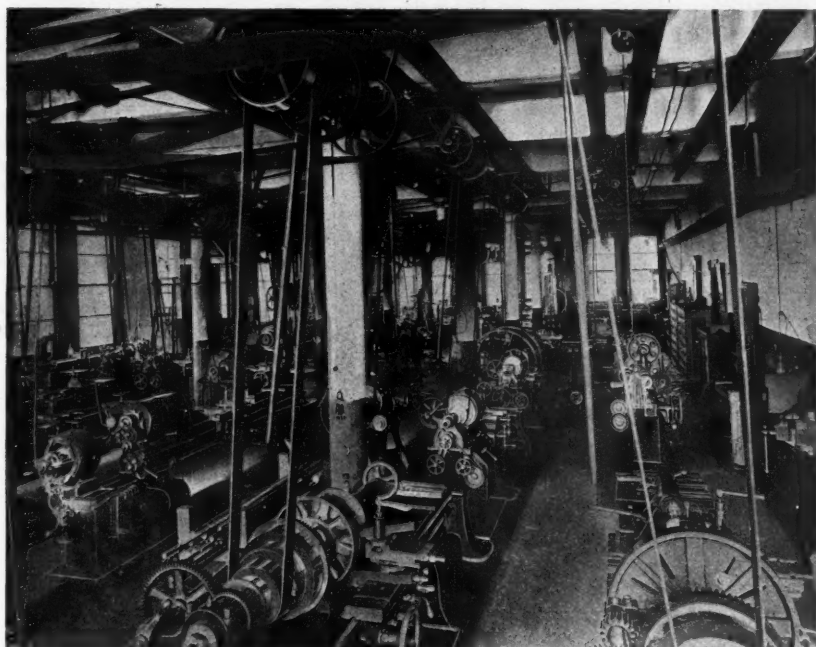
1902	39	1905	61
1903	44	1906	66
1904	54	1907	68

TRIUMPHS OF ARMOUR INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

The main building of the Institute is thoroughly fireproof, built of stone in 1892. Here are the offices of the president and the comptroller, Mr. F. U. Smith, the office of the deans, the library, and the laboratories of the electrical engineering, physics, chemical, drafting, lecturing and recitation rooms. On every side are the trophies and collections gathered for inspiration and instruction.

No matter where Doctor Gunsaulus may go the interests of the Armour Institute are

be complete without reference to that sturdy veteran, Mr. F. U. Smith, Comptroller, who was secretary to Mr. P. D. Armour at the very inception of the idea of the Institute. He purchased the property on which the buildings now stand under Mr. Armour's direction and looked after the erection of the structures one by one. The days have never been long enough for him to find a leisure moment, for he is heart and soul in love with the great work. To hear him tell of the



MACHINE SHOP

always uppermost in his mind, and he never forgets his boys at the Institute, whether preaching at the City Temple in London or lecturing at Kankakee.

The mechanical and general equipment yearly supplied by Mr. J. O. Armour make this school in itself as busy as any manufacturing institution that is rushing all hands over-time to fill orders. The lecture rooms adjacent to the lathes, planers and mechanical equipment make a demonstration in the class room as complete as a medical clinic.

A sketch of the Armour Institute would not

growth of the Institute from the time of Mr. Armour's first expressed purpose is a unique personal recital of the history of an educational institution which must be heard from his own lips to be fully appreciated.

In the two-hundred-and-thirteen-flat buildings which surround the Institute are the homes of prosperous people. The rentals, listed from \$20 to \$25 per month, are probably the lowest proportionately in the city of Chicago. Here Mr. Smith has lived constantly from the time the first building was erected, in the very atmosphere and the

TRIUMPHS OF ARMOUR INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

spirit of the Institute. Many changes have been made in the development, but the one that Mr. Smith says caused the greatest sorrow for the great-hearted benefactor was when it was decided to eliminate the girl's department from the Armour Institute. While it was proven conclusively to be the best policy, there was never a time when the sense of chivalry toward women of Philip D. Armour was so tried as when requested to discontinue the course for girls in the Armour Institute. He did not live to see this carried out, but appreciated the fact that the change was inevitable because of the character of the school in specializing along technical and engineering lines to meet the pressing demands for industrial engineering expansion.

In surveying the educational world today one could not conceive of a degree more potential in the field of industrial and business activities than that conferred by the Armour Institute of Technology. The success of the institution is now pointed out as a model. Denver, Minneapolis, Kansas City and several other cities of the West are planning for institutions of the same character to meet the pressing wants. The work and wide range and specialized technical course of the Armour Institute of Technology is regarded as an unexampled success in this particular field.

The glory of the Armour Institute of Technology is in the work that has been accomplished and the graduates it has sent forth. In all parts of the world I have chanced to meet some, for their work calls them to wide fields of activity. The story of the young widow's son who earned his way through the Institute and then went to Africa to become one of the most successful engineers in the Dark Continent is only one of the many others who have had similar experiences in Alaska, in Spitzbergen, in the Rockies, in fact, wherever technical engineering-skill has been in demand. Hundreds of young men of purpose and daring spirit have been nurtured in this institution and gone forth to do and to conquer. The world is the field that lies before the graduate of Armour Institute of Technology. There is no engineering undertaking, no enterprise or development of the great resources of the world so gigantic as to daunt those sturdy youths who have gained their inspiration within these walls; because the institution is endowed and supported by a name that has stood for so much in the way of progress and development of the Nation's great resources, opening wider and wider, now, the doors of opportunity for the pushing young men who are recruiting the ranks of those who are accomplishing the vast engineering achievements of the time.



HALL IN MAIN BUILDING

SENATOR ISAAC STEPHENSON

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

HOW vivid and lasting are our first impressions, when life is full of the glory and wonder of the world's drama of hope and achievement! How well I recall the first time that I met with a man who was actually "running for Congress,"—a kind of demi-god to my youthful eyes. I was busy at the imposing stone, "sizing up" locals, taking good care that the smallest were at the top and the big ones at the bottom of the column, when there came into the office a tall, stately gentleman, of whom it was soon whispered through the office from frame to frame, that this was "the candidate for Congress." It was indeed "Uncle Ike Stephenson," of Marinette, Wisconsin, making his "88" campaign, and canvassing the northern part of the state.

* * *

That campaign in among the primeval forests of Wisconsin was an event of universal popular interest. "Uncle Ike" was here, there and everywhere, and seemed to have friends in every clearing, hamlet and "neck of the woods"; he was a typical leader of men in the Middle West, and was duly elected as representative from the Badger State. When one knows Uncle Ike, his success is no surprise. For Isaac Stephenson, born in New Brunswick and familiar with the pine woods on the border and in the state of Maine, came to Wisconsin an emigrant boy, in 1845. A few months only of schooling were at his disposal, for he realized that he confronted a long and strenuous struggle for a bare existence.

* * *

The persistence which wrung success from adversity overcome in his business life has also characterized his political career. He has a way of going direct to the root of the matter in hand, and was the first to recognize the need for reforms in Wisconsin, and to aid its champion, Senator Robert M. La Follette. The Primary Election Law was one of the earliest measures to be enacted at his instance, and through his support; at

the age of seventy-nine, Mr. Stephenson is as active and vigorous in mind and body, and as alert in political activities as ever.

From his humble beginning as a lumberer, he rapidly rose to the command of larger interests, and, mounting up step by step, getting into touch with his men, introducing improved methods and leading an army of loyal employes by means of efficient machinery, he went on to a glorious campaign, as the years brought larger demands and more complicated considerations.

The affection shown him by his men is a splendid tribute to his kindly consideration, and they talk of him in loving terms, telling how thousands of emigrants who have come from Sweden, Norway and other European countries and Canada have found their first employment in the service of the N. Ludington Company, of which Mr. Stephenson is president. Large numbers of them have worked with him for twenty-five, thirty and forty years. Many of his old employes are now men of wealth and prominence, and one and all agree that they have never had a harsh word from Uncle Ike.

* * *

When the first land office in Northern Michigan was opened, in 1848, at the "Soo," Mr. Stephenson attended the initial sale, and purchased such large tracts of land that all comers thought he was certainly squandering his money, but the lad had been carefully over the section, and knew that it would ultimately be of great value. It was, in fact, the foundation of the great fortune which he has since amassed, and now uses so generously and efficiently in the development of Northern Wisconsin.

He was interested with the first mayor of Chicago, William B. Ogden, in establishing a large wooden-ware factory which was later destroyed by the terrible Peshtigo fire of 1871, and on the same day the Chicago fire destroyed the lumber yards of the company. The loss of nearly \$2,000,000 by this catas-



SENATOR ISAAC STEPHENSON OF WISCONSIN

SENATOR ISAAC STEPHENSON

trophe did not damp the ardor of the pioneers, but they set to work and rebuilt not only their own mills but the village of Peshtigo, which had perished.

Mr. Stephenson was also one of the originators of the Sturgeon Bay and Lake Michigan Canal and Harbor Company. He was the father of the Menominee River Boom Company which, in its day, handled more logs than any other corporation of its kind in the world. It reached an output of 675,000,000 feet of logs in a single year. He is also interested in Louisiana, Michigan and Wisconsin farm lands, and his stock farm in Kenosha, Wisconsin, covers 900 acres and is one of the best in the Western States, for Uncle Ike loves animals as well as human beings, as evidenced by the story told of his consideration for his old driving horse, which has served him for twenty-six years.

In 1856 Mr. Stephenson began his political career by casting his first ballot for Fremont and Dayton, the first national nominees of the Republican party. He has been a Republican ever since, has served in both houses of the Wisconsin legislature, has finished three terms in Congress, and voluntarily retired. He succeeded the Honorable John C. Spooner, who resigned his seat in the Senate in 1906. In 1880 he was delegate to the Republican National Convention, and was a loyal follower of Blaine, and voted thirty-three times for his nomination in that memorable convention. He also cast the final vote for Garfield; in 1892 he cast the vote of his state delegation for General Harrison; in 1900 he voted for McKinley, and later, in 1904, for Roosevelt, and has again voted as a delegate this year, when Taft and Sherman were nominated.

In his office, at the back of the Ludington Company's store, at Marinette, he manages his vast interests in his mills, railroad, paper and sugar factories and other industries. He is president of the Escanaba & Lake Superior Railroad, with a trackage of 150 miles, which enjoys the distinction of being the only road in the United States which never owed a particle of bonded indebtedness.

Who could conceive of a man more worthy to be honored or likely to be chosen to the high office of senator by the voters of Wisconsin? I have often seen him at Washington when, in the closing sessions of Congress, he never wearied in his close application to his work or his attendance upon the wearisome

all-night duty. His long business and political career has given him that ripe judgment which few men of today possess.

"Uncle Ike" is indeed one of those rare and conspicuous figures that remain to us, a blending of the vigor and vitality of pioneer days with the splendid aggressiveness of modern business and political activity. His record as a United States senator is only a natural and logical sequence of his life and public career—the legitimate outcome of faithful labor, untiring energy, blameless life and loyalty.

* * *

Mr. Stephenson has a remarkable memory; I have often talked with him and found him a veritable walking encyclopedia of all the dates and events conspicuous in the history of the early colonies.

No one who meets this man of kindly-hearted, large sympathies, so quick to see the needs of others, always ready through a long and busy life to make those around him happy, can help loving and admiring him. He never has been too occupied with his business to consider the pleasure and comfort of others, and has ever been as approachable to the poorest and humblest of his acquaintance as to his own family. He is a financier who believes in keeping his money as well as his men actively at work; he is always considering the interests of all the people, and when he goes along the streets of Marinette he is "Uncle Ike" to everybody. Such a career is hardly possible outside America, with its natural and undeveloped resources, that are being worked up by a people strong in its mixture of all the dominant races—English, Irish, Scotch and Norse.

With a man of such character and of ripe years of experience, his Republican friends feel they have in Mr. Stephenson sound senatorial timber that cannot be easily matched, and now do you wonder that, when I see him listening attentively to the routine of the Senate, in the back row, that bushy head of hair with scarce a gray lock, cocked on one side, or walking in the corridors of the Capitol, I feel a peculiar and personal interest in Uncle Ike Stephenson? Is he not the first man whom I was privileged to meet who wore the halo of a congressional career? Did I not pie four lines of type to grasp the hand and look into the face of one who truly typifies the sturdy spirit of the great Middle West?



AS the years pass there is a keener appreciation of the splendid service rendered by the veterans of the Civil War, and the honor due to the men of the rank and file is more clearly understood.

It was a beautiful expression that a non-commissioned officer made recently in the

tion and to be brave and true. A grateful nation and people can never be too highly appreciative of the soldiers of the Civil War.

When the call came for men North and South in '61, the youth of both sections rose up en masse, and officers and soldiers were supplied, just as when a brigade is organized to quench a neighbor's house on fire. Some were to be designated as officers and leaders, but all were of necessity on a common level and fought for a common principle, side by side, sharing their hard-tack and salt pork from the haversack and their commissariat coffee from the canteen, whether they were company officers or in the ranks, standing guard or at the outposts cutting abutments and digging trenches. The private soldiers did their duty. Officers received salaries from \$100 to \$500 per month, while the non-commissioned officers and privates received from \$13 to \$17 per month in paper money varying in value and purchasing power from about thirty-six to fifty cents on the dollar. When enlisted at the beginning of the war, it was understood the pay should be given in gold, which was done only for a time.

In honoring the Loyal Legion, composed of commissioned officers, it does not mean that the private soldiers should be overlooked. To make a distinction between the commissioned and non-commissioned officers and privates is contrary to the fundamental spirit of the nation—which they fought in common to save. Today many of the highest officers of the Grand Army of the Republic and foremost citizens of the country were once non-commissioned officers or privates in the ranks. Why recognize a distinction which is in essence repugnant



COLONEL H. B. HEDGE
Des Moines, Iowa

South:—"When we were in the war, we did not think we were heroes, or were ever going to be. We simply had our day's work to do and we did it. We performed our duty as honest men do in every walk of life." They knew what it meant to face death and priva-



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Pabst Extract, The "Best" Tonic, being a predigested liquid food, is welcomed by the weakest stomach. It relieves insomnia, conquers dyspepsia, strengthens the weak, builds up the overworked, helps the anaemic, feeds the nerves, assists nursing mothers and invigorates old age.

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DEPT. 20

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

to every freedom-loving American? This thought is brought out by a discussion among congressmen with a view to make future pensions equitable, providing that the distribution be equal to every honorably discharged soldier whether he possessed a commission from the government or obeyed the orders of his officers, standing firm on the firing line and facing death. The general impression otherwise seems to be to recognize a distinction in favor of ex-prisoners of war, who it is felt should be given

many a little incident that would otherwise be forgotten. Mr. Hedge enlisted in the First Cavalry Company mustered into the United States service for three years on June 26, 1861, and although in active service all the time, never rose higher than a non-commissioned officer, though he is now known to his wide circle of acquaintances as Colonel H. B. Hedge. Like many other veterans, the Grand Army of the Republic is very near his heart, and he watches with deep interest any legislation that may concern the welfare of the old soldiers.

* * *

ONE of the most interesting "trade reminders" in the business world is a little publication called "The Pen Profit," issued by the L. E. Waterman Company, manufacturers of the Waterman Ideal Fountain Pen. The last issue contains a letter under date of April 26th from Count Witte, the Russian statesman, in answer to a question as to whether the Japanese-Russian treaty of peace was signed with a Waterman Ideal—You've guessed the answer—it was.

In honor of this event, the regular style No. 18 which was the style used, has been christened "The Portsmouth," and so imprinted. Another interesting feature was the grouping of some twenty-two different magazine covers to show pen dealers everywhere how many magazines it takes to reach 7,201,000 people with the Waterman Ideal Pen advertisement in a single month.—Yes, the National was well up front, thank you.

* * *

THE Editor of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE writes me to write about Robert Luce.

I knew the boy Luce. I know the man Luce, the business Luce, the professional Luce, the legislator Luce, the governor Luce, for Luce has done as much of the governing as any man in and out of the State House, and Luce will stand at the head of the state unless politics are greater than statesmanship and "pull" of more account than "push."

Luce is a statesman, except to those who can't see above politics. In him are the active elements that stand for efficient public service,—the kind of ability that can accomplish.

Luce was born to be a leader of men, and he took his proper position in the van of things when as a college youth he was pre-eminently a leader of thought and action.



MISS MARGARET PREBLE
Candidate for County Clerk, Humbolt, County, Iowa

much more consideration than commissioned officers. This subject is likely to occasion a lively discussion on the pension question in the coming session of Congress. With the ranks thinning at the rate of nearly one hundred and fifty a day—more than a full company and a half—none too much can be done toward giving every consideration to the interest and welfare of all old soldiers.

Nothing is more interesting than to chat with some of the men who have seen actual service in war time and who remember clearly those old days. Half an hour's conversation with such a man as H. B. Hedge, formerly of the Ringgold Cavalry of Pennsylvania, and now a member of Governor Cummins' staff, with rank of colonel, throws light on



This trade-mark label is sewn on the mattresses so highly spoken of in these letters from users:

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Very truly yours,
GEORGE H. DANIELS, G. P. A.

DEWEY, STRONG & Co.,
San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 24, 1908
Messrs. Ostermoor & Co.
Gentlemen: Some years ago I ordered and received from you an Ostermoor Mattress. We have had an earthquake since then, and I do not remember how long I have used it, but it is in first-class condition.
It is a great improvement on the hair mattress, not only from the standpoint of cleanliness and hygiene, but also from that of comfort, wherein it greatly surpasses hair.
Yours truly
GEORGE H. STRONG.

THE CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER
New York, Feb. 1, 1908
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Gentlemen: The Ostermoor Mattress is far superior to the best hair mattress, decidedly more comfortable and cleanly, and requires no attention, because of its everlasting softness.
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It is in a class by itself. The superiority of the Ostermoor is in the way it is made, more than in what it is made of. Any one can buy cotton, even of the high quality used in Ostermoor Mattresses if they will, but only the exclusive patented Ostermoor processes can make this cotton into the light, elastic, springy Ostermoor sheets. Only the Ostermoor processes can produce a mattress with the comfort-giving, non-matting, resilient qualities of the genuine Ostermoor. It is germ-proof and vermin-proof.

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All 6 feet 3 inches long

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1—He is honest,—in and out of office.

2—He is a statesman.



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4—He is an orator, one who speaks through the head of experience, not through the hat of conceit.

5—He is a law-maker of laws for the people.

6—He is an advocate of temperance in all things, and of every kind of right-living, including respect for Sunday and other laws of respectability.

7—He is a man; match him politicians if you can.

NATHANIEL C. FOWLER, JR.

* * *

IT was just a little morning jaunt of one hundred miles around Denver. Over the Denver-Greeley Irrigation district we bounded in an automobile, in company with Mr. Frederick W. Taylor, crossing and following the

ditches, around which there is a homeland for 100,000 prosperous, happy and contented people. Every person who visited the Agricultural Building at the St. Louis Exposition will be interested in knowing that the chief who made such a splendid record at that exposition, and also at Omaha and Denver, is now manager of the Denver-Greeley Irrigation district. Mr. Taylor has made a distinct triumph in exhibiting collectively American resource and ingenuity in agriculture. It was the one distinct triumphal exhibit of the country. He is a thorough and painstaking student of farm products, and has made this his life work. Mr. Taylor is familiar with conditions in South America, South Africa and Russia, and when he concludes that irrigated farming is the thing, it means conviction implanted by well-wroughtout investigation.

We rode over the country and saw where the greater Standley Lake is to be formed, and had pointed out to us a schoolhouse which must be removed, because there will be twenty-five feet of water where it now stands. All this recalled my visit to Panama, where the great canal will submerge the village of Gatun to make way for the big dam. This great project of Standley Lake will be completed within two years. The company have already a large territory covered by water near Denver, but they will not sell an acre of it unless it is well provided with water and ready for cultivation. The company will irrigate a large area of new land aside from the 65,000 acres which they now own in the district.

* * *

THOSE people who had ceased to marvel at the Ingersoll Dollar Watch, as a most successful low-priced timepiece, are this year awakened by a new surprise—another example of mechanical genius, in the production of the Ingersoll Junior, which is a small watch, technically known as a "12 size," and resembling the ultra thin American models. Looking back to the time of the Columbian Exposition, in 1903, it will be remembered that then the first Ingersoll Dollar Watch was built, and that it was very cumbersome, but since then there has been a very successful reduction in the size, as well as a marked addition in the accuracy, of these time-keepers, until at present Ingersoll watches may be had of very small size. This rapid evolution is explained by the fact that the company is

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Richly nickel-plated, .32 calibre center-fire, 3-inch, \$7. Extra length barrel or blued
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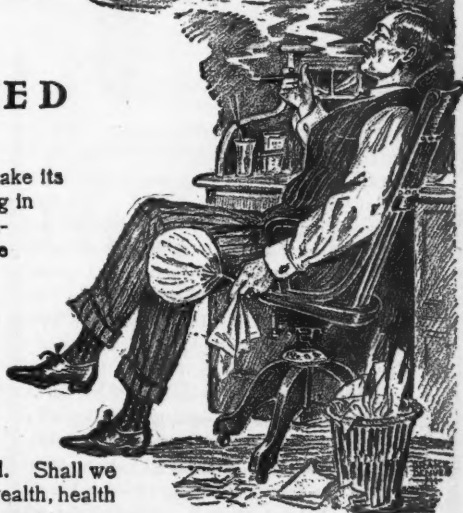
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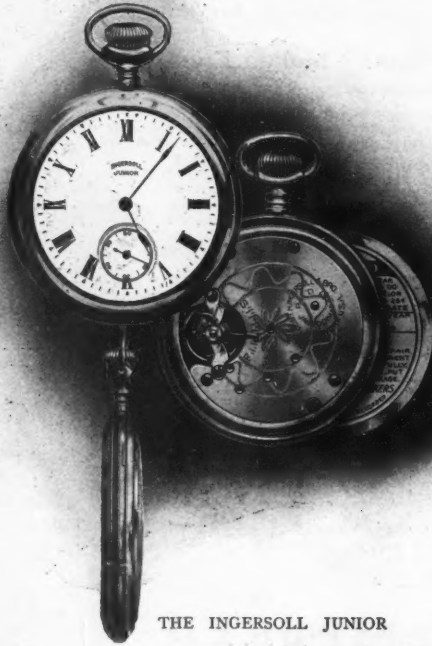
LET'S TALK IT OVER

constantly planning, for years ahead, for such machinery as is necessary to make desirable changes in their product. The Ingersoll Junior, their new extra thin American model, carries just the same guarantee that was supplied with the famous Ingersoll Dollar Watch; the price of the new watch, because of its thinness and reduction in size, is a little higher, being two-dollars.

The reception by the public of this new

a fellow feeling there is among those who carry these timepieces. Waiting for a train the other day, I pulled out my Ingersoll and instantly a man who stood beside me smiled and said, "I carry one, too—dandy watches, aren't they?"

If you are going traveling, don't bother about letters of introduction—just carry an Ingersoll and let it be seen, and you will never be lonesome.



THE INGERSOLL JUNIOR

model Ingersoll time-keeper has been remarkable, and it promises to rival its big brother, the Ingersoll Dollar Watch, which is known all around the world. This popularity is not surprising when it is remembered that the firm keeps its finger on the public pulse and that this new watch was made to meet a distinctly felt want for a thin watch at a low price. That the Ingersoll Junior meets the needs of the people is attested by its popularity. It is prophesied that the sale at Christmas time will be enormous, because of the low price and unique and elegant design which will make the "Junior" a favorite Christmas gift. During the coming months many new members will be added to the "Ingersoll Watch Coterie." It is singular what

THOUSANDS of busy people find it necessary to make periodic trips between New York and Boston, and they will assuredly appreciate the new service given by the Metropolitan Steamship Company, on their all-water route, with the magnificent ships the Yale and Harvard. Leaving either terminus at five o'clock, the trip is made in fifteen hours, and during the summer months, when the streets are sultry and the pavements like an oven, a trip between these two cities by rail is justly regarded as a most arduous undertaking. What a relief it is to go to the pier, within easy access, and board one of these fast boats, assured of all that modern ingenuity has devised to make travel pleasant!

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For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.

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For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin Irritations, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion. Price 25 cents, by mail.

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JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agts., N. Y.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

The company certainly forgets nothing that can add to the comfort of their passengers, even to the issuance of a time-table, giving the location of all lighthouses and the time of passing them; this adds a novel and most interesting feature, even surpassing railroad travel, in letting passengers know just where they are. Even a stranger on the route may at once determine the whereabouts of the ship by consulting the map.

Being an all-night trip, this route has the double advantage of giving the traveler a delightful evening in which to enjoy the sea breezes, the songs of the college boys who invariably travel this way, the charm

of taking the five o'clock train from either Boston or New York, which necessitated their riding late into the night and going to a hotel in order to be at business the following morning. Now the boat takes the place of the hotel, and the busy man arrives in good time, not tired and hot, but rested and all "ready for the fray."

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One of the oldest and most fashionable stores in New York is that of Lord & Taylor which for 81 years has been serving the people of this country. When Canal Street was the fashionable center of the city,



of the moonlight on the sea, and the little romances that are sure to be blossoming under the stars of a summer night.

The speed of the boat—from twenty to twenty-five miles an hour—always insures a breeze, even in the warmest weather. The possibility of making this trip in so brief a time is due to the fact that these vessels are the fastest ever built with the exception of the Lusitania and its sister ship, the Mauritania.

In addition to its other provisions for the comfort of passengers, the company issues a paper, at eight o'clock in the evening, telling the results of all ball games and races, so that it is difficult to believe that one is not visiting at a first-class hotel rather than taking a sea trip. The service is especially appreciated by those who have been in the habit

THE EVOLUTION OF THE HOUSE OF LORD & TAYLOR

and Fourteenth Street was a pasture land, Lord & Taylor was known both in this country and in Europe as a reliable business house. Moving up, some years ago, to Eighteenth Street and Broadway, they were the first to build a connecting building which faced on Fifth Avenue, thus first appreciating the importance of this thoroughfare, and they occupy today the unique position of having a place of business which opens on the two principal thoroughfares of New York City—Broadway and Fifth Avenue. The reputation of this firm as large wholesalers of hosiery extends to every corner of the world, and it is also well known to the readers of magazines through the advertising of its "Onyx" Hosiery and "Merodé" Underwear.